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MATTHEW PRIOR.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Jan.ry 20.th 1776.

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BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

PRIOR VOLUME I.

See friend, in how few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made.
&c. &c.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MATTHEW PRIOR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Here's no rude ore; no fits of heat and cold;
Here all is nature, yet all's beaten gold;
No forc'd mysterious soarings in the clouds;
No mud, no foam, no noise, in your deep floods,
With such true spirit your great numbers run,
As lightning bold, but equal as the sun:
Gentle, tho' strong; and high, yet still in sight;
Rapid, yet pure; and easy as the light. VERSES TO PRIOR.

VOL. I.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MATTHEW PRIOR.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ODES,	TALES,
SONGS,	PROLOGUES,
BALLADS,	EPILOGUES,

&c. &c. &c.

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THE LIFE OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq. was the son of Mr. George Prior, joiner and citizen of London, where he was born July 21, 1664. His father, though very industrious in his business, was far from being fortunate in his circumstances; and dying when his son was young, he left him to the care of an uncle, who discharged the trust reposed in him with a tenderness truly paternal, as Mr. Prior constantly acknowledged, with all the gratitude of a generous mind.

He received part of his education at Westminster school, where, as Bishop Spratt relates to Mr. Cowley, he early obtained and increased the noble genius peculiar to that place. It was there that he began to disclose the amiable talents he possessed; and so bright was the dawn in which they first appeared, that it was natural to foresee their meridian would render him an honour to his country, and endear him to the greatest of his cotemporaries.

When he was very young he distinguished himself by several happy flights in poetry, which contributed not a little to his reputation, particularly the fine Ode in his printed poems, which he was obliged to write in 1688, as an exercise for neglecting to be present one morning at the chapel-service; and he acquitted himself so well on this occassion, that the world would

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To accomplish such a generous intention, this noble lord sent him as a Gentleman-commoner to St. John's college in Cambridge, where he made such a progress in his studies, that he soon rose to a Fellowship; which he enjoyed till his death, and gave his illustrious benefactor the pleasure of seeing his generosity succeed to his desire.

Mr. Prior had enriched himself at the university with such a variety of learning, and improved his natural accomplishments with so much success, that at his return to town his intimacy was courted by persons of the greatest rank. It was a happiness then to have merit: great talents were the best introduction to esteem and popularity; and therefore it was impossible for Mr. Prior to be disregarded at a time when the greatest wits were the noblest patrons.

In the reign of Charles II. he was intimately honoured with the friendship of Charles Montague, Esq. late earl of Hallifax, who was a perfect master of polite literature himself, and delighted to make that accomplishment fortunate to others who possessed it.

The first opportunity given Mr. Prior of displaying his excellent talents was on the following occasion, *viz.*

Soon after the accession of King James II. to the throne he flung off the veil, and not only professed himself a Papist, but took persons of the same profession into the ministry and army, dispensing with the penal laws, contrary to the foundation of the go-

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vernment, and trying many experiments invasive of the rights of the church of England, and the privileges and immunities of such as were the true sons of it.

And, in order to turn the doctrines of our established church into ridicule, Mr. Dryden, who had turned Papist to ingratiate himself at Court, was, from thence, directed to write, and did accordingly publish in 1686 a most virulent satire, entitled *The Hind and the Panther*, a poem. The Hind was made a strong advocate for the church of Rome, and the Panther, a weak defender of the church of England. Mr. Dryden thought his casuistry unanswerable, by fixing the dernier resort of church authority, and the rule of faith, in the Papal see: but the Honourable Charles Montague, and Mr. Prior, then Fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge, soon turned the poetical casuist on his back, and fairly shewed the difference between smooth numbers and sound arguments. In short, to heighten the ridicule, these gentlemen turned Mr. Dryden's two mighty beasts of prey into two diminutive voracious vermine, and transversed the Hind and Panther to *The story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse*, under which title they published their critique 1687.

The beautiful parody of turning Mr. Dryden's raillery upon himself, the just reasoning and inimitable turns of wit which it contains, render it a standard; fully verifying the Earl of Roscommon's true assertion, that

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The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn to French-wire, will thro' whole pages shine.

Essay on Franc. Verse.

Mr. Prior's second production was, as before mentioned, an Ode, written the year following, as an exercise at St. John's college, Cambridge, on these words, I AM THAT I AM, *Exod.* iii. 14.

Upon the Revolution, Mr. Prior was brought to Court by his great patron the Earl of Dorset. As that noble lord had entertained a very favourable opinion of this gentleman in his infancy, so he continued to distinguish him by his friendship and recommendation; his patronage introduced him into the scene of public employment, and by the generous influence of this great peer, Mr. Prior was made Secretary to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary, at the congress at the Hague, in 1690, the Earl of Berkeley being Plenipotentiary at that negociation.

Mr. Prior had the good fortune to acquit himself so well in this situation, that he was afterwards appointed Secretary of the embassy to the Earls of Pembroke, Jersey, and Sir Joseph Williamson, who were appointed Ambassadors at the treaty of peace at Ryswick, 1693; during the transactions of which several Memorials relating to the treaty were drawn up by him; he was likewise Secretary to the succeeding embassies of the Earls of Portland and Jersey in France.

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After this he was advanced to the post of Secretary of State in Ireland. He was next constituted one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in the year 1700: and by her Majesty Queen Anne made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in 1711, and her Majesty's Plenipotentiary-minister in France the same year.

As he was thus initiated into public business very young, and continued to transact the same for seven-and-twenty years, it must appear not a little surprising that he should find sufficient opportunities to cultivate his poetical talents to the height he raised them: and indeed, to use his own words, in the Preface to his Poems, "Poetry was only the product of his leisure "hours, who had commonly business enough upon "his hands;" and, as he modestly adds, "was only "a poet by accident." But we must take the liberty of differing from him in the last particular, in order to agree with all mankind, that Mr. Prior received from the Muses, at his nativity, all the graces they could well bestow on their greatest favourite.

We must not omit one particular in Mr. Prior's conduct which will appear very remarkable. He was chosen a member of that parliament which impeached the Partition Treaty, to which he himself had been Secretary; and though he had such a considerable share in that transaction, the conviction he was under of the exceptionable measures that attended it made

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him join in the impeachment. A rare instance of a generous mind, who scorned to persist in a vindication of any proceedings that his riper judgment convinced him were unjustifiable.

The Lord Bolingbroke, who, whatever exceptions may have been made to his sentiments in some other instances, must be allowed an excellent judge of fine talents, entertained a particular esteem for Mr. Prior, on the account of his great abilities; and makes him an extraordinary compliment, in a letter which he wrote to him during the time of his being Q. Anne's Minister and Plenipotentiary at the Court of France. This letter is dated September 10, 1712. *O. S.*; and, among other particulars, has this remarkable passage: ---" For God's sake, dear Matt, hide the nakedness " of thy country, and give the best turn thy fertile " brain will furnish thee with to the blunders of thy " countrymen, who are not much better politicians " than the French are poets." And thus the peer concludes his epistle:---" It is now three o'clock in the " morning. I have been hard at work all day, and " am not yet enough recovered to bear much fatigue; " excuse, therefore, the confusedness of this scroll, " which is only from Harry to Matt, and not from " the Secretary to the Minister.---Adieu, my pen is " ready to drop out of my hand, it being near three " o'clock in the morning. Believe that no man loves " you better, or is more faithfully your's.

BOLINGBROKE."

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And in another letter from Lord Bolingbroke we find the following advices were conveyed to Mr. Prior, Sept. 25, 1713. *O. S.*—"There is a person here of "whom we have never taken the least notice as a pub- "lic man, but who, however, is an agent from the "Catalans. By what we observe in him it is pretty "plain that a reasonable accommodation might be "made with that turbulent people. What is the sense "of the French Court on this matter? How far will "they concur with the Queen in advising Philip to "make an end of the war?"

Upon Mr. Prior's representation of this affair to the Court of France, he received the following letter from Monsieur de Torcy, dated Nov. 13, 1713. *N. S.*—— "You received, Sir, some time since, orders from "the Queen of Great Britain to use her good offices "with the King in favour of the Catalans, who have "rebelled against the King of Spain, and of the inha- "bitants of Barcelona. You acquainted me that her "Britannic Majesty was sure they would submit to "the King their master, if that prince would grant "them a general amnesty, the restitution and enjoy- "ment of all their estates, and, in short, the same "conditions which he had caused to be offered them, "and which they did not accept, without mentioning "their ancient privileges any more.

"The answer which the King just now receives "from the Catholic King upon this article is, That

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"he is still willing to grant the same conditions to "the rebellious Catalans, notwithstanding they ren- "dered themselves unworthy of his favours by slight- "ing them; and although he is now in a condition to "reduce them by force, he desires the King to impart "his answer to the Queen of Great Britain, my Lord "Lexington having had no orders to speak about this "affair. TORCY."

Soon after the accession of King George I. to the throne, Oct. 23, 1714. Mr. Prior presented a Memorial at the Court of France, requiring that the canal and the new works at Mardyke should be demolished.

In the year 1715 Mr. Prior was recalled from France, and, upon his arrival, was taken up by a warrant from the House of Commons; shortly after which he underwent a very strict examination by a Committee of the Privy Council.

His most loving political friend, the Viscount Bolingbroke, foreseeing a storm, ran away to France, and secured Harry, but left poor Matt in the lurch.

On the 10th of June, Robert Walpole, Esq. moved the House for an impeachment against him, and on the 17th Mr. Prior was ordered into close custody, and that no person should be admitted to see him without leave from the Speaker.

The following compliment was paid Mr. Prior, when under confinement, *viz.*

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TO MATTHEW PRIOR.

C r pendet tacita fistula cum lyra,
Parcentes ego dexteras
Odi; sparge rosas, audiat invidus
Dementem strepitum Lycus.

I.

Could I, great Bard! O, could I share
Thy genius as thy grief,
My healing verse should sooth thy care,
And timely give relief.

II.

But vain are my essays to sing,
And impotent my strains,
The cordials from yourself must spring
That can allay your pains.

III.

On your firm heart and honest breast
Bend your reflecting eyes;
For Socrates, by faction prest,
To conscious virtue flies.

IV.

For could philosophy divine
Such solid joys impart,
Each soft strain, each magic line,
Is your diviner art.

V.

Then string again your slacken'd lyte
To peaceful Anna's praise;
What would not innocence inspire,
And Anna's glory raise!

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VI.

Tho' faction all its rage oppose,
The pleasing theme pursue;
They only who were Anna's foes
Are enemies to you.

An act of grace passed in 1717, and Mr. Prior was one of the persons, among others, who was excepted out of it: but at the close of this year he was discharged from his confinement, and retired to spend the residue of his days at Down-Hall, in Essex.

In July 1721, within two months of his death, Mr. Prior printed that beautiful little tale on the falsehood of mankind, entitled *The Conversation*, and applied it to the truth, honour, and justice of his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

Mr. Prior, after the fatigues of a length of years passed in various scenes of action, was desirous of spending the remainder of his days in rural tranquility, which the greatest men in all ages have been fond of enjoying; he was so happy as to succeed in his wish, living a very retired and contemplative life at Down-Hall, in Essex, and found a more solid and innocent satisfaction among woods and meadows than he had enjoyed in the hurry and tumults of the world, the courts of princes, or the conducting foreign negotiations: and where, as he most melodiously sings,

The remnant of his days he safely past,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow nor flew too fast,
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

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This truly great man died on the 18th day of September, 1721, not at his own little villa, but at Wimple in Cambridgeshire, the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford, with whose generous friendship he had been honoured some years.

The death of so extraordinary a person was justly esteemed an irreparable loss to the polite world, and his memory will be ever dear to those who have any relish for the Muses in their softest charms.

Some of the latter part of his life was employed in collecting materials for an *History of the transactions of his own times;* but his death unfortunately deprived the world of a performance, which the touches of so masterly a hand would have made exceeding valuable.*

About five weeks before his disease, he drew up his last Will and Testament himself, in a strain very different from the formal jargon of law-terms; and as an air of politeness and humanity, peculiar to Mr. Prior, runs through the whole, we were of opinion it would be no disagreeable entertainment to the reader. A true copy thereof follows, *viz.*

IT has pleased Almighty God, for some years past, to bless me, his most unworthy creature, with a greater share of health than I could have expected from the

*But as this work was left, the public are now presented with it. It is printed in two volumes octavo, price 12s.

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lerness of my native constitution, or the fatigues
troubles of life which I have undergone: for this
all other his mercies hallowed be his name for
r and ever. Let men and angels repeat the sound,
llowed be his name! Now, before sickness of body
infirmity of age, prevent or diminish the force of
understanding or memory, I make and declare
s my last Will and Testament.

, MATTHEW PRIOR, of the parish of St. Margaret,
estminster, thanking the Right Honourable the Lord
rley for his eminent and continual friendship to
, and trusting that he will have the same concern
my memory after death, as he had for my honour
ilst alive, and that he will take the same care of my
viving friends, hereafter mentioned in this my Will,
he did of my own proper interest; and having for
ny years experienced the faith, honesty, and ability,
Mr. Adrian Drift, my Secretary, whilst I was in
blic employments, and my friend and companion
private life; I entreat the said Lord Harley, and
ain the said Adrian Drift, to be the Executors of
my Will. And I thus give and bequeath unto
rard Lord Harley, and Adrian Drift, all my goods
chattels, plate, jewels, medals, and debts, and all
r my personal estate; to them, I say, their heirs,
utors and assigns, in trust only, and for the uses
fter specified, and the benefit of the persons here-
mentioned.

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It is my Will that I be buried privately in Westminster-abbey, and that, after my debts and funeral charges are paid, a monument be erected to my memory, whereon may be expressed the public employments I have borne: the inscription I desire may be made by Dr. Robert Friend, and the busto, expressed in marble by Coriveaux, placed on the monument. For this last piece of human vanity I Will that the sum of five hundred pounds be set aside.

To the college of St. John the Evangelist, in Cambridge, I leave such and so many of my books as shall be judged to amount to the value of two hundred pounds: these books, with my own Poems in the greatest paper, to be kept in the library, together with the books which I have already given. I likewise leave my own picture, painted by Le Belle, and that of my friend and patron, Edward Earl of Jersey, by Rigault.

I leave to my Lord Harley the busto of Flora, made by Girardon, and six pictures out of my collection, *such* as he shall chuse, the rest of my pictures, medals, drawings, stamps, and maps, to be appraised by two persons who may be thought to understand their value, and my Lord Harley to have the preference, in case he pleases to purchase any part or parcel thereof; and after his pleasure therein specified, I will that the residue be sold.

The picture of Queen Elizabeth, by Portus, I leave *to the Hon*ourable and Excellent Lady Harriette Har-

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ley, and my own picture, in enamel, to her dear daughter Margarette.

All my manuscripts, negociations, commissions, and all papers whatsoever, whether of my public employments or private studies, I leave to my Lord Harley and Mr. Adrian Drift, my executors, or either of them, having first burned such as may not be proper for any future inspection.

Whereas the estate of Down-Hall in Essex, of which I am and stand at present possessed, is, at my death, to revert to my Lord Harley, and to his heirs, according to the purport and intent of certain writings drawn up by Mr. Oliver Martin of the Middle Temple: I declare that the said estate does, and ought accordingly to revert to my Lord Harley and to his heirs, lest from any want of words in those writings, or from any failure, or expressions omitted in the form of the writings, the least doubt or inquietude may arise to my Lord Harley. I mention this, though, at the same time, I believe it to be superfluous.

I Will and Desire, that the sum of one thousand pounds be set apart in favour and to the use of Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, and that an annuity or rent-charge be purchased with the said sum, to be paid by half yearly payments to the said Elizabeth Cox, during her natural life; but I would have the said thousand pounds, *i. e.* the annuity to be purchased with that sum, to be paid solely to her order, in half-yearly payments as

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aforesaid, and not to be in the disposal or at the power of any husband which she may marry. And as my Lord Harley will be juster towards all with whom he deals, and kinder to my friends, than any man whom I leave behind me in the world, I beg that he will be pleased to grant to the said Elizabeth Cox such annuity, leaving the sum to be determined by his appointment and pleasure.

I leave to Mr. Adrian Drift the sum of one thousand pounds, to be employed and disposed of at his discretion, hoping that his industry and management will be such, that he will not embezzle or decrease the same.

I leave to Mrs. Anne Durham the sum of three hundred pounds, to be paid within one year of my decease, and by her to be employed for the enlargement of her stock, and the support of that trade and calling wherein I have already placed her, and in which I wish her prosperity.

I remit to my dear friend and old companion, Richard Shelton, Esq. all bonds, notes, or obligations, by which he stands any way indebted to me: and I leave to his son, George Shelton, the sum of three hundred pounds, in such manner as that he may receive fifty pounds *per ann.* for six years, in order to maintain him during that time at the university, or to help him in any trade or employment, as his father may judge proper.

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I leave to my well-beloved and dear cousin, Catherine Harrison, the sum of one hundred pounds, with which she will be pleased to buy mourning.

I leave to my servants each one year's wages and mourning; and to John Oeman or Newman, the sum of fifty pounds, over and above such wages.

I likewise leave the sum of fifty pounds, over and above such wages, to Jane Ansley.

And in case this shall (as I reckon it will) amount to more than will pay and satisfy my debts and legacies already given, I leave the rest and residue to Mr. Adrian Drift and Mrs. Elizabeth Cox above mentioned, to be equally divided between them.

Thus, wishing health, honour, and happiness, to dear Lord Harley and his family, and to all my friends in general: *Peace on earth, and good will towards men;* I recommend my soul and body to the eternal and everlasting God who gave me my being:

Deus es, instaura plasma tuum.

This Will, written with my own hand, I sign and seal the 9th of August, *An. Dom.* 1721.

M. PRIOR.

Signed, sealed, and declared to be the last Will and Testament of Matthew Prior, in the presence of Us, who saw him seal and subscribe the same.

Witness, { *James Gibbs,*
William Thomas,
J. Worlock.

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Mr. Prior's funeral was, according to his desire in his Will, exactly performed. A very neat monument, with the busto he mentions, is erected to his memory, and the following inscription thereon, composed by the reverend and learned Dr. Friend, master of Westminster-school, *viz.*

Sui temporis historiam meditanti
Paulatum obrepens febris
Operis simul, & vitæ, filum abrupit,
Sept. 18. *An Dom.* 1721.
Ætat 57.
H. S. E.
Vir eximius
Serenisssimis
Regi Gulielmo Reginæq; Mariæ
In congressione fœderatorum
Hagæ anno 1690 celebrata.
Deinde Magnæ Britianniæ legatis,
Tum iis,
Qui anno 1697 pacem Reswicki confecerunt.
Tum iis,
Qui apud Gallus annis proximis legationem obierunt;
Eodem etiam anno 1697 in Hibernia
Secretarius,
Nec non in utroq; honorabili confessu
Eorum
Qui anno 1700 ordinandis commercii negotiis.

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Quiq; anno 1711 dirigendis Portorii rebus
Præsidebant,
Commissionarius:
Postremo
Ab Anna
Felicissimæ memoriæ regina
Ad Ludovicum XIV. Galliæ regem
Missus anno 1711,
De pace stabilienda;
(Pace etiamnum durante,
Diuq; ut bonijam omnes sperant duratura)
Cum summa potestate legatus.
Mattheus Prior, armiger,
Qui
Hos omnes, quibus cumulatus est, titulos
Humanitatis ingenii, eruditionis, laude
Superavit.
Cui enim nascenti faciles arriserant Musæ,
Hunc puerum schola hic regia perpolivit,
Juvenem in collegio Sti. Joannis
Cantabrigiæ optimis scientiis instruxit:
Virum deniq; auxit; & perfecit
Multa cum viris principibus consuetudo;
Ita natus, ita institutus
A vatum choro avelli nunquam potuit,
Sed solebat sæpe rerum civilum gravitatem
Amœniorum literarum studiis condire:
Et cum omne adeo poetices genus

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Haud infeliciter tentaret,
Tum in fabellis concinne lepideq; texendis
Mirus artifex
Neminem habuit parem.
Hæc liberalis animi oblectamenta;
Quam nullo illi labore constiterint,
Facile iis perspexere, quibus usus est amici;
Apud quos urbanitatum & leporum plenus
Cum ad rem, quæcunq; fortè inciderit,
Aptè, variè copiosèq; alluderet,
Interea nihil quæsitum, nihil vi expressum
Videbatur,
Sed omnia ultro effluere,
Et quasi judgi è fonte afflatim exuberare,
Ita suos tandem dubios reliquit,
Essetne in scriptis, poeta elegantior,
An in convictu, comes jucundior.

The foregoing INSCRIPTION *attempted in* ENGLISH.

Whilst he was writing
The history of his own time,
A lingering fever
Snapt the thread of his work and his life together,
On the 7th day of Sept. 1721,
In the 57th year of his age.
Here lies interred
That excellent man.

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He was Secretary to their most serene Majesties
King WILLIAM and Queen MARY,
At the congress of the allies held at the Hague, 1690.
He was thence
Appointed Secretary
To those ambassadors of Great Britain
Who concluded the peace of Ryswick, 1697.
He was likewise Secretary
To the two succeeding embassies in France;
And also in the year 1697
Secretary of State in the kingdom of Ireland.
In the year 1700
He was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners
Of Trade and Plantations:
And in the year 1711
Made one of the Commissioners of the Customs:
And, lastly,
Sent by her Majesty Queen ANNE,
(Of blessed memory)
In the year 1711,
Plenipotentiary minister to Lewis XIV. king of France,
With the fullest powers to establish the peace,
(A peace to this day lasting,
And which,
That it may long last,
Is the wish of all good men.)
MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ.
Surpassed all the characters

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With which he was invested
By the force of his genius
And the politeness of his erudition;
At whose birth the gentle Muses
Smiled propitious.
The literature of this royal foundation
Trained up and embellished him while a boy;
St. John's college in Cambridge
Endowed and furnished his ripening years
With its brightest sciences;
And, at last,
A long and intimate conversation
With the most illustrious persons
Improved and finished the man.
Thus born, thus educated,
He could never be withdrawn
From the choir of the Muses;
But was often accustomed
To alleviate and sweeten
The fatigue of his public employments
By a retreat of studies
More inviting and delightsome:
And after performing almost
Every species of poetry with success,
In the agreeable and happy manner
Of contriving and delivering his Tales
This wonderful artist found no equal.

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The unlaboured delicacy
With which he toyed in these amusements
Was easily observed by all
Whom he received into his friendship:
In whose company,
If any subject of humour casually occurred,
He would treat it,
Being full of wit and pleasantry,
With the most copious, suitable, sprightly,
And beautiful turns;
Nothing appearing to be either studied or forced,
But all freely rising from his invention,
And flowing as from an inexhaustible fountain:
So that among his acquaintance
It is a matter of doubt
Whether in his writings
He was the more elegant poet,
Or in his conversation
The more facetious companion.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LIONEL,

EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.

It looks like no great compliment to your Lordship that I prefix your name to this Epistle, when, in the Preface, I declare the book is published almost against my inclination. But in all cases, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father, and most of the rest under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord, the natural endowment of your mind, which, without suspicion of flattery, I may tell you are very great; the good education with which these parts have been improved, and your coming into the world and seeing men very early, make us expect from your Lordship all the good which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. *Tu Marcellus eris*,---our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You must be a judge and master of polite learning, a friend and patron to men of letters and merit, a faithful and able counsellor to your prince, a true patriot to your country, an ornament and honour to the titles you possess, and, in one word, a worthy son to the great Earl of Dorset.

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It is as impossible to mention that name without desiring to commend the person, as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deserved. But I assure myself, the most agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordship, is to pay a grateful respect to your father's memory: and my own obligations to him were such, that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man, and contributed to make him universally beloved and esteemed. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful: and were his picture well drawn, it must deserve the praise given to the portraits of Raphael, and at once create love and respect. While the greatness of his mien informed men they were approaching the nobleman, the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and gesture something that is more easily conceived than described, that gained upon you in his favour before he spake one word. His behaviour was easy and courteous to all, but distinguished, and adapted to each man in particular, according to his station and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good sense.

Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from

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education; and he owed those advantages to his own good parts, which others acquire by study and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit, in most writers, is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by several streams brought through artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably: but the Earl of Dorset's was a source rising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible supplies delighted and enriched the country through which it passed. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with so true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that whatever subject was before him, he discoursed as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his study had been applied that way; and he perfected his judgment by reading and digesting the best authors, though he quoted them very seldom.

Contemnebat potius literas, quam nesciebat;

and rather seemed to draw his knowledge from his own stores than to owe it to any foreign assistance.

The brightness of his parts, the solidity of his judgment, and the candour and generosity of his temper, distinguished him in an age of great politeness, and at a court abounding with men of the finest sense and learning. The most eminent masters, in their several ways, appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to consult him in the softness and harmony of his verse; and Dr. Spratt in the

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and turn of his prose. Dryden determines
under the character of Eugenius, as to the
dramatic poetry. Butler owed it to him that
t tasted his Hudibras: Wycherley that the
ked his Plain Dealer: and the Duke of Buck-
deferred to publish his Rehearsal till he was
; he expressed it) that my Lord Dorset would
arse upon him again. If we wanted a foreign
ny, La Fontaine and St. Evremont have ac-
lged that he was a perfect master in the beau-
ineness of their language, and of all that they
belles lettres. Nor was this nicety of his judg-
onfined only to books and literature, but was
ie in statuary, painting, and all other parts of
ermini would have taken his opinion upon the
and attitude of a figure; and King Charles did
ee with Lely that my Lady Cleveland's picture
ished till it had the approbation of my Lord
urst.

he judgment which he made of others writings
ot be refuted, the manner in which he wrote
rdly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces
got of gold intrinsically and solidly valuable;
is, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine
h a whole book of any other author. His
t was always new, and the expression of it so
larly happy, that every body knew immedi-
t could only be my Lord Dorset's; and yet it

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was so easy, too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses like that of the sun in Claude Loraine's landscapes; it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verses have a mixture of delicacy and strength; they convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus. His satire, indeed, is so severely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the Earl of Rochester (that other prodigy of the age) says he was,

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.

Yet even here that character may justly be applied to him which Perseus gives of the best writer in this kind that ever lived:

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.

And the gentleman had always so much the better of the satirist, that the persons touched did not know where to fix their resentments, and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great Author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which, however, are always repeated: like the verses and sayings of the ancient Druids, they retain an universal veneration, though they are preserved only by memory.

As it is often seen that those men who are least

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qualified for business love it most, my Lord Dorset's character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he turned his parts rather to books and conversation than to politics, and what more immediately related to the public: but whenever the safety of his country demanded his assistance he readily entered into the most active parts of life, and underwent the greatest dangers with a constancy of mind which shewed that he had not only read the rules of philosophy but understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch war he went a volunteer under the Duke of York: his behaviour during that campaign was such as distinguished the Sackville descended from that Hildebrand of the name who was one of the greatest captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a song the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded as Alexander's jesting with his soldiers before he passed the Granicus, or William I. of Orange giving order over-night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning lest he should happen to sleep too long.

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From hence, during the remaining part of King Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the Bed-chamber to the king, and possessed not only his master's favour, but in a great degree his familiarity, never leaving the Court but when he was sent to that of France, on some short commissions and embassies of compliment; as if the King designed to show the French, (who would be thought the politest nation) that one of the finest gentlemen in Europe was his subject; and that we had a prince who understood his worth so well as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither relished my Lord's wit nor approved his maxims; so he retired altogether from Court. But as the irretrievable mistakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to resume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the Prince of Orange's interest, and carried on his part of that great enterprise here in London, and under the eye of the Court, with the same resolution as his friend and fellow patriot the late Duke of Devonshire did in open arms at Nottingham, till the dangers of those times increased to extremity, and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the Princess, our present glorious Queen; then the Earl of Dorset was thought the

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properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose courage and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late Majesties upon the throne there was room again at Court for men of my Lord's character. He had a part in the councils of those princes, a great share in their friendship, and all the marks of distinction with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made Chamberlain of their Majesties household, a place which he so eminently adorned by the grace of his person, and the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his sovereign (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject could receive) were, that he was made Knight of the Garter, and constituted one of the Regents of the kingdom during his Majesty's absence. But his health about that time sensibly declining, and the public affairs not threatened by any imminent danger, he left the business to those who delighted more in the state of it, and appeared only sometimes at council to show his respect to the commission, giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains with which it pleased God to afflict him, and indulging the reflections of a mind that had looked through the world with too piercing

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an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the public, that through the course of his life he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage, contented to sit quiet in the cabin when the winds were allayed and the waters smooth; but vigilant, and ready to resume the helm, when the storm arose and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorset's character; if I examine it not without some intention of finding fault, and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to some excesses, but they were accompanied with a most lively invention and true humour. The little violences and easy mistakes of a night too gaily spent, and that too in the beginning of life, were always set right the next day with great humanity and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuse with them, and his very failings had their beauties. So much sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great generosity what he did, that people were always prepossessed in his favour; and it was in fact true what the late Earl of Rochester said in jest to King Charles, That he did not know how it was, but my Lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very subject to passion, but the

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short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper when more composed. That every passion broke out with a force of wit which made even anger agreeable: while it lasted he said and forgot a thousand things which other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote: but the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very sharp in his reflections, but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound; but they were sure, too, to hit none but those whose follies gave him very fair aim. And when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error; by men's tedious and circumstantial recitals of their affairs, or by their multiplied questions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence, or the mixture of these, an ill-judged and never-ceasing civility; or, lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion, the insinuation of a flatterer, and the whisper of a tale-bearer.

If therefore we set the piece in its worst position, if its faults be most exposed, the shades will still appear very finely joined with their lights, and every imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighbouring virtue: but if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light, the whole appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

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He possessed all those virtues in the highest degree upon which the pleasure of society and the happiness of life depend, and he exercised them with the greatest decency and best manners. As good nature is said, by a great author, * to belong more particularly to the English than any other nation, it may again be said that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of Dorset than to any other Englishman.

A kind husband he was without fondness, and an indulgent father without partiality. So extraordinary good a master, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects, for he was often served worse than became his station, from his unwillingness to assume an authority too severe: and during those little transports of passion to which I just now said he was subject, I have known his servants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after; for he that had the good fortune to be chid was sure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the last that gave us an example of the old housekeeping of an English nobleman. A freedom reigned at it which made every one of his guests think himself at home, and an abundance, which shewed that the master's hospitality extended to many more than those who had the honour to sit at table with him.

In his dealings with others his care and exactness

* Spratt's Hist. of the Royal Society.

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that every man should have his due was such, that you would think he had never seen a court: the politeness and civility with which this justice was administered would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious lest the merit of his act should arise from that obligation only, that he usually did the greatest favours without making any previous promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship, and so kind to the character of those whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault could make him break with them: and then, too, his good nature did not consent to it without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When, as Lord Chamberlain, he was obliged to take the King's pension from Mr. Dryden, who had long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the Court, my Lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. However displeased with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his necessities; and while he gave him his assistance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation, indeed, of these excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord Dorset's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenour of his life, and sat as visibly predominant over

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the other faculties of his soul as she is said to do in heaven above her sister virtues.

Crowds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread, and were still lessened by his sending the most proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeships or hospitals. The lazy and the sick, as he accidentally saw them, were removed from the street to the physician, and many of them not only restored to health, but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The prisoner has often been released by my Lord's paying the debt, and the condemned has been saved by his intercession with the Sovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their poverty he knew how to bestow his munificence without offending their modesty, and under the notion of frequent presents gave them what amounted to a subsistence. Many yet alive know this to be true, though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the Greeks and Latins Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Augustus and Mæcenas, the protectors of learning; Aristides, the good citizen; and Atticus, the well-bred friend; and bring them in as examples of my Lord Dorset's wit, his judgment, his justice, and his civility: but for his charity, my Lord, we can scarce find a parallel in history itself.

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Titus was not more the *deliciæ humani generis* on this account than my Lord Dorset was: and, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good, in proportion, out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private estate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your posterity a possession for ever, to be imitated, and if possible to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was sooner than I found myself obliged to his favour, nor have had reason to feel any sorrow so sensibly as that of his death.

Ille dies---quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic Di voluistis) habebo.

Æneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I must recall the memory of your's, and when I think whose son I am writing to, the least I promise myself from your goodness is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendship for life; to which, that I may with some justice entitle myself, I send your Lordship a Dedication not filled with a long detail of your praises, but with my sincerest wishes that you may deserve them; that you may employ those extraordinary parts and abilities with which Heaven has blessed you to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions

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may be great, open, and noble, such as may tell the world whose son and whose successor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordship is a Collection of Poetry, a kind of Garland of good will. If any verses of my writing should appear in print under another name and patronage than that of an Earl of Dorset, people might suspect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end if these Poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer studies) at your Lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection; happy if, in all my endeavours, I may contribute to your delight or to your instruction. I am, with all duty and respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

And most humble servant,

MATTHEW PRIOR.

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PREFACE.

THE greatest part of what I have written having been already published, either singly or in some of the Miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me, and has transcribed others so imperfectly that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon some of those lighter studies which I ought long since to have quitted, and to publish an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the public for reprinting some pieces, which, as they came singly from their first impression, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's shop; and adding others to them which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a corner of my own study.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions, and take them as they happen to come. Public Panegyrics, amorous Odes, serious Re-

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flections, or idle Tales, the product of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I own myself much obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing, that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex and the fineness of her genius conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

POSTSCRIPT.

I must help my Preface by a Postscript, to tell the reader that there is ten years distance between my writing one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more poetry) he will find several copies of verses scattered through this edition which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the public stand in the order they did before, according to the several years in which they were written,* however the disposition of our national affairs, the actions or the fortunes of some men, and the opinions of others, may have changed. Prose and other human things may take

* See advertisement, p. 48.

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what turn they can, but poetry, which pretends to have something of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the author has already said that he expects his works should live for ever; and it had been very foolish in my friend Horace, if, some years after his *exegi monumentum*, he should have desired to see his building taken down again.

The Dedication likewise is reprinted to the Earl of Dorset in the foregoing leaves without any alteration, though I had the fairest opportunity and the strongest inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes which I said the world expected from my then very young patron have been confirmed by most noble and distinguished first fruits, and his life is going on towards a plentiful harvest of all accumulated virtues. He has in fact exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favour: his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging husband; his children a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the persuasion of his eloquence, and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has long since deserved and attained the honour of the Garter. He has managed some of the charges of the kingdom with known ability, and laid them down with entire disinteressement: and as he continues the

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exercises of these eminent virtues (which that he may to a very old age shall be my perpetual wish) he may be one of the greatest men that our age or possibly our nation has bred, and leave materials for a panegyric not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

From so noble a subject as the Earl of Dorset, to so mean a one as myself, is (I confess) a very Pindaric transition; I shall only say one word, and trouble the reader no further. I published my Poems formerly as Monsieur Jourdain sold his silk: he would not be thought a tradesman, but ordered some pieces to be measured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my shop, and dispose of all my poetical goods at once; I must therefore desire that the public would please to take them in the gross, and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. PRIOR's Poems were published, in a handsome folio, in the year 1718, during his own life. After his death, which event happened in Sept. 1721, his Manuscripts, as well of a public as private nature, were left, by our Author's will, to Lord Harley and Mr. Adrian Drift, his executors, with orders to destroy such as might not be proper for future inspection.

In 1733-4, Mr. Samuel Humphreys of Hampstead published the Posthumous Poems of our Author, (probably at the request of his executors) at the same time obliging the world with the life of that excellent man and poet, which is prefixed to this edition. From 1734 to these times various editions of Prior's Poems have poured from the press, but without any order or method observed in arranging the different pieces, epistles, tales, ballads, odes, epigrams, &c. being indiscriminately jumbled together, circumstances at the same time inconvenient and offensive to the reader of taste and judgment. To obviate a defect so apparent, we have ventured, in this edition of Prior's Works, to depart from the order observed by his former editors, the different pieces being here classed and arranged according to their several kinds, so that the whole of the same species of writing falls under the reader's eye in one and the same department of the book only, in place of many departments, as formerly; an alteration of some convenience to the reader, and such as can reflect no disgrace on the figure of our Author's Poems, which here present themselves under a more uniform arrangement than usual.

BRITISH LIBRARY, Strand,
31st May, 1797.

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ODES.

AN ODE

ON EXODUS iii. 14. I AM THAT I AM.*

I.

MAN! foolish man!
Scarce know'st thou how thyself began,
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art;
Yet, steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting Reason's dazzled eye
Thro' the mysterious gulf of vast immensity:
Much thou can'st there discern, much thence impart.
Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing pride,
Mortify thy learned lust:
Vain are thy thoughts while thou thyself art dust.

II.

Let Wit her sails, her oars let Wisdom lend,
The helm let politic Experience guide;
Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride
Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.
What tho' still it farther tend?
Still 'tis farther from its end,
And in the bosom of that boundless sea
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

* Written in 1688, as an exercise at St. John's college, Cambridge.

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III.

With daring pride and insolent delight
Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours crown'd,
And, EYPHKA! your God, forsooth, is found
Incomprehensible and infinite:
But is he therefore found? Vain searcher! no;
Let your imperfect definition show
That nothing you the weak definer know.

IV.

Say, why should the collected main
Itself within itself contain?
Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
And with delighted silence sleep
On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep?
Why should its num'rous waters stay,
In comely discipline and fair array,
Till winds and tides exert their high command
Then, prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the rising surges spread
Their op'ning ranks o'er earth's submissive be
Marching thro' diff'rent paths to diff'rent lan

V.

Why does the constant sun
With measur'd steps his radiant journies ru
Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave earth's other part and rise in our'
Why does he wake the correspondent moo
And fill her willing lamp with liquid ligh

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Commanding her, with delegated pow'rs,
To beautify the world and bless the night?
Why does each animated star
Love the just limits of its proper sphere?
Why does each consenting sign,
With prudent harmony, combine
In turns to move, and subsequent appear;
To gird the globe and regulate the year?

VI.

Man does with dang'rous curiosity
These unfathom'd wonders try,
With fancy'd rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he restrains,
And study'd lines and fictious circles draws;
Then with imagin'd sovereignty,
Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
He reigns! How long? till some usurper rise!
And he, too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
From this last toil again what knowledge flows?
Just as much, perhaps, as shows
That all his predecessors' rules
Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools;
That he on th' others' ruin rears his throne,
And shows his friend's mistake, and thence confirms
[his own.

VII.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders rise,

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Whose tow'ring strength will ne'er submit
To Reason's batt'ries or the mines of Wit:
Yet still inquiring, still mistaking man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward press,
And, levelling at God his wand'ring guess,
(That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
Which guides his doubts and combats his despair)
Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give,
Can bound that nature and prescribe that will
Whose pregnant Word did either ocean fill,
Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move
Thro' either ocean, foolish man! [and live.
That pregnant Word sent forth again
Might to a world extend each atom there,
For ev'ry drop call forth a sea, a heav'n for ev'ry star.

VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide,
And only lift thy staggering reason up
To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top,
Then mock thy knowledge and confound thy pride,
Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd;
How by her patient victor Death was slain,
And earth profan'd, yet bless'd with Deicide.
Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down;
Only reserve the sacred one:
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn knowledge bow;

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Weep out thy reason's and thy body's eyes;
Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise:
To look to heav'n, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith for Reason's glimm'ring light shall give
Her immortal perspective,
And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve:
Then thy enliven'd soul shall see
That all the volumes of philosophy,
With all their comments, never could invent
So politic an instrument
To reach the heav'n of heav'ns, the high abode
Where Moses places his mysterious God,
As was that ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
When light divine had human darkness clear'd,
And his enlarg'd ideas found the road
Which faith had dictated and angels trod.

AN ODE.

I.

WHILE blooming youth and gay delight
Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,
Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain,
For I was born to love and thou to reign.

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II.

But would you meanly thus rely
On pow'r, you know I must obey?
Exert a legal tyranny,
And do an ill because you may?
Still must I thee, as Atheists Heav'n adore,
Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy pow'r?

III.

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid Time is blind;
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find:
The thousand loves that arm thy potent eye
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

VI.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears,
And putting peevish humours on,
Seems but the sad effect of years.
Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

V.

Forc'd compliments and formal bows
Will show thee just above neglect;
The heat with which thy lover glows
Will settle into cold respect.
A talking, dull Platonic, I shall turn:
Learn to be civil when I cease to burn.

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VI.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove
The only pillars fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of love.
If thou can'st wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce and very pure.

VII.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's present voice;
Fill ev'ry sense with soft delights,
And give thy soul a loose to joys:
Let millions of repeated blisses prove
That thou all kindness art and I all love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams, to guide
To me alone; nor come so far
As liking any youth beside:
What men e'er court thee fly 'em, and believe
They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

IX.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
When beauty ceases to engage;
So thinking on thy charming youth,
I'll love it o'er again in age:
So time itself our raptures shall improve,
While still we wake to joy and live to love.

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AN ODE.

I.

While from our looks, fair Nymph, you guess
The secret passions of our mind,
My heavy eyes, you say, confess
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas! but little art
To have this fatal secret found;
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may show the wound.

III.

How can I see you and not love,
While you as op'ning east are fair?
While cold as northern blasts you prove,
How can I love and not despair?

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may release:
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair Prophetess, my grief would cease.

AN ODE TO A LADY.

She refusing to continue a dispute with me, and leaving me in the argument.

I.

Spare, gen'rous Victor, spare the slave
Who did unequal war pursue,

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That more than triumph he might have
In being overcome by you.

II.

In the dispute, whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue bely'd,
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argu'd on your side.

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight;
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

IV.

Why, fair One, would you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny
I must at once be deaf and blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desir'd.

VI.

But she, howe'er of vict'ry sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd,
And, arm'd with more immediate pow'r,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

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VII.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field,
Secures her conquest by her flight,
And triumphs when she seems to yield.

VIII.

So when the Parthian turn'd his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent, and as he fled he slew.

AN ODE

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

On his Majesty's arrival in Holland, after the Queen's death, 1695.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? praecipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene.

I.

At Mary's tomb (sad sacred place!)
The Virtues shall their vigils keep,
And ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace
In solemn state shall ever weep.

II.

The future pious mournful fair,
Oft as the rolling years return,
With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair
Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

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III.

For her the wise and great shall mourn,
When late records her deeds repeat;
Ages to come and men unborn
Shall bless her name and sigh her fate.

IV.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
Her holy Queen's sad relics guard,
Till Heav'n awakes the precious dust,
And gives the saint her full reward.

V.

But let the King dismiss his woes,
Reflecting on his fair renown,
And take the cypress from his brows,
To put his wonted laurels on.

VI.

If press'd by grief our Monarch stoops,
In vain the British Lions roar:
If he whose hand sustain'd them droops,
The Belgic darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattled princes wait the chief
Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead,
And in kind murmurs chide that grief
Which hinders Europe being freed.

VIII.

The great example they demand
Who still to conquest led the way,

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Wishing him present to command,
As they stand ready to obey.

IX.

They seek that joy which us'd to glow
Expanded on the hero's face,
When the thick squadrons press'd the foe,
And William led the glorious chace.

X.

To give the mourning nations joy,
Restore them thy auspicious light,
Great Sun! with radiant beams destroy
Those clouds which keep thee from our sight.

XI.

Let thy sublime meridian course
For Mary's setting rays atone;
Our lustre, with redoubled force,
Must now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious King! with diff'rent strife
Thy struggling Albion's bosom torn;
So much she fears for William's life
That Mary's fate she dare not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy softer half
Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve;
But let her strength in thee be safe;
And let her weep, but let her live.

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XIV.

Thou, guardian Angel! save the land
From thy own grief, her fiercest foe,
Lest Britain, rescu'd by thy hand,
Should bend and sink beneath thy woe.

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
Unless new trophies still be sought,
And hoary Majesty sustain
The battles which thy youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love
Which made her hate the war's alarms?
That soft excess with which she strove
To keep her hero in her arms?

XVII.

While still she chid the coming spring,
Which call'd him o'er his subject seas,
While for the safety of the King,
She wish'd the victor's glory less.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: sad Britain now
Hastens her lord to foreign wars:
Happy if toils may break his woe,
Or dangers may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,
Lest he the rising grief should hear;

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She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Lest he should see the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty Prince! let France be taught
How constant minds by grief are try'd,
How great the land that wept and fought,
When William led and Mary dy'd!

XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where Death with all his darts is seen,
That he can touch thy heart with none
But that which struck the beauteous Queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her master was not near,
With sullen pride refus'd relief,
And sat obdurate in despair.

XXIII.

As waters from her sluices, flow'd
Unbounded sorrow from her eyes;
To earth her bended front she bow'd,
And sent her wailings to the skies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious lord return'd,
Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd;
She smiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd;
She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

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XXV.

That freedom which all sorrows claim,
She does for thy content resign;
Her piety itself would blame,
If her regrets should waken thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy woe she shews thy fame,
Lest the great mourner should forget,
That all the race whence Orange came
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

XXVII.

William his country's cause could fight,
And with his blood her freedom seal;
Maurice and Henry guard that right
For which their pious parents fell.

XXVIII.

How heroes rise, how patriots set,
Thy father's bloom and death may tell:
Excelling others, these were great;
Thou, greater still, must these excel.

XXIX.

The last fair instance thou must give,
Whence Nassau's virtue can be try'd,
And shew the world that thou can'st live
Intrepid as thy consort dy'd.

XXX.

Thy virtue, whose resistless force
No dire event could ever stay,

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Must carry on its destin'd course,
Tho' Death and Envy stop the way.

XXXI.

For Britain's sake, for Belgia's, live;
Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy ow
New toils endure, new conquest give
And bring them ease, tho' thou hast

XXXII.

Vanquish again, tho' she be gone,
Whose garland crown'd the victor's
And reign, tho' she has left the throne
Who made thy glory worth thy care

XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before
Breath'd to her king an useless pray
Fond Belgia never did implore
While William turn'd averse his ear

XXXIV.

But should the weeping hero now
Relentless to their wishes prove,
Should he recall, with pleasing woe,
The object of his grief and love;

XXXV.

Her face with thousand beauties blest,
Her mind with thousand virtues stor
Her pow'r with boundless joy confest,
Her person only not ador'd;

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XXXVI.

Yet ought his sorrow to be check'd,
Yet ought his passions to abate,
If the great mourner would reflect
Her glory in her death complete.

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
Great King! by long obeying thee;
Her sceptre, guided by thy hand,
Preserv'd the Isles and rul'd the sea.

XXXVIII.

But, oh! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame;
In death 'twas worthy William's wife
Amidst the stars to fix his name.

XXXIX

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives its forms, thy virtues roll;
From Mary's glory angels trace
The beauty of her partner's soul.

XL.

Wise Fate, which does its heav'n decree
To heroes when they yield their breath,
Hastens thy triumph: half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

XLI.

Alone to thy renown 'tis given,
Unbounded thro' all worlds to go;

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While she, great saint, rejoices heav'n,
And thou sustain'st the orb below.

AN ODE.

I.

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.

II.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay,
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs,
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

IV.

Fair Chloe blush'd; Euphelia frown'd:
I sung and gaz'd; I play'd and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

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AN ODE.

TO MR. HOWARD.

DEAR Howard! from the soft assaults of love
Poets and painters never are secure;
Can I, untouch'd, the fair one's passions move,
Or thou draw beauty and not feel its pow'r?

II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought
The darling idol of his captive heart,
And the pleas'd nymph, with kind attention, sat
To have her charms recorded by his art;

III.

The am'rous master own'd her potent eyes,
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew;
Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprise,
And as the piece advanc'd the passion grew.

IV.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son, was near,
What diff'rent tortures does his bosom feel!
Great was the rival, and the God severe;
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity saw the ill-conceal'd distress,
Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,
And gave the fair one to the friend's embrace.

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VI.

Thus the more beauteous Chloe sat to thee,
Good Howard! em'lous of the Grecian art;
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames that pierc'd thy predecessor's heart.

VII.

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain,
Had I been vested with the monarch's pow'r,
Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain,
Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.

VIII.

Tho', to convince thee that the friend did feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
I would have sooth'd the flame I could not heal,
Giv'n thee the world, tho' I withheld the fair.

AN ODE.

Inscribed to the Memory of

THE HON. COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,

Drowned in the River Piava, in the Country of Friuli, 1703.

In Imitation of Horace, Lib. I. Ode 28.

-Te maris & terra numerœque carentis arenæ
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta, &c.

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend,
(Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end)

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Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didst sail,
Ere on thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years,
To wake, ere morning-dawn, to loud alarms,
And march, till close of night, in heavy arms;
To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,
And search thro' ev'ry clime thy country's foes?
That thou might'st Fortune to thy side engage,
That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage,
And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age?
In vain we think that free-will'd man has pow'r
To hasten or protract th' appointed hour:
Our term of life depends not on our deed;
Before our birth our fun'ral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by foresight nor misled by chance,
Imperious Death directs his ebon lance,
Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Holben's dance.
Alike must ev'ry state and ev'ry age
Sustain the universal tyrant's rage,
For neither William's pow'r nor Mary's charms
Could or repel or pacify his arms.
Young Churchill fell as life began to bloom,
And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb.
Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's respite for the learned head;

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Judges of writings and of men have dy'd,
Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde;
And in their various turns the sons must tread
Those gloomy journies which their sires have led.
The ancient sage, who did so long maintain
That bodies die, but souls return again,
With all the births and deaths he had in store,
Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
And modern As------l, whose capricious thought
Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught,
Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd so idly with the darts of Death.
Some from the stranded vessel force their way;
Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea:
Some, who escape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave;
In journies, or at home, in war or peace,
By hardships many, many fall by ease.
Each changing season does its poison bring,
Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring:
Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act subservient to the tyrant's pow'r;
And when obedient Nature knows his will,
A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair, can kill.
For restless Proserpine for ever treads,
In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads,
And on the spacious land and liquid main
Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain:
Variety of deaths confirms her endless reign.

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On curs'd Piava's banks the Goddess stood,
Show'd her dire warrant to the rising flood,
When what I long must love, and long must mourn,
With fatal speed was urging his return,
In his dear country to disperse his care,
And arm himself, by rest, for future war,
To chide his anxious friends' officious fears,
And promise to their joys his elder years.
Oh! destin'd head; and, oh! severe decree,
Nor native country thou nor friend shalt see;
Nor war hast thou to wage, nor year to come,
Impending death is thine, and instant doom.
Hark! the imperious Goddess is obey'd;
Winds murmur, snows descend, and waters spread.
Oh! Kinsman, Friend---Oh! vain are all the cries
Of human voice, strong Destiny replies;
Weep you on earth, for he shall sleep below;
Thence none return, and thither all must go.
Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or bus'ness leads
To this sad river, or the neighb'ring meads,
If thou may'st happen on the dreary shores
To find the object which this verse deplores,
Cleanse the pale corpse with a religious hand,
From the polluting weed and common sand;
Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave,
(The only honour he can now receive)
And fragrant mould upon his body throw,
And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow;
Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough!

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So may just Heav'n secure thy future life
From foreign dangers and domestic strife;
And when th' infernal Judge's dismal pow'r,
From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour;
When, yielding to the sentence, breathless thou,
And pale, shalt lie, as what thou buriest now,
May some kind friend the piteous object see,
And equal rites perform to that which once was thee!

AN ODE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE QUEEN,

On the glorious Success

OF HER MAJESTY'S ARMS, 1706.

Written in Imitation of Spenser's style.

PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and so numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an Ode, than for any other sort of poetry: I therefore set Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth Book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

which he wrote in praise of Drusus after his expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great

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strokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the subject and my own imagination carried me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin, determined me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenser, which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the manner of my expression and the turn of my number, having only added one verse to his stanza, which, I thought, made the number more harmonious, and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete: I have, however, retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenser's. Behest, command; band, army; prowess, strength; I weet, I know; I ween, I think; whilom, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my Muse less handsome, though for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also, in Spenser's manner, used Cæsar for the Emperor; Boya for Bavaria; Bavar for that prince; Ister for Danube; Iberia for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the ode which I just now mentioned,

Gens quæ Cremato fortis ab Ilio
Jactata Tuscis æquoribus, &c.

where Horace praises the Romans as being descended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the Bri-

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tish nation, descended from Brute, likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, settled in England, and built London, which he called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a story which (I think) owes its original, if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish writers; yet is not rejected by our great Camden, and is told by Milton, as if, (at least) he was pleased with it, though possibly he does not believe it; however, it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; and upon the supposition of these facts, Virgil wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and Spenser paid Queen Elizabeth the greatest compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my hero

"From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood:"

whereas he was not born when that city was destroyed. Virgil, in the case of his own Æneas, relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient proof that a man, in his poetical capacity, is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenser, in many things resemble each other: both have a height of imagination and a majesty of expression in describing the sublime, and both know to temper those talents, [illegible]ten the description, so as to make it lovely

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as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and and that *curiosa felicitas* in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and so very few have reached: both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving, therefore, our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted Parnassus, and all the flowery roads on that side the country, though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

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AN ODE,

Humbly inscribed

TO THE QUEEN.

Te non paventis funera Galliae,
Duraeque tellus audit Iberiae:
Te caede gaudentes Sicambri
Compositis venerantur armis. HOR.

I.

WHEN great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,
And sent his conqu'ring bands to foreign wars,
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
He saw his fame increasing with his years,
Horace, great bard, (so Fate ordain'd) arose,
And bold as were his countrymen in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
And set their battles in eternal light:
High as their trumpets tune his lyre he strung,
And with his princes arms he moraliz'd his song.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,
Widely distributing her high commands,
And boldly wise, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands,
An equal genius was in Spenser found;
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays;
He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise;

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Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

III.

But, greatest Anna! while thy arms pursue
Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame
Which nor Augustus nor Eliza knew,
What poet shall be found to sing thy name?
What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say,
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
O fairest model of imperial sway!
What equal pen shall write thy wondrous reign?
Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,
Not yet by story told, nor parallell'd by verse?

IV.

Me all too mean for such a task I weet;
Yet if the sov'reign Lady deigns to smile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And clothe the verse in Spenser's native style:
By these examples rightly taught to sing,
And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raise,
And latest times shall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame and Marlbrô's hardy deed.

V.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
Mindless of warlike rage and hostile care,

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Plays round the rocky cliff or crystal flood,
Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
His bosom with the vengeful message glows,
Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
And tow'ring round his master's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire,
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlbrô sat,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,
And gives her second thunder to his hand:
Then leaving sweet repose and gentle ease,
With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe,
Marching o'er hills and dales, o'er rocks and seas,
He meditates and strikes the wondrous blow.
Our thought flies slower than our General's fame;
Grasps he the bolt? (we ask) when he has hurl'd the flame.

VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious plain
Did from afar the British chief behold,
Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring bosom roll'd:
He views that fav'rite of indulgent Fame,
Whom whilom he had met on Ister's shore;
Too well, alas! the man he knows the same
Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan pow'r,

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And sent them trembling thro' the frighted lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd sands.

VIII.

His former losses he forgets to grieve;
Absolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
It now would shine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war,
In sullen fury traverses the plain,
To find the vent'rous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Misguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confess the force of Marlbrô's stronger star.
Those laurel groves (the merits of thy youth)
Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain,
While bold assertor of resistless truth
Thy sword did godlike Liberty maintain,
Must from thy brow their falling honours shed,
And their transplanted wreaths must deck a worthier head.

X.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confess;
'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heav'n is still the same;
From thy ill councils date thy ill success:

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Impartial Justice holds her equal scales,
Till stronger Virtue does the weight incline;
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
He now defends the cause that once was thine.
Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue,
For Jove's great handmaid, Pow'r, must Jove's de-

XI. [crees pursue.

Hark! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms!
Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Nassaus,
Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.
When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
And all of William that was mortal dy'd,
The faithful hero had receiv'd this sword
From his expiring master's much-lov'd side:
Oft from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
Where'er great William led, or Maese and Sambre run.

XII.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,
The master-sword, disposer of thy pow'r:
'Tis that which Cæsar gave the British peer.
He took the gift: Nor ever will I sheath
This steel (so Anna's high behests ordain)
The General said, unless by glorious death
Absolv'd till conquest has confirm'd your reign.
Returns like these our mistress bids us make,
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

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XIII.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows,
Rolls with new fury down thro' Russia's lands.
Like two great rocks against the raging tide
(If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare)
Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
Sustain the impulse, and receive the war:
Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats,
And still the foaming wave with lessen'd pow'r retreats.

XIV.

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggressing France
How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight.
On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them rushing thro' the Gallic host;
Thro' standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.
They deal their terrors to the adverse nation:
Pale Death attends their arms, and ghastly Desolation.

XV.

But while with fiercest ire Bellona glows,
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate,
While Britain presses her afflicted foes,
What horror damps the strong and quells the great?

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Whence look the soldiers' cheeks dismay'd and pale?
Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail,
And the pursuers only not recede.
Alas! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief!
For anxious, lo! they crowd around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
Let Boya's trumpet grateful Iö's sound;
I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war:—
Ever to Vengeance sacred be the ground.—
Vain wish! short joy! the hero mounts again
In greater glory and with fuller light;
The ev'ning star so falls into the main,
To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
He rises safe, but near, too near his side,
A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant dy'd.

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd;
The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field:
The Briton fights, by fav'ring Gods sustain'd;
Freedom must live, and lawless pow'r must yield.
Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
That wav'ring Conquest still desires to rove!
In Marlbrô's camp the Goddess knows to dwell;
Long as the hero's life remains her love.
Again France flies, again the Duke pursues,
And on Ramillia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

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XVIII.

Great thanks, O Captain great in arms! receive
From thy triumphant country's public voice;
Thy country greater thanks can only give
To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.
Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded lest thou shouldst those toils repeat;
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic spoils,
And in those spoils we thought thy praise complete:
For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like these did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
Those goodly deeds, which we so highly prize,
Imperfect seem, great Chief, to thee alone.
Those heights, where William's virtue mght have staid,
And on the subject world look'd safely down,
By Marlbrô pass'd, the props and steps were made
Sublimer yet to raise his Queen's renown:
Still gaining more, still slighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd, while ought undone re-

XX. [main'd.

When swift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul
How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled,
He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall,
And thus the royal treaty-breaker said:
And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,

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Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend?'
Tell me how far has Fortune been severe?
Has the foe's glory or our grief an end?
Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost,
To save our threaten'd realm or guard our shatter'd [coast?

XXI.

To the close rock the frighted raven flies,
Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air;
The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
To dare our British foes to open fight;
Our conquest we by stratagem should make;
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis our's by craft and by surprise to gain;
'Tis their's to meet in arms and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hostile brood,
Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his Gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on silver Thames his dire abodes;
And this be Troynovante, he said, the seat
By Heav'n ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place;
Superior here to all the bolts of fate,
Live mindful of the author of your race,
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
Nor great Pelides' arm, nor Juno's rage, could tame.

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XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuarts offspring flow;
Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield,
Talbot, to Gallia's pow'r eternal foe,
And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field;
Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone,
And Drake, and Ca'ndish, terrors of the sea;
Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny;
Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal,
For, oh! who, vanquish'd, loves the vict'ry fame to tell?

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the oak
Which on her mountain-top she proudly bears,
Eludes the axe, and sprouts against the stroke,
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
And as those teeth which Cadmus sow'd in earth
Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies,
So with young vigour and succeeding birth
Her losses more than recompens'd arise,
And ev'ry age she with a race is crown'd,
For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate pow'r, whom nothing can repel,
Not the fierce Saxon nor the cruel Dane,
Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,
Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain:

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Nor France, on universal sway intent,
Oft breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars,
Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars;
Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic pow'r.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims or fair Lutetia's gate
What tidings shall the messenger convey?
Shall the loud herald our success relate,
Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day?
Alas! my praises they no more must sing;
They to my statue now must bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the Gallic pow'r---
The Woman-chief is master of the war:
Earth she has freed by arms, and vanquish'd Heav'n
[by pray'r.

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends
Thy council and thy deed, victorious Queen,
What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends;
How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen?
Oh! deign to let the eldest of the Nine
Recite Britannia great and Gallia free;
Oh! with her sister Sculpture let her join
To raise, great Anne, the monument to thee;
To thee, of all our good the sacred spring;
To thee, our dearest dread; to thee, our softer King.

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XXVIII.

Let Europe, sav'd, the column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher or than Antonine's,
Where sembling art may carve the fair effect,
And full achievement of thy great designs.
In a calm heav'n and a serener air
Sublime the Queen shall on the summit stand,
From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
And pointing down to earth her dread command.
All winds, all storms, that threaten human woe,
Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage be-

XXIX. [low.

Their fleets shall strive, by winds and waters tost,
Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,
Shall fix his foot: and this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,
(The empire's other hope shall say) and here
Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lie, or crown'd I'll reign—
O Virtue, to thy British Mother dear!
Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide;
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,
Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own:

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Spain, from th' usurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numb'ring the wonders which that youth achiev'd,
Whom Anna clad in arms, and sent to war,
Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne,
And make him more than king in calling him her son.

XXXI.

There Ister, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
Rolling, shall bid his eastern waves declare
Germania sav'd by Britain's ample shield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her spear;
Shall bid them mention Marlbrô, on that shore,
Leading his islanders, renown'd in arms,
Thro' climes where never British chief before
Or pitch'd his camp or sounded his alarms;
Shall bid them bless the Queen, who made his streams
Glorious as those of Boyne, and safe as those of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields and crown'd with tow'rs,
With decent joy, shall her deliv'rer meet,
Shall own thy arms, great Queen, and bless thy pow'rs,
Laying the keys beneath thy subjects feet.
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles restor'd,
With double vows shall bless thy happy care,
In having drawn and having sheath'd the sword.
From these their sister provinces shall know
How Anne supports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

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XXXIII.

Bright swords, and crested helms, and pointed spears,
In artful piles around the work shall lie,
And shields indented deep in ancient wars,
Blazon'd with signs of Gallic heraldry,
And standards with distinguish'd honours bright;
Marks of high pow'r and national command,
Which Valois' sons and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix' or Montmorancy's hand:
Great spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,
From Cressy's battle sav'd, to grace Ramillia's field.

XXXIV.

And as fine art the spaces may dispose,
The knowing thought and curious eye shall see
Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the British Rose,
Type of sweet rule, and gentle majesty;
The northern Thistle, whom no hostile hand,
Unhurt, too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's Harp, device of her command,
And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen:
Thy vanquish'd Lilies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall with disorder'd pomp the lasting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the ground, and on the humble base,
To save herself from darkness and from death,
That Muse desires the last, the lowest place;

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Who, tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string
For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
Who durst of war and martial fury sing,
And when thy will and when thy subjects hand
Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease,
Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest and to peace.

TO MR. HARLEY,

WOUNDED BY GUISCARD, 1711.

.....ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

I.

In one great Now, superior to an age,
The full extremes of Nature's force we find;
How heav'nly virtue can exalt, or rage
Infernal how degrade the human mind.

II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial stand,
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence;
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He stabs his judge to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives;
The wounds his country from his death must feel
The patriot views; for those alone he grieves.

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IV.

The barb'rous rage that durst attempt thy life,
Harley! great counsellor, extends thy fame;
And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife
In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.

V.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound;
She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws,
And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting that diffus'd the public woe;
A stranger to her altars and her land,
No son of her's could meditate this blow.

VII.

Mean time thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
Our Queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath,
Softens thy anguish: in her pow'rful pray'r
She pleads thy service and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou can'st demand no more,
O breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by Heav'n!
No higher can aspiring virtue soar;
Enough to thee of grief and fame is giv'n.

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AN ODE.

In Imitation of

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE 2.

Written in the year 1692.

I.

How long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
In the lethargic sleep, the sad repose
By which thy close, thy constant enemy
Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes?
Or wake, degenerate Isle, or cease to own
What thy old kings in Gallic camps have done,
The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns they won.
William (so Fate requires) again is arm'd,
Thy father to the field is gone,
Again Maria weeps her absent Lord,
For thy repose content to rule alone.
Are thy enervate sons not yet alarm'd?
When William fights dare they look tamely on,
So slow to get their ancient fame restor'd,
As not to melt at Beauty's tears nor follow Valour's sword?

II.

See the repenting Isle awakes,
Her vicious chains the gen'rous goddess breaks;
The fogs around her temples are dispell'd;
Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd Belgia stand
Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's command,
Her Lions roaring by her side, her arrows in her hand,

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And, blushing to have been so long withheld,
Weeps off her crimes, and hastens to the field:
Henceforth her youth shall be inur'd to bear
Hazardous toil and active war:
To march beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
Patient of summer's drought and martial sweat,
And only grieve in winter camps to find
Its days too short for labours they design'd:
All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch,
All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach,
And all the rugged paths to tread
Where William and his virtue lead.

III.

Silence is the soul of war;
Delib'rate counsel must prepare
The mighty work which valour must complete:
Thus William rescues, thus preserves the state,
Thus teaches us to think and dare;
As, whilst his cannon just prepar'd to breathe
Avenging anger and swift death,
In the try'd metal the close charges glow,
And now, too late, the dying foe
Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow;
So whilst in William's breast ripe counsels lie,
Secret and sure as brooding Fate,
No more of his design appears
Than what awakens Gallia's fears,
And (thro' Guilt's eye can sharply penetrate)

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Distracted Lewis can descry
Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh.

IV.

On Norman coasts, and banks of frighted Seine,
Lo! the impending storms begin;
Britannia safely thro' her master's sea
Plows up her victorious way:
The French Salmoneus throws his bolts in vain;
Whilst the true thunderer asserts the main.
'Tis done! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,
Swift victory, in 'vengeful flames,
Burns down the pride of their presumptuous names:
They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire,
And the torn vessels that regain their coast
Are but sad marks to show the rest are lost.
All this the mild, the beauteous Queen has done;
And William's softer-half shakes Lewis' throne.
Maria does the sea command,
Whilst Gallia flies her husband's arm by land.
So, the sun absent, with full sway the moon
Governs the isles and rules the waves alone;
So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.
Iö, Britannia! loose thy ocean's chains,
Whilst Russel strikes the blow thy Queen ordains.
Thus rescu'd, thus rever'd, for ever stand,
And bless the counsel, and reward the hand.
Iö, Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

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V.

From Mary's conquest and the rescu'd main
Let France look forth to Sambre's armed shore,
And boast her joy for William's death no more.
He lives, let France confess the victor lives:
Her triumphs for his death were vain,
And spoke her terror of his life too plain.
The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh
In which that one of Lewis' many wives, *
Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,
Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
Shall o'er the plains from distant tow'rs on high
Cast around her mournful eye,
And with prophetic sorrow cry,
Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his flight?
Why does despair provoke his age to fight?
As well the wolf may venture to engage
The angry lion's gen'rous rage,
The rav'nous vulture and the bird of night
As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight,
As Lewis to unequal arms defy
Yon hero crown'd with blooming victory,
Just triumphing o'er rebel rage restrain'd,
And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.
See! all yon dusty fields quite cover'd o'er
With hostile troops, and Orange at their head;

* Madame Maintenon.

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Orange, destin'd to complete
The great designs of labouring Fate;
Orange, the name that tyrants dread:
He comes; our ruin'd empire is no more;
Down like the Persian goes the Gallic throne;
Darius flies, young Ammon urges on.

VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat
Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing;
Impatient to secure a base retreat;
Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,
For the vile privilege to breathe,
To live with shame in dread of glorious death!
In vain; for Fate has swifter wings than Fear,
She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear;
Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
His back transfix'd with a dishonest wound,
Whilst thro' the fiercest troops and thickest press
Virtue carries on success;
Whilst equal Heav'n guards the distinguish'd brave,
And armies cannot hurt whom angels save.

VII.

Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives;
Each by the other's mutual friendship lives;
Æneas suffer'd, and Achilles fought;
The hero's acts enlarg'd the poet's thought,
Or Virgil's majesty and Homer's rage
Had ne'er like lasting Nature vanquish'd age.

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Whilst Lewis then his rising terror drowns
With drums' alarms and trumpets' sounds;
Whilst, hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,
From danger as from honour far,
He bribes close Murder against open war,
In vain you Gallic Muses strive
With labour'd verse to keep his fame alive;
Your mould'ring monuments, in vain ye raise
On the weak basis of the tyrant's praise;
Your songs are sold, your numbers are profane;
'Tis incense to an idol giv'n,
Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man,
That had no soul from Heav'n.
Against his will, you chain your frighted king
On rapid Rhine's deluded bed,
And mock your hero, whilst ye sing
The wounds for which he never bled;
Falsehood does poison on your praise diffuse,
And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's muse.

VIII.

On its own worth true majesty is rear'd,
And virtue is her own reward;
With solid beams and native glory bright,
She neither darkness dreads nor covets light;
True to herself, and fix'd to inborn laws,
Nor sunk by spite, nor lifted by applause,
She from her settled orb looks calmly down
On life or death, a prison or a crown.

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When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,
To foreign arms and inward strife a prey;
Whilst one good man buoy'd up her sinking state,
And Virtue labour'd against Fate;
When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the patriot's mind;
When storms let loose, and raging seas,
Just ready the torn vessel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm,
Nor all the Siren songs of future peace,
And dazzling prospect of a promis'd crown
Could lure his stubborn virtue down:
But against charms, and threats, and hell, he stood
To that which was severely good;
Then had no trophies justify'd his fame,
No poet bless'd his song with Nassau's name;
Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
And Heav'n as plainly pointed out the King,
As when he at the altar stood
In all his types and robes of pow'r,
Whilst at his feet religious Britain bow'd,
And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful Maese, and Boyne's victorious flood,
(For each has mix'd his waves with royal blood),
When William's armies pass'd, did he retire,
Or view from far the battle's distant fire?
Could he believe his person was too dear?
Or use his greatness to conceal his fear?

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Could pray'rs or sighs the dauntless hero move?
Arm'd with Heav'n's justice and his people's love,
Thro' the first waves he wing'd his vent'rous way,
And on the adverse shore arose,
(Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose)
Like the great ruler of the day,
With strength and swiftness mounting from the sea;
Like him all day he toil'd, but long in night
The God has eas'd his weary'd light,
Ere vengeance left the stubborn foes,
Or William's labours found repose.
When his troops faulter'd, step'd not he between,
Restor'd the dubious fight again,
Mark'd out the coward that durst fly,
And led the fainting brave to Victory?
Still as she fled him, did he not o'ertake
Her doubtful course, and brought her bleeding back?
By his keen sword did not the boldest fall?
Was he not king, commander, soldier, all---
His dangers such as with becoming dread
His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read;
And were not those the only days that e'er
The pious prince refus'd to hear
His friends advices or his subjects pray'r?

X.

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,
Or fills his vassals tributary urns,

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To Belgia's saw'd dominions and the sea,
Whose righted waves rejoice in William's sway,
Is there a town where children are not taught,
Here Holland prosper'd, for here Orange fought?
Thro' rapid waters and thro' flying fire
Here rush'd the Prince, here made whole Europe free!
By different nations be his valour blest,
In different languages confest,
And then let Shannon speak the rest:
Let Shannon speak how, on her wond'ring shore,
When conquest hov'ring on his arms did wait,
And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er,
The godlike man, the more than conqueror,
With high contempt sent back the spacious bait,
And scorning glory at a price too great,
With so much pow'r, such piety did join,
As made a perfect virtue soar
A pitch unknown to man before,
And lifted Shannon's waves o'er those of Boyne.

III.

Nor do his subjects only share
The prosp'rous fruits of his indulgent reign;
His enemies approve the pious war,
Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain:
More than his sword his goodness strikes his foes;
They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose;
Justice and freedom on his conquests wait,
And 'tis for man's delight that he is great;

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Succeeding times shall with long joy contend
If he were more a victor or a friend:
So much his courage and his mercy strive,
He wounds to cure, and conquers to forgive.

XII.

Ye heroes! who have fought your country's cause,
Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
To my advent'rous song just witness bear,
Assist the pious Muse, and hear her swear,
That 'tis no poet's thought, no flight of youth,
But solid story and severest truth,
That William treasures up a greater name
Than any country, any age, can boast;
And all that ancient stock of fame
He did from his forefathers take
He has improv'd, and gives with int'rest back,
And in his constellation does unite
Their scatter'd rays of fainter light:
Above or Envy's lash or Fortune's wheel
That settled glory shall for ever dwell,
Above the rolling orbs and common sky,
Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.

XIII.

Where roves the Muse? where, thoughtless to return,
Is her short-lived vessel borne
By potent winds, too subject to be tost,
And in the sea of William's praises lost?

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Nor let her 'tempt that deep, nor make the shore
Where our abandon'd youth she sees
Shipwreck'd in luxury and lost in ease;
Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,
Nor William's exemplary virtue warm:
Tell 'em, howe'er, the King can yet forgive
Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,
And let their wounded honour live:
But sure and sudden be their just remorse:
Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong its course:
For tho' for certain years and destin'd times
Merit has lain confus'd with crimes,
Tho' Jove seem'd negligent of human cares,
Nor scourg'd our follies nor return'd our pray'rs,
His justice now demands the equal scales,
Sedition is suppress'd, and truth prevails;
Fate its great end by slow degrees attains,
And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns.

ODE.

PROMESSE DE L'AMOUR.

I.

Hier, l'Amour touché de son
Que rendoit ma lire qu'il aime
Me promit pour une chanson,
Deux baisers de sa mare même.

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LI.

Non, luy dis-je, tu scais mes vœux.
Tu connois quel penchant m'entraine,
Au lieu d'un j'en offre deux,
Pour un seul baiser de Climene.

LII.

Il me promit ce doux retour,
Ma lire en est plus de tendresse;
Mais vous, Climene, de l'amour
Acquiterez-vous la promesse?

CUPID'S PROMISE.

PARAPHRASED.

I.

Soft Cupid, wanton, am'rous boy,
The other day, mov'd with my lyre,
In flatt'ring accents spoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond desire.

II.

Oh! raise thy voice, one song I ask,
Touch then th' harmonious string;
To Thyrsis easy is the task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.

III.

Two kisses from my mother dear,
Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be;

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None, none, like Beauty's queen is fair;
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

IV.

I straight reply'd, Thou know'st, alone,
That brightest Chloe rules my breast,
I'll sing thee two instead of one,
If thou'lt be kind and make me blest.

V.

One kiss from Chloe's lips, no more
I crave. He promis'd me success:
I play'd with all my skill and pow'r,
My glowing passion to express.

VI.

But, oh! my Chloe, beauteous maid,
Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow?
Wilt thou make good what Love has said,
And by thy grant his power show?

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SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE THIEF AND CORDELIER.

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the Greve,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave,
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.
There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;
There the Squire of the Pad and the Knight of the Post
Find their pains no more baulk'd and their hopes no more crost,
Derry down, &c.
Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known,
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own;
But my hearers cry out, What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale,
Derry down, &c.
'Twas there than, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear,
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

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The Squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin,
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was loath to depart,
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good Son? says the priest;
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confest.
O Father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon,
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken,
Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis;
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the Church do the rest,
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend, to-day is your period of sorrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow,
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow, our hero reply'd, in a fright, [night.
He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-
Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly truss'd up,
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the Squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat;

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I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace
Would you be so kind as to go in my place,
Derry down, &c.
That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to boot,
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit:
The feast I propos'd to you I cannot taste,
For this night, by our Order, is mark'd for a fast,
Derry down, &c.
Then turning about to the hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade,
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die,
Derry down, &c.

A SONG.

In vain you tell your parting love
You wish fair winds may waft him over:
Alas! what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows and cold disdain?
Be gentle, and in pity chuse
To wish the wildest tempest loose,
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

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SUR LA PRISE DE NAMUR,
PAR LES ARMES DU ROI,
L'ANNE 1692.

PAR MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

QUELLE docte et sainte yvresse
Aujourd'hui me fait la loi ?
Chastes nymphes du Permesse,
N'est-ce pas vous que je voi ?
Accourez, troupe sçavante :
Des sons que ma lyre enfante ;
Ces arbres sont réjoüis :
Marquez en bien la cadence :
Et vous, vents, faites silence :
Je vais parler de Louis.

II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ses aisles,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m' inspire,
Tu peux suivre mes transports ;
Les chênes de monts de Thrace
N'ont rien oüi, que n'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

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AN ENGLISH BALLAD,

On the taking of

NAMUR BY THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1695.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

I. AND II.

Some folks are drunk, yet do not know it?
So might not Bacchus give you law?
Was it a muse, O lofty poet,
Or virgin of Saint Cyr, you saw?
Why all this fury? what's the matter,
That oaks must come from Thrace to dance?
Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter?
And is there no such wood in France?
Why must the winds all hold their tongue?
If they a little breath should raise,
Would that have spoil'd the poet's song,
Or puff'd away the monarch's praise?

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies,
While Virtue leads the noble way;
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
Where sordid int'rest shews the prey.
When once the poet's honour ceases,
From reason far his transports rove;
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

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III.

Est-ce Appolon et Neptune,
Qui sur ces rocs sourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de fortune,
Basti ces murs orgueilleux?
De leur enceinte fameuse
La Sambre unie à la Meuse,
Defend le fatal abord;
Et par cent bouches horribles
L'airain sur ces monts terribles
Vomit le fer, et la mort.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D'éclairs au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs remparts:
Et dans son sein infidele
Par tout la terre y recele
Un feu prest à s'élancer,
Qui soudain percant son goufre,
Ouvre un sepulchre de soufre
A quiconque ose avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la Grece eust vingt ans
Sans fruit veu les funerailles
De ses plus fiers combatans.

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III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban;
They arm'd these rocks, then show'd old Jove
Of Marliwood the wondrous plan.
Such walls these three wise gods agreed
By human force could ne'er be shaken;
But you and I in Homer read
Of Gods as well as men mistaken.
Sambre and Maese their waves may join,
But ne'er can William's force restrain:
He'll pass them both who pass'd the Boyne;
Remember this and arm the Seine.

IV.

Full fifteen thousand lusty fellows
With fire and sword the fort maintain;
Each was a Hercules, you tell us,
Yet out they march'd like common men;
Cannons above and mines below
Did death and tombs for foes contrive,
Yet matters have been order'd so
That most of us are still alive.

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy,
Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks;
Their siege did ten long years employ;
We've done our bus'ness in ten weeks.

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Quelle effroyable puissance
Ajourd'hui pourtant s'avance,
Preste à foudroyer tes monts?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne?
C'est Jupiter en personne;
Ou c'est le vainquer de Mons.

VI.

N'en doute point: c'est luy-même.
Tout brille en lui; tout est Roi.
Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême
Commence a trembler pour toi.
En vain il voit le Batâve,
Desormais docile esclâve,
Rangé sous ses étendars:
En vain au Lion Belgique
Il voit l'Aigle Germanique
Uni sous les Leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ses sens sont agités,
A son secours il appelle
Les peuples les plus vantés;
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Ou s'enorgueillit le Tage.

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What godhead does so fast advance
With dreadful pow'r those hills to gain?
'Tis little Will, the scourge of France,
No godhead, but the first of men.
His mortal arm exerts the pow'r
To keep ev'n Mons' victor under;
And that same Jupiter no more
Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

VI.

Our King thus trembles at Namur,
Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
To Bruxelles marches on secure,
To bomb the Monks, and scare the Ladies.
After this glorious expedition,
One battle makes the Marshal great;
He must perform the King's commission;
Who knows but Orange may retreat?
Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to fight;
And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
That William would preserve that right.

VII.

From Seine and Loire, to Rhone and Po,
See ev'ry mother's son appear:
In such a case ne'er blame a foe,
If he betrays some little fear.
He comes, the mighty Vill'roy comes,
Finds a small river in his way;

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De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux ;
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
Des marais de la Norvége
Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,
Des froids torrents de Decembre
Les champs par tout sont noyés.
Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
De voir en proye à Borée
Ses guerets d'epics chargés,
Et sous les urnes sangeuses
Des Hyades orageuses
Tous ses trésors submergés.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats ;
Ramassez tous vos nuages ;
Rassemblez tous vos soldats.
Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber sous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,

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So waves his colours, beats his drums,
And thinks it prudent there to stay.
The Gallic troops breathe blood and war;
The Marshal cares not to march faster;
Poor Vill'roy moves so slowly here,
We fancy'd all it was his master.

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain,
Disguise the Marshal's plain disgrace;
No torrents swell the low Mehayne?
The world will say he durst not pass.
Why will no Hyades appear,
Dear Poet, on the banks of Sambre?
Just as they did that mighty year,
When you turn'd June into December?
The water-nymphs are, too, unkind
To Vill'roy; are the land-nymphs so?
And fly they all, at once combin'd,
To shame a gen'ral and a beau?

IX.

Truth, justice, sense, religion, fame,
May join to finish William's story;
Nations set free may bless his name,
And France in secret own his glory;
But Ypress, Maestricht, and Cambray,
Bensançon, Ghent, Saint Omers, Lisle,
Courtray and Dole---Ye critics, say,
How poor to this was Pindar's style?

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Grand la superbe Espagnole,
Saint Omer, Bezancon, Dole,
Ypres, Maestricht, et Cambray.

X.

Mes présages s'accomplissent ;
Il commence à chanceler :
Sous les coups qui retentissent
Ses meurs s'en vont s'écrouler.
Mars en feu qui les domine,
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine ;
Et les bombs dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnere,
Semblant tombant sur la terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

XI.

Accourez, Nassau, Baviere,
De ces murs l'unique espoïr ;
A couvert d'une riviere
Venez : vous pouvez tout voir.
Considerez ces approches
Voyez grimper sur ces roches
Ces athletes Belliqueux ;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flame,

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With eke's and also's tack thy strain,
Great Bard! and sing the deathless prince
Who lost Namur the same campaign
He bought Dixmuyd and plunder'd Deynse.

X.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out;
I'd tell it you but for the rattle
Of those confounded drums; no doubt
Yon bloody rogues intend a battle.
Dear me! a hundred thousand French
With terror fill the neighb'ring field,
While William carries on the trench,
Till both the town and castle yield.
Vill'roy to Boufflers should advance,
Says Mars, thro' cannons mouths in fire;
Id est, one Mareschal of France
Tells t'other he can come no nigher.

XI.

Regain the lines the shortest way,
Vill'roy, or to Versailles take post,
For, having seen it, thou can'st say
The steps by which Namur was lost.
The smoke and flame may vex thy sight;
Look not once back; but as thou goest,
Quicken the squadrons in their flight,
And bid the devil take the slowest.
Think not what reason to produce,
From Louis to conceal thy fear:

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Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avecque eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempeste,
Qui sort de ces boulevars;
La plume qui sur sa teste
Attire tous les regards.
A cet astre redoubtable
Toûjours un sort favorable
S'attache dans les combats:
Et toujours avec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vôle, et le suit à grands pas.

XIII.

Grands defferiseurs de l'Espagne,
Montrez-vous: il en est temps:
Courage; vers la Mahagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ses ondes craintives
N'ont veû sur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amasser.
Coures donc: Qui vous retarde?
Tout l'univers vous regarde.
N'osez-vous la traverser?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le passage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ses pavillons.

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He'll own the strength of thy excuse,
Tell him that William was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,
That us'd to shine so like a star;
The Gen'rals could not get together,
Wanting that influence, great in war;
O Poet! thou hadst been discreeter,
Hanging the Monarch's hat so high,
If thou hadst dubb'd thy star a meteor
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight
Namur in vain expects that ray;
In vain France hopes the sickly light
Should shine near William's fuller day.
It knows Versailles, its proper station,
Nor cares for any foreign sphere:
Where you see Boileau's constellation
Be sure no danger can be near.

XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force,
And William met them in their way,
Yet off they brush'd, both foot and horse;
What has friend Boileau left to say?
When his high Muse is bent upon't,
To sing her King, that great commander,

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Quoy? leur seul aspect vous glace?
Où sont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
Jadis si prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamise,
Et de la Drâve soûmise,
Jusqu' à Paris nous chercher?

XV.

Cependant l'effroy redouble
Sur les remparts de Namur.
Son gouverneur qui se trouble
S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.
Déja jusques à ses portes
Je voyez monter nos cohortes,
La flame et le fer en main:
Et sur les monceaux de piques,
De corps morts, de roes, de briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

XVI.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces rochers épendus
Battre un signal pour se rendre:
Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
Dépoüillez vôtre arrogance,
Fiers ennemis de la France,
Et desormais gracieux,
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De Namur pris à vos yeux.

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Or on the shores of Hellespont,
Or in the vallies near Scamander,
Would it not spoil his noble task,
If any foolish Phrygian there is,
Impertinent enough to ask
How far Namur may be from Paris?

XV.

Two stanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire;
Leave 'em behind you, honest Friend,
And with your countrymen retire.
Your ode is spoilt; Namur is freed:
For Dixmuyd something yet is due;
So good Count Guiscard may proceed;
But, Boufflers, Sir, one word with you---

XVI.

'Tis done. In sight of these commanders,
Who neither fight nor raise the siege,
The foes of France march safe thro' Flanders,
Divide to Bruxelles or to Liege.
Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,
That Boufflers may new honours gain;
He the same play by land has shown
As Tourville did upon the main.
Yet is the Marshal made a peer:
O, William! may thy arms advance,
That he may lose Dinant next year,
And so be Constable of France.

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THE GARLAND.

I.

The pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flow'rs she wore along the day,
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undrest at ev'ning, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eyes she cast.

V.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

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VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour; pr'ythee tell,
That falling tear---what does it mean?

VII.

She sigh'd, she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moralist said,
See, Friend, in some few fleeting hours;
See yonder what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
And that of Beauty are but one;
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at ev'ning, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,
The am'rous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shrowd.

X.

Such as she is who dy'd to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

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THE VICEROY.

A BALLAD,

To the tune of Lady Isabella's Tragedy: or, the Stepmother's cruelty.

I.

Of Nero, * tyrant, petty king,
Who heretofore did reign
In fam'd Hibernia, I will sing,
And in a ditty plain.

II.

He hated was by rich and poor,
For reasons you shall here;
So ill he exercis'd his pow'r,
That he himself did fear.

III.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withal;
The guilty he would still set free,
But guiltless men enthral.

IV.

He with a haughty impious nod
Would curse and dogmatize,
Not fearing either man or God;
Gold he did idolize.

* This satire was justly levelled at Lord Coningsby, for his mal-adminstration when he was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.

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V.

A patriot * of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upstart Viceroy's tyranny,
Against him did declare.

VI.

And, arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon
In low but faithful rhymes.

VII.

The articles † recorded stand
Against this peerless peer;
Search but the archives of the land,
You'll find them written there.

VIII.

Attend, and justly I'll recite
His treasons to you all,
The heads set in their native light,
(And sigh poor Gaphny's fall.)

IX.

That trait'rously he did abuse
The pow'r in him repos'd,

---

* The Earl of Bellamont impeached Coningsby of high-treason in the English parliament.

† Sabbati, 16 die Decembris, 5 Gulielmi & Mariæ, 1693.

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And wickedly the same did use,
On all mankind impos'd.

X.

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia
Th' illegal oath to take.

XI.

Free-quarters for the army too
He did exact and force;
On Protestants his love to show,
Than Papist us'd them worse.

XII.

On all provisions, destin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and sore,
Tho' many men were sick.

XIII.

The sutlers, too, he did ordain
For licences should pay,
Which they refus'd, with just disdain,
And fled the camp away.

XIV.

By which provisions were so scant
That hundreds there did die;
The soldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine cou'd they fly.

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XV.

He so much lov'd his private gain
He could not hear or see;
They might or die, or might complain,
Without relief *pardie.*

XVI.

That above and against all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council sitting, hellish spite,
The farmer's fate decree;

XVII.

That he, *O! Ciel,* without trial,
Straitway should hanged be,
Tho' then the courts were open all,
Yet Nero judge would be.

XVIII.

No sooner said but it was done,
The Bourreau did his worst;
Gaphny, alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurst.

XIX.

In this concise despotic way
Unhappy Gaphny fell,
Which did all honest men affray,
As truly it might well.

XX.

Full two good hundred pounds a-year,
This poor man's real estate,

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He settled on his fav'rite dear,
And Culliford can say't.

XXI.

Besides, he gave five hundred pound
To Fielding his own scribe,
Who was his bail; one friend he found;
He ow'd him to the bribe.

XXII.

But for this horrid murder vile
None did him prosecute;
His old friend help'd him o'er the stile;
With Satan who dispute?

XXIII.

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carry'd on;
Had any other done't, I trow,
To tripos he had gone.

XXIV.

That he did likewise trait'rously,
To brings his ends to bear,
Enrich himself most knavishly;
O thief without compare!

XXV.

Vast quantities of stores did he
Embezzle and purloin;
Of the king's stores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

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XXVI.

The forfeited estates also,
Both real and personal,
Did with the stores together go;
Fierce Cerb'rus swallow'd all.

XXVII.

Mean while the soldiers sigh'd and sobb'd,
For not one sous had they;
His Excellence had each man fobb'd,
For he had sunk their pay.

XXVIII.

Nero, without the least disguise,
The Papists at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

XXIX.

The Protestants, whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,
To rest themselves content.

XXX.

For he did basely them refuse
All legal remedy;
The Romans still he well did use,
Still screen'd their roguery.

XXXI.

Succinctly thus to you I've told
How thus Viceroy did reign,

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And other truths I shall unfold;
For truth is always plain.

XXXII.

The best of queens he hath revil'd,
Before and since her death,
He, cruel and ungrateful, smil'd
When she resign'd her breath.

XXXIII.

Forgetful of the favours kind
She had on him bestow'd,
Like Lucifer, his ranc'rous mind,
He lov'd nor her nor God.

XXXIV.

But listen, Nero, lend thy ears,
As still thou hast them on;
Hear what Britannia says, with tears,
Of Anna dead and gone.

XXXV.

"Oh! sacred be her memory,
"For ever dear her name;
"There never was, or ere can be,
"A brighter, juster dame.

XXXVI.

"Blest be my sons, and eke all those
Who on her praises dwell;
"She conquer'd Britain's fiercest foes,
"She did all queens excel.

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XXXVII.

" All princes, kings, and potentates,
" Ambassadors did send;
" All nations, provinces, and states,
" Sought Anna for their friend.

XXXVIII.

" In Anna they did all confide,
" For Anna they could trust;
" Her royal faith they all had try'd,
" For Anna still was just.

XXXIX.

" Truth, mercy, justice, did surround
" Her awful judgment-seat;
" In her the Graces all were found,
" In Anna all complete.

XL.

" She held the sword and balance right,
" And sought her people's good;
" In clemency she did delight,
" Her reign not stain'd with blood.

XLI.

" Her gracious goodness, piety,
" In all her deeds did shine,
" And bounteous was her charity,
" All attributes divine.

XLII.

" Consummate wisdom, meekness, all
" Adorn'd the words she spoke,

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" When they from her fair lips did fall,
" And sweet her lovely look.

XLIII.

" Ten thousand glorious deeds to crown,
" She caus'd dire war to cease;
" A greater empress ne'er was known,
" She fix'd the world in peace.

XLIV.

" This last and godlike act achiev'd,
" To heav'n she wing'd her flight;
" Her loss with tears all Europe griev'd,
" Their strength and dear delight.

XLV.

" Leave we in bliss this heav'nly saint,
" Revere, ye Just, her urn;
" Her virtues high and excellent,
" Astrea gone, we mourn.

XLVI.

" Commemorate, my Sons, the day
" Which gave great Anna birth;
" Keep it for ever and for aye,
" And annual be your mirth."

XLVII.

Illustrious George now fills the throne,
Our wise benign good king;
Who can his wondrous deeds make known,
Or his bright actions sing?

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XLVIII.

Thee, fav'rite Nero, he has deign'd
To raise to high degree!
Well thou thy honours hast sustain'd,
Well vouch'd thy ancestry.

XLIX.

But pass---These honours on thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white?
Don't Gaphny's blood, which thou hast shed,
Thy guilty soul affright?

L.

Oh! is there not, grim mortal, tell,
Places of bliss and woe?
Oh! is there not a heav'n, a hell?
But whither wilt thou go?

LI.

Can nought change thy obdurate mind?
Wilt thou for ever rail?
The prophet on thee well refin'd,
And set thy wit to sale.

LII.

How thou art lost to sense and shame
Three countries witness be;
Thy conduct all just men do blame,
Lib'ra nos Domine.

LIII.

Dame Justice waits thee, well I ween,
Her sword is brandish'd high;

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Nought can thee from her vengeance screen,
Nor canst thou from her fly.

LIV.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
The glitt'ring steel is sure;
Sooner or la'er, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

LV.

To her I leave thee, gloomy Peer,
Think on thy crimes committed;
Repent, and be for once sincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be De-Witted.

DOWN-HALL.

A BALLAD,

To the tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

Written in the year 1715.

I.

I SING not old Jason, who travell'd thro' Greece,
To kiss the fair maids and possess the rich fleece;
Nor sing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,
Got rid of one wife, and went far for another,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

II.

Nor him who thro' Asia and Europe did roam,
Ulysses by name, who ne'er car'd to go home,

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But rather desir'd to see cities and men,
Than return to his farms, and converse with old Pen,
Derry down, &c.

III.

Hang Homer and Virgil; their meaning to seek,
A man must have pok'd into Latin and Greek;
Those who love their own tongue, we have reason to hope,
Have read them translated by Dryden and Pope,
Derry Down, &c.

IV.

But I sing of exploits that have lately been done
By two British heroes call'd Matthew and John,*
And how they rid friendly from fine London town,
Fair Essex to see, and a place they call Down,
Derry Down, &c.

V.

Now ere they went out, you may rightly suppose
How much they discours'd both in prudence and prose:
For before this great journey was thoroughly concerted,
Full often they met, and as often they parted,
Derry Down, &c.

---

* Matthew Prior, Esq. and John Morley of Halstead in Essex, Esq. bred a butcher, (but was accounted one of the greatest land jobbers in England) and in honour of his profession annually killed a hog in the public market, and took a groat for it. He died in 1732.

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VI.

And thus Matthew said, Look you here my friend
I fairly have travell'd years thirty and one, [John,
And tho' I still carry'd my Sovereign's warrants,
I only have gone upon other folks errands,
Derry down, &c.

VII.

And now, in this journey of life, I would have
A place where to bait 'twixt the court and the grave,
Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die---
Gadzooks, I have just such a place in my eye,
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

There are gardens so stately, and arbours so thick,
A portal of stone, and a fabric of brick;
The matter next week shall be all in your pow'r;
But the money, Gadzobks, must be paid in an hour,
Derry down, &c.

IX.

For things in this world must by law be made certain;
We both must repair unto Oliver Martin,
For he is a lawyer of worthy renown.
I'll bring you to see he must fix you at Down,
Derry down, &c.

X.

Quoth Matthew, I know that from Berwick to Dover,
You've sold all our premises over and over;
And now, if your buyers and sellers agree,
You may throw all our acres into the South-sea,
Derry down, &c.

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XI.

But a word to the purpose; to-morrow, dear friend,
We'll see what to-night you so highly commend,
And if with a garden and house I am blest,
Let the devil and Coningsby * go with the rest,
Derry down, &c.

XII.

Then answer'd 'Squire Morley, pray, get a calash,
That in summer may burn and in winter may splash;
I love dirt and dust, and 'tis always my pleasure
To take with me much of the soil that I measure,
Derry down, &c.

XIII.

But Matthew thought better, for Matthew thought right,
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight,
That extremes both of winter and summer might pass,
For one window was canvas, the other was glass,
Derry down, &c.

XIV.

Draw up, quoth friend Matthew; pull down, quoth friend John;
We shall be both hotter and colder anon.
Thus talking and scolding, they forward did speed,
And Ralpho pac'd by, under Newman the Swede,
Derry down, &c.

XV.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodsdon, the sign of the Bull,

* Lord Coningsby, with whom he had differed.

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Near a nymph with an urn, that divides the highway,
And into a puddle throws mother of tea,
Derry down, &c.

XVI.

Come here, my sweet landlady, pray, how d'ye do?
Where is Cicily so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the hostler that sung about eight years ago?
Derry down, &c.

XVII.

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear?
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear.
By my troth, she replies, you grow younger, I think;
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?
Derry down,

XVIII.

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first:
Why things since I saw you most strangely have vary'd;
The hostler is hang'd and the widow is marry'd,
Derry down, &c.

XIX.

And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse,
And Cicily went off with a gentleman's purse;
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year,
Derry down, &c.

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XX.

Well, peace to her ashes; what signifies grief?
She roasted red veal, and she powder'd lean beef;
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish,
For tough was her pullets, and tender her fish,
Derry down, &c.

XXI.

For that matter, Sir, be ye 'squire, knight, or lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford:
I should look on myself as unhappily sped,
Did I yield to a sister, or living, or dead,
Derry down, &c.

XXII.

Of mutton a delicate neck and a breast,
Shall swim in the water in which they were drest;
And because you great folks are with rarities taken,
Addle-eggs shall be next course, to stup with rank bacon.
Derry down, &c.

XXIII.

Then supper was serv'd, and the sheets they were laid,
And Morely most lovingly whisper'd the maid.
The maid! was she handsome? why, truly so so:
But what Morely whisper'd we never shall know,
Derry down, &c.

XXIV.

Then up rose these heroes as brisk as the sun,
And their horses, like his, were prepared to run:

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Now when in the morning Matt ask'd for the score,
John kindly had paid it the ev'ning before,
Derry down, &c.

XXV.

Their breakfast so warm, to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet:
And thus with great friendship and glee they went on,
To find out the place you shall hear of anon,
Called Down, Down, hey derry down.

XXVI.

But what did they talk of from morning till noon?
Why, of spots in the sun, and the man in the moon;
Of the Czar's gentle temper, the stocks in the City,
The wise men of Greece, and the Secret Committee,
Derry down, &c.

XXVII.

So to Harlow they came; and hey, where are you all?
Shew us into the parlour, and mind when I call:
Why, your maids have no motion, you men have no life;
Well, master, I hear you have bury'd your wife,
Derry down, &c.

XXVIII

Come this very instant, take care to provide
Tea, sugar, and toast, and a horse and a guide.
Are the Harrisons here, both the old and the young?
And where stands fair Down, the delight of my song,
Derry down, &c.

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XXIX.

O S'quire, to the grief of my heart I may say,
I have bury'd two wives since you travell'd this way;
And the Harrisons both may be presently here;
And Down stands, I think, where it stood the last year,
Derry down, &c.

XXX.

Then Joan brought the teapot, and Caleb the toast,
And the wine was froth'd out by the hand of mine host;
But we clear'd our extempore banquet so fast,
That the Harrisons both were forgot in the haste,
Derry down, &c.

XXXI.

Now hey for Down-Hall; for the guide he was got;
The chariot was mounted, the horses did trot;
The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round;
But, oh! all in vain, for no Down could be found,
Derry down, &c.

XXXII.

O thou Popish guide, thou hast led us astray.
Says he, How the devil should I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this road in my life;
But Down lies on the left, I was told by my wife,
Derry down, &c.

XXXIII.

Thy wife, answer'd Matthew, when she went abroad,
Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways she had trod;

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Perhaps, she met friends, and brought pence to thy house,
But thou shalt go home without ever a sous,
Derry down, &c.

XXXIV.

What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it?
We have lost our estate here before we have seen it:
Have patience, soft Morley, in anger, reply'd;
To find out our way, let us send off our guide,
Derry down, &c.

XXXV.

O here I spy Down; cast your eye to the west,
Where a windmill so stately stands plainly confest.
On the West! reply'd Matthew, no windmill I find;
As well thou may'st tell me I see the west wind,
Derry down, &c.

XXXVI.

Now pardon me, Morley, the windmill I spy,
But, faithful Achates, no house is there nigh. [blind;
Look again, says mild Morley, Gadzooks you are
The mill stands before, and the house lies behind,
Derry down, &c.

XXXVII.

O now a low ruin'd white shed I discern,
Until'd and unglaz'd, I believe 'tis a barn.
A barn! why you rave; 'tis a house for a 'squire,
A justice of peace, or a knight of our shire,
Derry down, &c.

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XXXVIII.

A house should be built or with brick or with stone.
Why, 'tis plaister and lath, and I think that's all one:
And such as it is, it has stood with great fame,
Been called a Hall, and has given its name
To Down, Down, hey derry down.

XXXIX.

O Morley, O Morley, if that be a Hall,
The fame with the building will suddenly fall—
With your friend Jemmy Gibbs about buildings agree,
My bus'ness is land, and it matters not me,
Derry down, &c.

XL.

I wish you could tell what a deuce your head ails;
I shew'd you Down-Hall, did you look for Versailles?
Then take house and farm as John Ballet will let ye,
For better for worse, as I took my dame Betty,
Derry down, &c.

XLI.

And now, Sir, a word to the wise is enough;
You'll make very little of all your old stuff; [simple;
And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow
Are you young and rich, like the master of Wimple?*
Derry down, &c.

XLII.

If you have these whims of apartments and gardens,
From twice fifty acres you'll near see five farthings;

---

* Edward, late Earl of Oxford.

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And in your's I shall find the true gentleman's fate,
Ere you finish your house you'll have spent your estate,
Derry down, &c.

XLIII.

Now let us touch thumbs; and be friends ere we part.
Here, John, is my thumb; and here, Mat, is my heart:
To Halstead I speed, and you go back to town;
Thus ends the first part of the ballad of Down,
Derry down, down, bey derry down.

A SONG.

If wine and music have the pow'r
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Phœbus ev'ry string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl:
Let them their friendly aid employ
To make my Chloe's absence light,
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.
But she to-morrow will return;
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn,
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
Kind Goddess, to no other pow'rs
Let us to-morrow's blessings own,
Thy darling Loves shall guide the hours,
And all the day be thine alone.

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SONGS SET TO MUSIC

BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

I. SET BY MR. ABEL.

READING ends in melancholy,
  Wine breeds vices and diseases,
Wealth is but care, and love but folly,
  Only friendship truly pleases.
My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly,
  Farewell all, if friendship ceases.

II. SET BY MR. PURCELL.

I.

WHITHER would my passion run?
  Shall I fly her or pursue her?
Losing her, I am undone,
  Yet would not gain her, to undo her.

II.

Ye tyrants of the human breast,
  Love and Reason! cease your war,
And order Death to give me rest,
So each will equal triumph share.

III. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

STREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,
  With such rigour in your eyes?

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Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
Since your charms I so much prize.

II.

But I plainly see the reason
Why in vain I you pursu'd;
Her to gain 'twas out of season,
Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

Come, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
Torment not thus your pretty heart;
Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
As well as that we now must part.

II.

You sigh and weep; the gods neglect
That precious dew your eyes let fall;
Our joy and grief with like respect
They mind, and that is not at all.

III.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
As if they did regard our state;
They hear, and the return we find,
Is, that no pray'rs can alter Fate.

IV.

Then clear your brow and look more gay;
Do not yourself to grief resign;

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Who knows, but that those powers may
The pair they now have parted join?

V.

But since they have thus cruel been,
And could such constant lovers sever,
I dare not trust, lest now they're in,
They should divide us two for ever.

VI.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Rememb'ring, though, upon what score;
This our last parting look believe,
Believe we must embrace no more.

VII.

Yet should our sun shine out at last,
And Fortune, without more deceit,
Throw but one reconciling cast
To make two wand'ring lovers meet.

VIII.

How great would then our pleasure be,
To find Heav'n kinder than believ'd;
And we, who had no hopes to see
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

IX.

But say, should Heav'n bring no relief,
Suppose our sun should never rise,
Why then, what's due to such a grief
We've paid already with our eyes.

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V. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

Let perjur'd fair Amynta know
What for her sake I undergo;
Tell her, for her how I sustain
A ling'ring fever's wasting pain;
Tell her the torments I endure,
Which only, only she can cure.

II.

But, oh! she scorns to hear or see
The wretch that lies so low as me;
Her sudden greatness turns her brain,
And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain;
For ne'er 'twas found (tho' often try'd)
That Pity ever dwelt with Pride.

VI. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

Philis, since we have both been kind,
And of each other had our fill,
Tell me what pleasure you can find
In forcing Nature 'gainst her will.

II.

'Tis true, you may with art and pain
Keep in some glowings of desire,
But still those glowings which remain
Are only ashes of the fire.

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III.

Then let us free each other's soul,
And laugh at the dull constant fool,
Who would Love's liberty controul,
And teach us how to whine by rule.

IV.

Let us no impositions set,
Or clogs upon each other's heart;
But as for pleasure first we met,
So now for pleasure let us part.

V.

We both have spent our stock of love,
So consequently should be free;
Thyrsis expects you in yon grove,
And pretty Chloris stays for me.

VII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

Phillis, this pious talk give o'er,
And modestly pretend no more,
It is too plain an art:
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me so dull
As not to know your heart.

II.

In vain you fancy to deceive;
For truly I can ne'er believe
But this is all a sham;

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Since any one may plainly see
You'd only save yourself with me,
And with another damn.

VIII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

STILL, Dorinda, I adore;
Think I mean not to deceive ye,
For I lov'd you much before,
And, alas! now love you more,
Tho' I force myself to leave you.

II.

Staying, I my vows shall fail,
Virtue yields as love grows stronger;
Fierce desires will prevail,
You are fair and I am frail,
And dare trust myself no longer.

III.

You, my love, too nicely coy,
Lest I should have gain'd the treasure,
Made my vows and oaths destroy
The pleasing hopes I did enjoy
Of all my future peace and pleasure.

IV.

To my vows I have been true,
And in silence hid my anguish;
But I cannot promise, too,
What my love may make me do,
While with her for whom I languish.

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V.

For in thee strange magic lies,
And my heart is too, too tender;
Nothing's proof against those eyes,
Best resolves and strictest ties
To their force must soon surrender.

VI.

But, Dorinda, you're severe,
I much doating thus to sever;
Since from all I hold most dear,
That you may no longer fear,
I divorce myself for ever.

IX. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

Is it, O Love, thy want of eyes,
Or by the Fates decreed,
That hearts so seldom sympathize,
Or for each other bleed?

II.

If thou wouldst make two youthful hearts
One am'rous shaft obey,
'Twould save the expence of darts,
And more extend thy sway.

III.

Forbear, alas! thus to destroy
Thyself, thy growing pow'r,
For that which would be stretch'd by joy
Despair will soon devour.

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Ah! wound then my relentless fair,
For thy own sake and mine,
That boundless bliss may be my share,
And double glory thine.

X. SET BY MR. SMITH.

Why, Harry, what ails you? why look you so sad?
To think, and ne'er drink, will make you stark mad.
'Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old boy,
Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy;
But wine of the three's the most cordial brother,
For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

XI. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

Morella, charming without art,
And kind without design,
Can never lose the smallest part
Of such a heart as mine.

II.

Oblig'd a thousand sev'ral ways,
It ne'er can break her chains,
While passion, which her beauties raise,
My gratitude maintains.

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XII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

SINCE my words, tho' ne'er so tender,
With sincerest truth exprest,
Cannot make your heart surrender,
Nor so much as warm your breast;

II.

What will move the strings of Nature?
What will make you think me true?
Tell me, thou mysterious creature,
Tell poor Strephon what will do.

III.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover
Thus, by seeming not to know
What so plainly all discover,
What his eyes so plainly show.

IV.

Fair one, 'tis yourself deceiving,
'Tis against your reason's laws;
Atheists like, (th' effect perceiving)
Still to disbelieve the cause.

XIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

LOVE! inform thy faithful creature
How to keep his fair one's heart;
Must it be by truth of nature,
Or by poor dissembling art?

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II.

Tell the secret, shew the wonder,
How we both may gain our ends;
I'm lo t if we're asunder,
Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

XIV. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

Once I was unconfin'd and free,
Would I had been so still!
Enjoying sweetest liberty,
And roving at my will.

II.

But now, not master of my heart,
Cupid does so decide,
That two she tyrants shall it part,
And so poor me divide.

III.

Victoria's will I must obey,
She acts without controul;
Phillis has such a taking way,
She charms my very soul.

IV.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and smiles,
Into her snares I run;
Victoria shews me all her wiles,
Which yet I dare not shun.

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V.

From one I fancy ev'ry kiss
  Has something in't divine,
And awful taste the balmy bliss
  That joins her lips with mine.

VI.

But when with t'other I embrace,
  Tho' she be not a queen,
Methinks 'tis sweet, with such a lass,
  To tumble on the green.

VII.

Thus here you see a shared heart,
  But I mean while the fool;
Each in it has an equal part,
  But neither yet the whole.

VIII.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
  To either wholly yield;
I find the time approaches fast
  When both must quit the field.

XV. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

Farewell, Amynta, we must part!
  The charm has lost its pow'r,
Which held so fast my captiv'd heart
  Until this fatal hour.

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II.

Hadst thou not thus my love abus'd,
And us'd me ne'er so ill,
Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
And I had lov'd thee still.

III.

But know, my soul disdain'd thy sway,
And scorns thy charms and thee,
To which each flutt'ring coxcomb may
As welcome be as me.

IV.

Think in what perfect bliss you reign'd,
How lov'd before thy fall,
And now, alas! how much disdain'd
By me, and scorn'd by all.

V.

Yet thinking of each happy hour
Which I with thee have spent,
So robs my rage of all its pow'r,
That I almost relent.

VI.

But pride will never let me bow;
No more thy charms can move;
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Because thou hadst my love.

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XVI. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

ACCEPT, my Love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave;
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your slave.

II.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live,
Who with it would the world have sent,
Had it been his to give.

III.

And that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vows shall, ending with the year,
With it begin a new.

XVII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

NANNY blushes when I woo her,
And with kindly chiding eyes
Faintly says I shall undo her;
Faintly, O forbear! she cries.

II.

But her breasts while I am pressing,
While to her's my lips I join,
Warm'd, she seems to taste the blessing,
And her kisses answer mine.

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III.

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
Innocence with Nature charms;
One bids gently push me from her,
T'other take me in her arms.

XVIII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

Since we your husband daily see
So jealous out of season,
Phillis, let you and I agree
To make him so with reason.

II.

I'm vex'd to think that ev'ry night
A sot, within thy arms,
Tasting the most divine delight,
Should sully all your charms.

III.

While fretting I must lie alone,
Cursing the Pow'rs divine,
That undeservedly have thrown
A pearl unto a swine.

IV.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
My burning passion cool;
Let me at least in thee have part
With thy insipid fool.

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V.

Let him by night his joys pursue,
And blunder in the dark;
While I by day enjoying you,
Can see to hit the mark.

XIX. SET BY MR. C. R.

I.

PHILLIS, give this humour over;
We too long have time abus'd;
I shall turn an errant rover
If the favour's still refus'd.

II.

Faith 'tis nonsense out of measure,
Without ending, thus to see
Women forc'd to taste a pleasure,
Which they love as well as we.

III.

Let not pride and folly share you,
We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will age or censure spare you
E'er the more for being coy.

IV.

Never fancy time's before you;
Youth, believe me, will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay?

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V.

All the swains on you attending
Show how much your charms deserve;
But, miser-like, for fear of spending,
You amidst your plenty starve.

VI.

While a thousand freer lasses,
Who their youth and charms employ,
Tho' your beauty theirs surpasses,
Live in far more perfect joy.

XX. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

Since by ill fate I'm forc'd away,
And snatch'd so soon from those dear arms,
Against my will I must obey,
And leave those sweet endearing charms.

II.

Yet still love on, and never fear
But you and constancy will prove
Enough my present flame to bear,
And make me, tho' in absence, love.

III.

For tho' your presence Fate denies,
I feel, alas! the killing smart,
And can with undiscerned eyes
Behold your picture in my heart.

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XXI. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

Touch the lyre, touch ev'ry string;
Touch it, Orpheus; I will sing
A song which shall immortal be,
Since she I sing's a deity;
A Leonora, whose blest birth
Has no relation to this earth.

XXII. SET BY MR DE FESCH.

I.

In vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
To ease his tortur'd breast,
Since Amoret the cure denies,
And makes his pain a jest.

II.

Ah! fair one, why to me so coy,
And why to him so true?
Who with more coldness slights the joy
Than I with love pursue.

III.

Die, then, unhappy lover, die;
For since she gives thee death,
The world has nothing that can buy
A minute more of breath.

IV.

Yet tho' I could your scorn outlive,
'Twere folly, since to me

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Not love itself a joy can give
But Amoret in thee.

XXIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

WELL, I will never more complain,
Or call the Fates unkind;
Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
But self-conceitedness does reign
In ev'ry mortal mind.

'Tis true, they long did me deny,
Nor would permit a sight;
I rag'd, for I could not espy,
Or think that any harm could lie
Disguis'd in that delight.

At last, my wishes to fulfil,
They did their pow'r resign;
I saw her, but I wish I still
Had been obedient to their will,
And they not unto mine.

Yet I by this have learn'd the wit
Never to grieve or fret;
Contentedly I will submit,
And think that best which they think fit,
Without the least regret.

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XXIV. SET BY MR. C. R.

I.

CHLOE beauty has and wit,
And an air that is not common;
Ev'ry charm in her does meet,
Fit to make a handsome woman.

II.

But we do not only find
Here a lovely face or feature,
For she's merciful and kind;
Beauty's answer'd by good-nature.

III.

She is always doing good,
Of her favours never sparing,
And, as all good Christians should,
Keeps poor mortals from despairing.

IV.

Jove the pow'r knew of her charms,
And that no man could endure 'em,
So providing 'gainst all harms,
Gave to her the pow'r to cure 'em,

V.

And 'twou'd be a cruel thing,
When her black eyes have rais'd desire,
Should she not her bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the fire.

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XXV.

I.

SINCE Moggy I mun bid adieu,
How can I help despairing?
Let cruel Fate us still pursue,
There's nought more worth my caring.

II.

'Twas she alone could calm my soul,
When racking thoughts did grieve me;
Her eyes my trouble cou'd controul,
And into joys deceive me.

III.

Farewell, ye brooks! no more along
Your banks mun I be walking:
No more you'll hear my pipe or song,
Or pretty Moggy's talking.

IV.

But I by death an end will give
To grief, since we mun sever;
For who can after parting live
Ought to be wretched ever.

XXVI.

I.

SOME kind angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with pity at my pain,
Tell Corinna I am dying,
Till with joy we meet again.

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II.

Tell Corinna, since we parted
I have never known delight,
And shall soon be broken-hearted
If I longer want her sight.

III.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year,
Cursing ev'ry morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here,

IV.

Tell her, too, not distant places,
Will she be but true and kind,
Join'd with time and change of faces,
E'er shall shake my constant mind.

XXVII.

I. Haste, my Nannette,
My lovely maid,
Haste to the bow'r
Thy swain has made.

II. For thee alone
I made the bow'r
And strew'd the couch
With many a flow'r.

III. None but my sheep
Shall near us come:
Venus be prais'd
My sheep are dumb.

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IV. Great God of love
Take thou my crook
To keep the wolf
From Nannette's flock.
V. Guard thou the sheep,
To her so dear;
My own, alas!
Are less my care.
VI. But of the wolf
If thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us
To call for aid;
VII. For with her swain
My love shall stay,
Tho' the wolf stroll
And the sheep stray.

XXVIII. NELLY.

I.

Whilst others proclaim
This nymph or that swain,
Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing;
She shall grace ev'ry verse,
I'll her beauties rehearse,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

II.

Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night;
-omplexion's divinely fair;

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Her lips red as a cherry,
Wou'd a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

III.

Her breath, like a rose,
Its sweets does disclose,
Whenever you ravish a kiss;
Like iv'ry inchas'd,
Her teeth are well plac'd;
An exquisite beauty she is.

IV.

Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,
There Cupid discovers her charms;
Oh! spare then the rest,
And think of the best;
'Tis heav'n to die in her arms.

V.

She's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively, and gay,
The Graces play all round about her;
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there is no living without her.

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TALES.

THE TURTLE AND SPARROW.

AN ELEGIAC TALE.*

BEHIND an unfrequented glade,
Where yew and myrtle mix their shade,
A widow Turtle pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd lover's fate.
The Sparrow chanc'd that way to walk,
(A bird that loves to chirp and talk)
Be sure he did the Turtle greet,
She answer'd him as she thought meet:
Sparrows and Turtles, by the by,
Can think as well as you or I;
But how they did their thoughts express
The margin shews by T. and S.

T. My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,
Alas! I weep Columbo dead:
Come, all ye winged Lovers, come,
Drop pinks and daisies on his tomb;
Sing, Philomel, his fun'ral verse,
Ye pious Redbreasts, deck his hearse;
Fair Swans, extend your dying throats,
Columbo's death requires your notes;

* This piece was written upon the sincere affection shewn by Q. Anne for the loss of her Royal Consort, 1708.

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For him, my friend, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.
  Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies,
Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes;
Those cheeks, where beauty smiling lay,
Those eyes, where Love was us'd to play;
Ah! cruel Fate, alas! how soon
That beauty and those joys are flown!
  Columbo is no more: ye Floods,
Bear the sad sound to distant woods;
The sound let Echo's voice restore,
And say, Columbo is no more.
Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.
  The Dryads all forsook the wood,
And mournful Naiads round me stood,
The tripping Fawns and Fairies came,
All conscious of our mutual flame,
To sigh for him, with me to moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.
  Venus disdain'd not to appear,
To lend my grief a friendly ear;
But what avails her kindness now?
She ne'er shall hear my second vow:
The loves that round their mother flew,
Did in her face her sorrows view;
Their drooping wings they pensive hung,
Their arrows broke, their bows unstrung;

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They heard attentive what I said,
And wept with me, Columbo dead:
For him I sigh, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.
'Tis ours to weep, great Venus said,
'Tis Jove's alone to be obey'd;
Nor birds nor goddesses can move
The just behests of fatal Jove:
I saw thy mate with sad regret,
And curs'd the fowler's cruel net:
Ah! dear Columbo, how he fell,
Whom Turturella lov'd so well!
I saw him bleeding on the ground,
The sight tore up my ancient wound;
And whilst you wept, alas! I cry'd,
Columbo and Adonis dy'd.
Weep, all ye streams, ye mountains, groan;
I mourn Columbo, dead and gone!
Still let my tender grief complain,
Nor day nor night that grief restrain;
I said, and Venus still reply'd,
Columbo and Adonis dy'd.
S. Poor Turturella, hard thy case,
And just thy tears, alas, alas!
T. And hast thou lov'd, and can'st thou hear
With piteous heart a lover's care?
Come, then, with me thy sorrows join,
And ease my woes, by telling thine;

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For thou, poor bird, perhaps may'st moan
Some Passerella, dead and gone.
S. Dame Turtle, this runs soft in rhyme,
But neither suits the place nor time;
The fowler's hand, whose cruel care
For dear Columbo set the snare,
The snare again for thee may set;
Two birds may perish in one net:
Thou shouldst avoid this cruel field,
And sorrow should to prudence yield.
'Tis sad to die---
T. ------It may be so;
'Tis sadder yet to live in woe.
S. When widows use their canting strain,
They seem resolv'd to wed again.
T. When wid'wers would this truth disprove,
They never tasted real love.
S. Love is soft joy and gentle strife,
His efforts all depend on life:
When he has thrown two golden darts,
And struck the lovers' mutual hearts,
Of his black shafts let Death send one,
Alas the pleasing game is done;
Ill is the poor survivor sped,
A corpse feels mighty cold in bed.
Venus said right, Nor tears can move
Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove.

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All must obey the gen'ral doom,
Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.
Grim Pluto will not be withstood
By force or craft, Tall Robinhood,
As well as little John, is dead,
(You see how deeply I am read)
With Fate's lean tipstaff none can dodge,
He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
Ajax, to shun his gen'ral pow'r,
In vain absconded in a flow'r:
An idle scene Tythonus acted,
When to a grasshopper contracted.
Death struck them in those shapes again,
As once he did when they were men.
For reptiles perish, plants decay;
Flesh is but grass, grass turns to hay,
And hay to dung, and dung to clay.
Thus heads extremely nice discover
That folks may die, some ten times over;
But oft by too refin'd a touch
To prove things plain, they prove too much.
Whate'er Pythagoras may say,
(For each, you know, will have his way)
With great submission I pronounce
That people die no more than once:
But once is sure, and death is common
To bird and man, including woman:

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From the spread eagle to the wren,
Alas! no mortal fowl knows when.
All that wear feathers, first or last,
Must one day perch on Charon's mast;
Must lie beneath the cypress shade,
Where Strada's nightingale was laid.
Those fowls who seem alive to sit,
Assembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,
In prose have slept three hundred years,
Exempt from worldly hopes and fears,
And, laid in state upon their hearse,
Are truly but embalm'd in verse.
As sure as Lesbia's Sparrow I,
Thou sure as Prior's Dove, must die,
And ne'er again from Lethe's streams
Return to Adda or to Thames.
T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,
My hopes bereav'd, my pleasures fled;
I therefore must for ever moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.
S. Columbo never sees your tears,
Your cries Columbo never hears;
A wall of brass and one of lead
Divide the living from the dead:
Repell'd by this, the gather'd rain
Of tears beats back to earth again;
In t'other the collected sound
Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.

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'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve
What time itself can ne'er retrieve.
By nature soft, I know a dove
Can never live without her love;
Then quit this flame, and light another,
Dame, I advise you like a brother.
T. What, I to make a second choice!
In other nuptials to rejoice!
S. Why not, my bird?---
T. ---No, Sparrow, no;
Let me indulge my pleasing woe:
Thus sighing, cooing, ease my pain,
But never wish nor love again:
Distress'd, for ever let me moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.
S. Our winged friends thro' all the grove
Contemn thy mad excess of love:
I tell thee, Dame, the other day
I met a parrot and a jay,
Who mock'd thee in their mimic tone,
And wept Columbo, dead and gone.
T. Whate'er the jay or parrot said,
My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,
And I for ever must deplore
Columbo, dead and gone.---S. *Encore!*
For shame, forsake this Byon-style;
We'll talk an hour and walk a mile.

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Does it with sense or health agree
To sit thus moping on a tree?
To throw away a widow's life,
When you again may be a wife?
Come on, I'll tell you my amours;
Who knows but they may influence your's?
Example draws when precept fails,
And sermons are less read than tales.
T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend;
As such will hear thee: I descend;
Hop on and talk; but, honest bird,
Take care that no immodest word
May venture to offend my ear.
S. Too saint-like Turtle, never fear;
By method things are best discust,
Begin we then with wife the first:
A handsome, senseless, awkward fool,
Who would not yield, and could not rule,
Her actions did her charms disgrace,
And still her tongue talk'd of her face;
Count me the leaves of yonder tree,
So many diff'rent wills had she,
And, like the the leaves, as Chance inclin'd,
Those wills were chang'd with ev'ry wind:
She courted the *beau-monde* to-night,
L'assemblee her supreme delight;
The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
And in full health enjoy'd the spleen;

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She censur'd that, she alter'd this,
And with great care set all amiss;
She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now sing, now pout, all God knows why:
Short was her reign, she cough'd and dy'd.
Proceed we to my second bride.
Well born she was, genteely bred,
And buxom both at board and bed;
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
And, as Tom Southern wisely says,
No other fault had she in life,
But only that she was my wife.*
O widow Turtle! ev'ry she,
(So nature's pleasure does decree)
Appears a Goddess till enjoy'd;
But birds, and men, and Gods, are cloy'd.
Was Hercules one woman's man?
Or Jove for ever Leæda's swan?
Ah! Madam, cease to be mistaken,
Few marry'd fowl peck Dunmow bacon.
Variety alone gives joy;
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.
What Sparrow, Dame, what Dove alive,
Tho' Venus should the chariot drive,
But would accuse the harness' weight,
If always coupled to one mate,
And often wish the fetter broke?
'Tis freedom but to change the yoke.

* See the Wife's Excuse, a comedy.

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T. Impious wish to wed again,
Ere death dissolv'd the former chain!
S. Spare your remark, and hear the rest.
She brought me sons, but Jove be blest,
She dy'd in childbed on the nest.
Well, rest her bones, quoth I, she's gone;
But must I, therefore, lie alone?
What, am I to her mem'ry ty'd?
Must I not live because she dy'd?
And thus I logically said,
('Tis good to have a reas'ning head)
Is this my wife? *probatur* not;
For death dissolv'd the marriage-knot:
She was, *concedo*, during life;
But is a piece of clay a wife?
Again, if not wife, do ye see,
Why then, no kin at all to me;
And he who gen'ral tears can shed,
For folks that happen to be dead,
May e'en with equal justice mourn
For those who never yet were born.
T. Those points, indeed, you quaintly prove,
But logic is no friend to love.
S. My children then were just pen-feather'd;
Some little corn for them I gather'd,
And sent them to my spouse's mother,
So left that brood to get another:
And as old Harry whilom said,
Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead,

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Cocksbones, I now again do stand,
The jolly'st bachelor i' th' land.
T. Ah me! my joys, my hopes are fled;
My first, my only love is dead;
With endless grief let me bemoan
Columbo's loss--------
S. --------Let me go on.
As yet my fortune was but narrow;
I woo'd my cousin, Philly Sparrow,
O' th' elder house of Chirping-End,
From whence the younger branch descend.
Well seated in a field of pease,
She liv'd, extremely at her ease;
But when the honey-moon was past,
The following nights were soon o'ercast;
She kept her own, could plead the law,
And quarrel for a barley-straw:
Both, you may judge, became less kind,
As more we knew each other's mind.
She soon grew sullen, I hard-hearted;
We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To London, blessed town, I went;
She boarded at a farm in Kent:
A magpye from the country fled,
And kindly told me she was dead:
I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
And set my heart again to sale.
My fourth, a mere coquette, or such
I thought her, ncr avails it much.

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If true or false; our troubles spring
More from the fancy than the thing.
Two staring horns, I often said,
But ill become a Sparrow's head;
But then to set that balance even,
Your cuckold Sparrow goes to heav'n.
The thing you fear, suppose is done,
If you enquire, you make it known;
Whilst at the root your horns are sore,
The more you scratch they ache the more.
But turn the tables and reflect,
All may not be that you suspect:
By the mind's eye the horns we mean
Are only in ideas seen;
'Tis from the inside o' the head
Their branches shoot, their antlers spread;
Fruitful suspicions often bear 'em,
You feel 'em from the time you fear 'em;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that echo'd word
Offends the ear of vulgar bird;
But those of finer taste have found,
There's nothing in't beside the sound.
Preferment always waits on horns,
And household peace the gift adorns:
This way or that let factions tend,
The spark is still the cuckold's friend:
This way or that let madam roam,
Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.

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Now weigh the pleasure with the pain,
The *plus* and *minus*, loss and gain,
And what La Fontaine laughing says
Is serious truth in such a case:
"Who slights the evil finds it least;
"And who does nothing does the best."
I never strove to rule the roast,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast:
In visits if we chanc'd to meet,
I seem'd obliging, she discreet:
We neither much caress'd, nor strove,
But good dissembling past for love.
T. Whate'er of light our eye may know,
'Tis only light itself can show;
Whate'er of love our heart can feel,
'Tis mutual love alone can tell.
S. My pretty, am'rous, foolish bird,
A moment's patience. In one word,
The three kind sisters broke the chain;
She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.
T. Let me with juster grief deplore
My dear Columbo, now no more;
Let me with constant tears bewail---
S. Your sorrow does but spoil my tale.
My fifth she prov'd a jealous wife,
Lord shield us all from such a life!
'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chit-chat,
'Twas this to-day, to-morrow that.

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Sometimes, forsooth, upon the brook
I kept a miss; an honest rook
Told it a snipe, who told a steer,
Who told it those who told it her.
One day a linnet and a lark
Had met me strolling in the dark;
The next a woodcock and an owl,
Quicksighted, grave, and sober fowl,
Would on their corp'ral oath allege
I kiss'd a hen behind the hedge.
Well, Madam Turtle, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our grief)
As once she watch'd me from a rail,
Pour soul! her footing chanc'd to fail,
And down she fell and broke her hip;
The fever came, and then the pip:
Death did the only cure apply;
She was at quiet, so was I.
T. Could Love unmov'd these changes view?
His sorrows as his joys are true.
S. My dearest Dove, one wise man says,
Alluding to our present case,
"We're here to-day and gone to-morrow;"
Then what avails superfl'ous sorrow?
Another full as wise as he
Adds, that "a marry'd man may see
"Two happpy hours;" and which are they?
The first and last, perhaps, you'll say:

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'Tis true, when blithe she goes to bed,
And when she peaceably lies dead;
"Women 'twixt sheets are best," 'tis said,
Be they of holland or of lead.
Now cur'd of Hymen's hopes and fears,
And sliding down the vale of years,
I hop'd to fix my future rest,
And took a widow to my nest.
Ah! Turtle! had she been like thee,
Sober, yet gentle, wise, yet free;
But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
A witch ingrafted on a scold.
Jove in Pandora's box confin'd
A hundred ills to vex mankind;
To vex one bird in her bandore
He hid at least a hundred more,
And soon as time that veil withdrew
The plagues o'er all the parish flew;
Her stock of borrow'd tears grew dry,
And native tempests arm'd her eye;
Black clouds around her forehead hung,
And thunder rattled on her tongue.
We, young or old, or cock or hen,
All liv'd in Æolus' den;
The nearest her the more accurst,
Ill-far'd her friends, her husband worst;
But Jove amidst his anger spares,
Remarks our faults, but hears our pray'rs.

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In short she dy'd. Why then she's dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
Would Heav'n this mourning year were past,
One may have better luck at last!
Matters at worst are sure to mend;
The devil's wife was but a fiend.
T. Thy tale has rais'd a Turtle's spleen;
Uxorious inmate, bird obscene,
Dar'st thou defile these sacred groves,
These silent seats of faithful loves?
Begone; with flagging wings sit down
On some old penthouse near the town;
In brewers' stables peck thy grain,
Then wash it down with puddled rain,
And hear thy dirty offspring squall
From bottles, on a suburb-wall.
Where thou hast been, return again,
Vile bird! thou hast convers'd with men:
Notions like these from men are giv'n,
Those vilest creatures under heav'n.
To cities and to courts repair,
Flatt'ry and falsehood flourish there;
There all thy wretched arts employ
Where riches triumph over joy,
Where passions do with int'rest barter,
And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter;
Where truth by point of law is parry'd,
And knaves and prudes are six times marry'd.

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APPLICATION.

Dearest daughter of two dearest friends, * 440
thee my Muse this little Tale commends.
ving and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
ng love his person, tho' deplore his fate;
em young, when old, in thy dear husband's arms,
r constant virtue has immortal charms;
d when I lie low sepulchred in earth,
d the glad year returns thy day of birth,
uchsafe to say, Ere I could write or spell,
e Bard who from my cradle wish'd me well,
ld me I should the prating Sparrow blame,
d bid me imitate the Turtle's flame. 451

THE LADLE. †

A TALE.

[illegible] Sceptics think 'twas long ago
[illegible] Gods came down [illegible],
see who were their friends or foes,
[illegible] how our actions fell or rose;
[illegible] since they gave things their beginning,
[illegible] set this [illegible] a spinning,
[illegible] they [illegible] remain,
[illegible] from passion [illegible] from pain,

[illegible]

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And frankly leave us, human elves,
To cut and shuffle for ourselves;
To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
As matter and as motion jumble.
The poets now, and painters, hold
This thesis both absurd and bold,
And your good-natur'd Gods, they say,
Descend some twice or thrice a-day,
Else all these things we toil so hard in
Would not avail one single farthing;
For when the hero we rehearse,
To grace his actions and our verse,
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Latium he is brought;
Iris descends by Fate's commands
To guide his steps thro' foreign lands,
And Amphitrite clears his way
From rocks and quicksands in the sea.
And if you see him in a sketch,
(Tho' drawn by Paulo or Carache)
He shows not half his force and strength
Strutting in armour and at length;
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece must yet be four yards bigger:
The nymphs conduct him to the field,
One holds his sword, and one his shield,
Mars, standing by, asserts his quarrel,
And Fame flies after with a laurel.

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These points, I say, of speculation,
(As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
Men, idly learned, will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute;
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms sustains the fight,
Till now no umpire can agree 'em,
So both draw off and sing *Te Deum*.
Is it in equilibrio
If deities descend or no?
Then let the affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my Tale;
For by all parties 'tis confest,
That those opinions are the best,
Which in their nature most conduce
To present ends and private use.
Two Gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the other Jove;
The humour was, it seems, to know,
If all the favours they bestow
Could from our own perverseness ease us,
And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.
Discoursing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their Godships came,
Till well nigh tir'd, at almost night,
They thought it proper to alight.
Not here, that it as true as odd is,
That in disguise a God or Goddess

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Exerts no supernat'ral pow'rs,
But acts on maxims much like ours.
Thy spy'd at last a country farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;
For woods before and hills behind
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the field were lowing,
Good grain was sow'd, good fruit was growing;
Of last year's corn in barns great store;
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door;
And Wealth, in short, with Peace consented
That people here should live contented;
But did they in effect do so?
Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.
  The honest farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life,
Had struggled with the marriage noose,
As almost ev'ry couple does:
Sometimes My plague! sometimes My darling!
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling;
Jointly submitting to endure
That evil which admits no cure.
  Our Gods the outward gate unbarr'd;
Our farmer met 'em in the yard;
Thought they were folks that lost their way,
And ask'd them civilly to stay;
Told 'em, for supper or for bed
They might go on and be worse sped.

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So said, so done; the Gods consent;
All three into the parlour went:
They compliment, they sit, they chat,
Fight o'er the wars, reform the state;
A thousand knotty points they clear,
Till supper and my wife appear.
Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame;
Obsequious Hermes did the same.
Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say!
He did---but in an honest way:
Oh! not with half that warmth and life
With which he kiss'd Amphitryon's wife.
Well then things handsomely were serv'd;
My mistress for the strangers carv'd.
How strong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In epic sumptuous would appear,
Yet shall be pass'd in silence here;
For I should grieve to have it said,
That, by a fine description led,
I made my episode too long,
Or tir'd my friend to grace my song.
The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,
Jove thought it time to show his play.
Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,
Folly and jesting laid aside,
That ye thus hospitably live,
And strangers with good cheer receive,

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Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en Gods themselves your debtors.
To give this thesis plainer proof,
You have to-night beneath your roof
A pair of Gods: (nay, never wonder)
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
My page, my son, indeed but spurious.
Form then three wishes, you and Madam,
And, sure as you already had 'em,
The things desir'd, in half an hour,
Shall all be here, and in your pow'r.
  Thank ye, great Gods, the woman says;
Oh! may your altars ever blaze!
A Ladle for our silver dish
Is what I want, is what I wish.---
A Ladle! cries the man, a Ladle!
'Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill!
What should be great you turn to farce,
I wish the Ladle in your a---.
  With equal grief and shame my Muse
The sequel of the Tale pursues.
The Ladle fell into the room,
And stuck in old Corisca's bum.
Our couple weep two wishes past,
And kindly join to form the last;
To ease the woman's awkward pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

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MORAL.

THIS commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts;
His head aches for a coronet,
And who is bless'd that is not great?
  Some sense, and more estate, kind Heav'n
To this well-lotted peer has giv'n:
What then! he must have rule and sway,
And all is wrong till he's in play.
  The miser must make up his plum,
And dares not touch the hoarded sum;
The sickly dotard wants a wife
To draw off his last dregs of life.
  Against our peace we arm our will;
Amidst our plenty something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting:
That cruel something unpossest,
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest:
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain;
And to the coffin from the cradle,
'Tis all a wish and all a Ladle.

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TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, in sunshine weather,
Falsehood and Truth walk'd out together,
The neighb'ring woods and lawns to view,
As opposites will sometimes do:
Thro' many a blooming mead they pass'd,
And at a brook arriv'd at last:
The purling stream, the margin green,
With flow'rs bedeck'd, a vernal scene,
Invited each itin'rant maid
To rest a while beneath the shade;
Under a spreading beech they sat,
And pass'd the time with female chat;
Whilst each her character maintain'd,
One spoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.
At length, quoth Falsehood, Sister Truth,
For so she call'd her from her youth,
What if, to shun yon' sultry beam,
We bathe in this delightful stream,
The bottom smooth, the water clear,
And there's no prying shepherd near?
With all my heart, the nymph reply'd,
And threw her snowy robes aside,
Stripp'd herself naked to the skin,
And with a spring leapt headlong in.

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Falsehood more leisurely undrest,
And laying by her tawdry vest,
Trick'd herself out in Truth's array,
And cross the meadows tript away.
From this curst hour the fraudful dame
Of sacred Truth usurps the name,
And with a vile perfidious mind
Roams far and near to cheat mankind;
False sighs suborns, and artful tears,
And starts with vain pretended fears;
In visits still appears most wise,
And rolls at church her saint-like eyes;
Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While rising stock her conscience pricks;
When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,
She secrets ope'd, and all unravell'd.
But on she will, and secrets tell
Of John and Joan, Ned and Nell,
Reviling ev'ry one she knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the rose.
Her tongue, so voluble and kind,
It always runs before her mind;
As times do serve she slily pleads,
And copious tears still shew her needs,
With promises as thick as weeds---
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil,
To-day a saint, to-morrow devil.

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Poor Truth she stript, as has been said,
And naked left the lovely maid,
Who, scorning from her cause to wince,
Has gone stark-naked ever since;
And ever naked will appear,
Belov'd by all who Truth revere.

THE MICE.

A TALE.

TO MR. ADRIAN DRIFT.

Two Mice, dear Boy, of genteel fashion,
And, what is more, good education,
Frolic and gay, in infant years
Equally shar'd their parents' cares.
The sire of these two babes (poor creature!)
Paid his last debt to human nature;
A wealthy widow left behind,
Four babes, three male, one female kind.
The sire being under ground, and bury'd,
'Twas thought his spouse would soon have marry'd;
Matches propos'd, and num'rous suitors,
Most tender husbands, careful tutors,
She modestly refus'd, and shew'd
She'd be a mother to her brood.
Mother, dear mother, that endearing thought
Has thousand and ten thousand fancies brought.

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Tell me, oh! tell me (thou art now above)
How to describe thy true maternal love,
Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
Thy flatt'ring hopes, thy fervent pious pray'rs,
Thy doleful days, and melancholy nights,
Cloister'd from common joys and just delights:
How didst thou constantly in private mourn,
And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn!
How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time,
That your young offspring might to honour climb;
How your first care, by num'rous gifts opprest,
Under the burden sunk, and went to rest;
How your dear darling, by consumptions waste,
Breath'd her last piety into your breast;
How you, alas! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age.
Tho' not inspir'd, oh! may I never be
Forgetful of my pedigree or thee:
Ungrateful how so'er, mayn't I forget
To pay this small, yet tributary debt,
And when we meet at God's tribunal throne
Own me, I pray thee, for a pious son.
But why all this? Is this your fable?
Believe me, Matt, it seems a bauble;
If you will let me know th' intent on't,
Go to your Mice and make an end on't.
Well then, dear Brother—

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As sure as Hudi's sword cou'd swaddle,
Two Mice were brought up in one cradle;
Well bred, I think, of equal port,
One for the gown, one for the court.
They parted; (did they so, an't please you?)
Yes, that they did (dear Sir) to ease you;
One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
T'other to vend his wares in Suffolk.
(That Mice have travell'd in old times,
Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
Those two great wonders of their ages,
Superior far to all the sages.)
Many days pass'd and many a night
Ere they could gain each other's sight;
At last, in weather cold nor sultry,
They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.
After much buss, and great grimace,
(Usual, you know, in such a case)
Much chat arose what had been done,
What might before next summer's sun;
Much said of France, of Suffolk's goodness,
The gentry's loyalty, mob's rudeness:
That ended, o'er a charming bottle
They enter'd on this tittle-tattle.
  Quoth Suffolk, by pre-eminence
In years, tho' (God knows) not in sense,
All's gone, dear Brother, only we
Remain to raise posterity;

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Marry you, Brother; I'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone.
May you ne'er meet with feuds or babble,
May olive branches crown your table.
Somewhat I'll save, and, for this end,
To prove a brother and a friend,
What I propose is just, I swear it,
Or may I perish by this claret.
The dice are thrown, chuse this or that,
('Tis all alike to honest Matt)
I'll take then the contrary part,
And propagate with all my heart.
After some thought, some Portuguese,
Some wine, the younger thus replies:
Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
Let me be free, drudge you in marriage;
Get me a boy call'd Adrian;
Trust me I'll do for't what I can.
Home went, well pleas'd, the Suffolk Tony,
Heart-free from care, as purse from money,
Resolving full to please his taudy,
He got a spouse, and jerk'd her body.
At last, when teeming time was come,
Out came her burden from her womb;
It prov'd a lusty squalling boy;
(Doubtless the dad's and mammy's joy)
In short, to make things square and even,
Adrian he nam'd was by Dick Stephen.

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Matt's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
And sends you in a bill of charges;
A cradle, Brother, and a basket,
(Granted as soon as e'er I ask'd it)
A coat not of the smallest scantling,
Frocks, stockings, shoes, to grace the bantling;
These, too, were sent, (or I'm no drubber)
Nay, add to these the fine gum-rubber;
Yet these won't do, send th' other coat,
For faith the first's not worth a groat,
Dismally shrunk, as herrings shotten,
Suppos'd originally rotten.
Pray let the next be each way longer,
Of stuff more durable and stronger;
Send it next week, if you are able;
By this time, Sir, you know the fable.
From this, and letters of the same make,
You'll find what 'tis to have a namesake.
Cold and hard times, Sir, here, (believe it)
I've lost my curate too, and grieve it;
At Easter, for what I can see,
(A time of ease and vacancy)
If things but alter, and not undone,
I'll kiss your hands and visit London.
Molly sends greeting, so do I, Sir.
Send a good coat, that's all; good b'w'ye, Sir.
Feb. 16. 1708-9. Your's entirely,
MATTHEW.

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TO A

YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

From public noise and factious strife,
From all the busy ills of life,
Take me, my Celia, to thy breast,
And lull my weary'd soul to rest:
For ever in this humble cell
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter else, but Love---and he
Shall bar the door, and keep the key.
To painted roofs and shining spires
(Uneasy seats of high desires)
Let the unthinking many crowd,
That dare be covetous and proud;
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happiness for state:
But oh! my Celia, when thy swain
Desires to see a court again,
May Heav'n around this destin'd head
The choicest of its curses shed:
To sum up all the rage of fate,
In the two things I dread and hate,
May'st thou be false and I be great.
Thus, on his Celia's panting breast
Fond Celadon his soul express'd,
While with delight the lovely maid
[illegible]'d the vows she thus repaid.

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Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Blest miracle of love and truth,
All that could e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long since are thine:
A real joy I never knew
Till I believ'd thy passion true;
A real grief I ne'er can find
Till thou prov'st perjur'd or unkind.
Content, and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Blest with thy presence, I can bear.
Thro' waters and thro' flames I'll go,
Suff'rer and solace of thy woe:
Trace me some yet unheard-of way,
That I thy ardour may repay,
And make my constant passion known
By more than woman yet has done.
Had I wish that did not bear
The stamp and image of my dear,
I'd pierce my heart thro' ev'ry vein,
And die, to let it out again.
No; Venus shall my witness be,
(If Venus ever lov'd like me)
That for one hour I would not quit
My shepherd's arms and this retreat
To be the Persian monarch's bride,
Partner of all his pow'r and pride,

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Or rule in regal state above,
Mother of Gods, and wife of Jove.
O happy these of human race!
But soon, alas! our pleasures pass.
He thank'd her on his bended knee,
Then drank a quart of milk and tea,
And leaving her ador'd embrace,
Hasten'd to court, to beg a place;
While she, his absence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,
Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed,
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

Where men have these ambitious fancies,
And wanton wenches read romances,
Our sex will---What? Out with it---Lie,
And theirs in equal strains reply.
The moral of the Tale I sing
(A posy for a wedding ring)
In this short verse will be confin'd;
Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

THE CONVERSATION.

A TALE.

It always has been thought discreet
To know the company you meet;

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And sure there may be secret danger
In talking much before a stranger.
Agreed: what then? Then drink your ale;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my Tale.
No matter where the scene is fixt,
The persons were but oddly mixt;
When sober Damon thus began,
(And Damon is a clever man)
I now grow old, but still from youth
Have held for modesty and truth:
The men who by these sea-marks steer,
In life's great voyage never err:
Upon this point I dare defy
The world.---I pause for a reply.
Sir, either is a good assistant,
Said one, who sat a little distant;
Truth decks our speeches and our books,
And modesty adorns our looks:
But farther progress we must take;
Not only born to look and speak,
The man must act. The Stagirite
Says thus, and says extremely right:
Strict justice is the sov'reign guide
That o'er our actions should preside;
This queen of virtues is confest
To regulate and bind the rest,
Thrice happy if you can but find
Her equal balance poise your mind;

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All diff'rent graces soon will enter,
Like lines concurrent to their center.
'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,
With yea and nay, and *pro* and *con*,
Thro' many points divinely dark,
And Waterland assaulting Clarke,
Till, in theology half lost,
Damon took up the Evening Post,
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politics held forth.
Methinks we're in the like condition
As at the treaty of partition:
That stroke, for all King William's care,
Begat another tedious war.
Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
Ne'er much approv'd that mystic league:
In the vile Utrecht Treaty, too,
Poor man, he found enough to do.
Sometimes to me he did apply,
But downright Dunstable was I,
And told him where they were mistaken;
And counsell'd him to save his bacon:
But (pass his politics and prose)
I never herded with his foes;
Nay, in his verses, as a friend,
I still found something to commend:
Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid,
Whate'er severer critics said;

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Too far, I own, the girl was try'd;
The women all were on my side.
For Alma I return'd him thanks;
I lik'd her with her little pranks:
Indeed poor Solomon in rhyme
Was much too grave to be sublime.
  Pindar and Damon scorn transition,
So on he ran a new division:
Till, out of breath, he turn'd to spit;
(Chance often helps us more than wit)
Th' other that lucky moment took,
Just nick'd the time, broke in, and spoke:
  Of all the gifts the Gods afford,
(If we may take old Tully's word)
The greatest is a friend, whose love
Knows how to praise and when reprove:
From such a treasure never part,
But hang the jewel on your heart:
And, pray, Sir, (it delights me) tell,
You know this author mighty well---
Know him! d'ye question it? Odds fish!
Sir, does a beggar know his dish?
I lov'd him, as I told you, I
Advis'd him---Here a stander-by
Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, silence broke:
Damon, 'tis time we should retire,
The man you talk with is Matt Prior.

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Patron thro' life, and from thy birth my friend,
Dorset! to thee this Fable let me send;
With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth;
The foil is known to set the diamond forth:
Let the feign'd Tale this real moral give,
How many Damons, how few Dorsets live.

P. PURGANTY AND HIS WIFE:

AN HONEST BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute, quod deceat quod cogitatione magis a virtute potest quam re separari.

Cic. de Off. lib I.

Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
The b:tter sort should set before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum;
Something that gives their acts a light,
Makes 'em not only just but bright,
And sets 'em in that open fame
Which witty Malice cannot blame.
For 'tis in life as 'tis in painting,
Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
From lines drawn true our eye may trace
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face;

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May justly own the picture wrought
Exact to rule, exempt from fault;
Yet if the col'ring be not there,
The Titian stroke, the Guido air,
To nicest judgment show the piece,
At best 'twill only not displease;
It would not gain on Jersey's eye;
Bradford would frown and set it by.
Thus in the picture of our mind
The action may be well design'd,
Guided by law, and bound by duty,
Yet want this *je ne scai quoi* of beauty:
And tho' its error may be such
As Knags and Burgess cannot hit,
It yet may feel the nicer touch
Of Wycherley or Congreve's wit.
What is this talk? replies a friend,
And where will this dry moral end?
The truth of what you here lay down
By some example should be shown.
With all my heart—for once; read on.
An honest, but a simple pair,
(And twenty other I forbear)
May serve to make this thesis clear.
A doctor of great skill and fame,
Paulo Purganti was his name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous wife,
No woman led a better life;

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She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted;
She chuckled when a bawd was carted,
And thought the nation ne'er would thrive
Till all the whores were burnt alive.
On marry'd men that dar'd be bad,
She thought no mercy should be had;
They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flea'd,
Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swede.
In short, all lewdness she defy'd,
And stiff was her parochial pride.
Yet in an honest way the dame
Was a great lover of that same,
And could from Scripture take her cue,
That husbands should give wives their due.
Her prudence did so justly steer
Between the gay and the severe,
That if in some regards she chose
To curb poor Paulo in too close,
In others she relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looser rein.
Thus, tho' she strictly did confine
The Doctor from excess of wine,
With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almost burst his belly:
Thus drying coffee was deny'd,
But chocolate that loss supply'd;
And for tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy concommitant of claret,

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(Blest revolution!) one might see
Eringo roots and Bohea tea.
She often set the Doctors's band,
And strok'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand;
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too soon;
She held it wholesomer by much
To rest a little on the couch---
About his waist in bed a-nights
She clung so close--for fear of sprites.
The Doctor understood the call,
But had not always wherewithal.
The lion's skin, too short, you know,
(As Plutarch's morals finely show)
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail,
And art supplies where strength may fail.
Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy he could not beat,
He strove to lengthen the campaign,
And save his forces by chicane.
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shows us that all that warrior can do
With force inferior, is *cunctando*.
One day, then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear,
Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle,
Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle,

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Thought it extremely *a propos*.
To ward against the coming blow:
To ward; but how? Aye, there's the question,
Fierce th' assault, unarm'd the bastion.
The Doctor feign'd a strange surprise;
He felt her pulse, he view'd her eyes:
That beat too fast, these roll'd too quick;
She was, he said, or would be sick:
He judg'd it absolutely good
That she should purge and cleanse her blood.
Spaw waters for that end were got:
If they pass'd easily or not
What matters it? the lady's fever
Continued violent as ever.
For a distemper of this kind,
(Blackmore and Hans are of my mind)
If once it youthful blood infects,
And chiefly of the female sex,
Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion,
Whate'er might be our Doctor's notion.
One luckless night, then, as in bed
The Doctor and the dame were laid,
Again this cruel fever came,
High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
What measures shall poor Paulo keep
With madam in this piteous taking?
She, like Macbeth, has mur'er'd sleep,
And won't allow him rest tho' waking.

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Sad state of matters! when we dare
Nor ask for peace nor offer war,
Nor Livy nor Comines have shown
What in this juncture may be done.
Grotius might own that Paulo's case is
Harder than any which he places
Amongst his Belli and his Pacis.
He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of logic, to maintain
That all the sex was born to grieve,
Down to her ladyship from Eve.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and moralists, and run ye on
Quite thro' from Seneca to Bunyan.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to close her eye,
Telling her rest would do her good,
If any thing in nature cou'd:
So held the Greeks, quite down from Galen,
Masters and princes of the calling:
So all our modern friends maintain
(Tho' no great Greeks) in Warwick-lane.
Reduce, my Muse, the wand'ring song;
A Tale should never be too long.
The more he talk'd the more she burn'd,
And sigh'd, and toss'd, and groan'd, and turn'd:

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At last, I wish, said she, my dear---
(And whisper'd something in his ear.)
You wish! wish on, the Doctor cries;
Lord! when will womankind be wise?
What, in your waters are you mad?
Why, poison is not half so bad.
I'll do it---but I give you warning,
You'll die before to-morrow morning.
'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise,
The lady with a sigh replies!
But life, you know, at best is pain,
And death is what we should disdain:
So do it, therefore, and adieu,
For I will die for love of you.
Let wanton wives by death be scar'd;
But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

When poets wrote and painters drew
As Nature pointed out the view,
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
To spoil the well-proportion'd piece;
And in our verse ere Monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastic chimes;
Ere on the flow'ry lands of Rhodes
Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight;

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Protogenes, historians note,
Liv'd there, a burgess, scot and lot;
And as old Pliny's writing show,
Apelles did the same at Co.
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.
  Piqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To see a rival and a friend
Prepar'd to censure or commend;
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
His servants follow with the things:
Appears the governante of th' house,
For such in Greece were much in use;
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.
  Does 'Squire Protogenes live here?
Yes, Sir, says she, with gracious air,
And curtsy low, but just call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feast to-morrow,
To grace the church: 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, Sir, you intend to stay
To see our Venus: 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece;

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So like th' original, they say;
But I have no great skill that way.
But, Sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromo must make my master's tea:
At six, Sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, Sir, at home.
  Tea, says a critic, big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after:
Authors, before they write, should read.
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.
  And, Sir, at present would you please
To leave your name---Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true.
And will you please, Sweet-heart, said he,
To shew your master this from me?
By it he presently will know
How painters write their names at Co.
  He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and curt'sying, Sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, Sir, for fear of all disaster
I'll keep it my own self:---Safe bird,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, Sir, as sure as key or lock---
Your servant, Sir---at six a clock.

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Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here
Will by the board itself appear:
If from the perfect line he found
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus, (he order'd me to say)
Thus write the painters of this isle;
Let those of Co remark the style.
She said; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light and easy shade,
That Paris' apple stood confest,
Or Leda's egg, or Chloe's breast.
Apelles view'd the finish'd piece;
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have exprest
Who truest drew or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line
He found at least I could design;
And from his artful round I grant
That he with perfect skill can paint.
The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my Tale;

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That the distinguish'd part of men;
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen;
Should in life's visit leave their name;
In characters which may proclaim
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts and country's praise;
And in their working took great care
That all was full, and round, and fair.

HANS CARVEL.

Hans Carvel, impotent and old,
Marry'd a lass of London mould.
Handsome? Enough; extremely gay;
Lov'd music, company, and play:
High flights she had, and wit at will,
And so her tongue lay seldom still;
For in all visits who but she
To argue or to repartee?
She made it plain that human passion
Was order'd by predestination;
That if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they.
Whole tragedies she had by heart;
Enter'd into Roxana's part;
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.

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How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!
Oh that dear conqu'ror of the world!
She pity'd Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the godlike rage.
  She, first of all the town, was told
Where newest India things were sold;
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's,
To cheapen tea, to buy a screen;
What else could so much virtue mean?
For to prevent the least reproach
Betty went with her in the coach.
  But when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She without fail was wak'd at ten,
Drank chocolate, then slept again:
At twelve she rose; with much ado
Her clothes were huddled on by two:
Then, does my lady dine at home?
Yes, sure;---but is the Col'nel come?
Next, how to spend the afternoon,
And not come home again too soon,
The 'Change, the city, or the play,
As each was proper for the day;
A turn in summer to Hyde-park,
When it grew tolerably dark.
  Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain;
Strange fancies come in Hans' brain:

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He thought of what he did not name,
And would reform, but durst not blame.
At first he therefore preach'd his wife
The comforts of a pious life;
Told her how transient beauty was;
That all must die, and flesh was grass:
He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces,
And doubled down the useful places:
But still the weight of worldly care
Allow'd her little time for pray'r;
And Cleopatra was read o'er,
While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's self,
Stood unmolested on the shelf.
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her toilette;
No fear that thumb of her's should spoil it.
In short, the trade was still the same;
The Dame went out, the Col'nel came.
What's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd;
Another batt'ry must be try'd:
What if to spells I had recourse?
'Tis but to hinder something worse.
The end must justify the means;
He only sins who ill intends:
Since therefore 'tis to combat evil,
'Tis lawful to employ the devil.
Forthwith the devil did appear,
(For name him and he's always near)

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Not in the shape in which he plies
At miss's elbow when she lies,
Or stands before the nurs'ry doors
To take the naughty boy that roars,
But without sawcer eye or claw,
Like a grave barrister at law.
Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,
The dev'l says; I bring relief.
Relief! says Hans; pray let me crave
Your name Sir---Satan---Sir, your slave.
I did not look upon your feet;
You'll pardon me---Aye, now I see't.
And pray, Sir, when came you from hell?
Our friends there, did you leave them well?
All well; but, pr'ythee, honest Hans,
(Says Satan) leave your complaisance:
The truth is this; I cannot stay
Flaring in sunshine all the day,
For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites
Love more the fresco of the nights,
And oft'ner our receipts convey
In dreams than any other way.
I tell you, therefore, as a friend,
Ere morning dawns your fears shall end:
Go then this ev'ning, Master Carvel,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;
Let friends and wine dissolve your care
Whilst I the great receipt prepare---

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To-night I'll bring it by my faith:
Believe for once what Satan saith.
  Away went Hans; glad not a little;
Obey'd the devil to a tittle;
Invited friends some half-a-dozen,
The Col'nel and my Lady's cousin.
The meat was serv'd, the bowls were crown'd,
Catches were sung, and healths went round;
Barbadoes' waters for the close,
Till Hans had fairly got his dose:
The Col'nel toasted to the best;
The Dame mov'd off to be undrest:
The chimes went twelve, the guests withdrew,
But when or how, Hans hardly knew:
Some modern anecdotes aver
He nodded in his elbow chair;
From thence was carry'd off to bed;
John held his heels and Nan his head;
My lady was disturb'd; new sorrow!
Which Hans must answer for to-morrow.
  In bed then view this happy pair,
And think how Hymen triumph'd there:
Hans fast asleep as soon as laid,
The duty of the night unpaid;
The waking Dame with thoughts opprest
That made her hate both him and rest:
By such a husband, such a wife!
'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life:

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The lady sigh'd, the lover snor'd,
The punctual devil kept his word;
Appear'd to honest Hans again,
But not at all by Madam seen;
And giving him a magic ring,
Fit for the finger of a king,
Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,
And wear it long for Satan's sake;
'Twill do your bus'ness to a hair;
For long as you this ring shall wear,
As sure as I look over Lincoln
That ne'er shall happen which you think on.
Hans took the ring with joy extreme,
(All this was only in a dream)
And thrusting it beyond his joint,
'Tis done, he cry'd; I've gain'd my point.---
What point, said she, you ugly beast?
You neither give me joy nor rest.
'Tis done.---What's done, you drunken bear?
You've thrust your finger G---d knows where?

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PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY LORD BUCKHURST,

In Westminster-school, at Christmas 1695, in the character of Cleonidas, in Mr. Dryden's Cleomenes.

Pish! Lord, I wish this Prologue was but Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak:
But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
"Gentle Spectators, pray excuse the play?"
No, witness all ye Gods of ancient Greece,
Rather than condescend to terms like these,
I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day,
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Who tremble when they see a critic frown:
Poor rogues, that smart like fencers for their bread,
And if they are not wounded, are not fed.
But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to see our friends:
Our gen'rous scenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts we left our midnight bed;
Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read:

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Not that from this confession we would sue
Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you:
Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
We neither censure fear, or beg applause,
For these are Westminster and Sparta's laws.
Yet if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
To young desert and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thousand marks should know
That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN,

On her Majesty's Birth-day, 1704.

Shine forth, ye Planets, with distinguish'd light
As when ye hallow'd first this happy night;
Again transmit your friendly beams to earth
As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth;
And thou, propitious Star, whose sacred pow'r
Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but Cynthia and the Sun,
With thy fair aspect still illustrate heav'n,
Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly giv'n;
Thy influence for thy Anna we implore;
Prolong one life, and Britain asks no more;

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For Virtue can no ampler pow'r express
Than to be great in war and good in peace:
For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame
Than to enjoy that virtue still the same.
Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove
Who founds her greatness on her subjects' love;
Who does our homage for our good require,
And orders that which we should first desire;
Our vanquish'd wills that pleasing force obey,
Her goodness takes our liberty away,
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.
Let the young Austrian then her terrors bear,
Great as he is her delegate in war;
Let him in thunder speak to both his Spains
That in these dreadful isles a woman reigns;
While the bright Queen does on her subjects show'r
The gentle blessings of her softer pow'r;
Gives sacred morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the stage;
Bids the chaste Muse without a blush appear,
And wit be that which Heav'n and she may hear.
Minerva thus to Perseus lent her shield,
Secure of conquest sent him to the field;
The hero acted what the Queen ordain'd,
So was his fame complete, and Andromede unchain'd.
Mean-time amidst her native temples sat
The Goddess, studious of her Grecians' fate,

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Taught 'em in laws and letters to excel,
In acting justly, and in writing well.
Thus, whilst she did her various pow'r dispose,
The world was freed from tyrants, war, and woes;
Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory rose.

PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN.

Represented by some of the Westminster-scholars at Hickford's Dancing-room in Panton-street, near Leicester-Fields, the 2d of February 1720.

SPOKEN BY LORD DUPLIN, WHO ACTED CORDELIO.

WHAT! would my humble comrades have me say,
Gentle Spectators, pray excuse the play?
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Whom you may clap or hiss for half-a-crown:
Our gen'rous scenes for friendship we repeat,
And if we don't delight, at least we treat.
Ours is the damage; if we chance to blunder,
We may be ask'd whose patent we act under?
How shall we gain you, alamode de France?
We hir'd this room, but none of us can dance;
In cutting capers we shall never please;
Our learning does not lie below our knees.
Shall we procure you symphony and sound?
Then you must each subscribe two hundred pound:
There we should fail, too, as to point of voice;
Mistake us not---we're no Italian boys:

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True Britons born, from Westminster we come,
And only speak the style of ancient Rome.
We would deserve, not poorly beg, applause,
And stand or fall by Friend's and Busbey's laws.
For the distress'd your pity we implore;
If once refus'd, we'll trouble you no more,
But leave our Orphan squalling at your door.

EPILOGUE TO PHÆDRA. *

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ACTED ISMENA.

Ladies, to-night your pity I implore
For one who never troubled you before;
An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak,
And comes to Town to let us Moderns know
How women lov'd two thousand years ago.
If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play;
E'gad! we know all that as well as they:
Show us the youthful, handsome, charioteer,
Firm in his seat, and running his career,
Our souls would kindle with as gen'rous flames
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian dames;
Ev'ry Ismena would resign her breast,
And ev'ry dear Hippolytus be blest.

* Phædra and Hippolytus, a tragedy, written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

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But as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs;
And if Hippolytus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.
Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play,
Something at least in justice should be said;
But this Hippolytus so fills one's head---
Well! Phædra liv'd as chastely as she could,
For she was Father Jove's own flesh and blood.
Her awkward love indeed was oddly fated;
She and her Polly were too near related;
And yet that scruple had been laid aside
If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd:
But when he came, what needed he to know
But that all matters stood in *statu quo*?
There was no harm, you see; or grant there were,
She might want conduct, but he wanted care.
'Twas in a husband little less than rude
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude---
He should have sent a night or two before
That he would come exact at such an hour;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest,
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his rest,
The pique friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
And spouse alone, impatient for her dear.
But if these gay reflections come too late
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate,

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If your more serious judgment must condem
The dire effects of her unhappy flame,
Yet, ye chaste Matrons and ye tender Fair,
Let love and innocence engage your care,
My spotless flames to your protection take,
And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's sake.

EPILOGUE TO LUCIUS.*

SPOKEN BY MRS. HORTON.

The female Author who recites to-day,
Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
Like Father Bayes, securely she sits down:
Pit, box, and gallery, Gad! all's our own.
In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,
By their applause the critics show'd their wit,
They tun'd their voices to her lyric string,
Tho' they could all do something more than sing.
But one exception to this fact we find,
That booby Phaon only was unkind,
An ill-bred boatman, rough as waves and wind.
From Sappho, down thro' all succeeding ages,
And now on French or on Italian stages,
Rough satires, sly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,
Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches.

* Lucius, the first Christian king of Britain, a tragedy, written by Mrs. Manley.

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Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.
The blust'ring bully in our neighb'ring streets
Scorns to attack the female that he meets;
Fearless, the petticoat contemns his frowns,
The hoop secures whatever it surrounds.
The many-colour'd gentry there above
By turns are rul'd by Tumult and by Love,
And while their sweethearts their attention fix,
Suspend the din of their damn'd clatt'ring sticks.
Now, Sirs,---
To you our Author makes her soft request,
Who speak the kindest and who write the best;
Your sympathetic hearts she hopes to move
From tender friendship and endearing love.
If Petrarch's muse did Laura's wit rehearse,
And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse,
She hopes from---Pox take her hopes and fears!
I plead her sex's claim! what matters her's?
By our full pow'r of beauty we think fit
To damn this Salique law impos'd on wit;
We'll try the empire you so long have boasted,
And if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toasted;
Approve what one of us presents to-night,
Or ev'ry mortal woman here shall write:
Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,
We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme;
Female remarks shall take up all your time.

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Your time, poor souls! we'll take your very money;
Female third days shall come so thick upon ye,
As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death,
Unless you yield for better and for worse;
Then the she-Pegasus shall gain the course,
And the gray mare will prove the better horse.

CONTENTS

OF

PRIOR, VOL. THE FIRST.

	Page
The life of the Author, - - -	5
Verses to ditto when under confinement,	15
His last will and testament, - - -	17
Monumental inscription, Latin, by Dr. Friend,	23
The same in English, - - -	25
Dedication to the Right Hon. the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, - - - -	29
Preface, - - - - -	44
Postscript, - - - - -	45
Advertisement, - - - -	48

ODES.

An ode on Exod. iii. 14. 1688, - -	49
An ode, - - - - -	53
An ode, - - - - -	56
An ode to a Lady, she refusing to continue a dispute with me, and leaving me in the argument,	ib.
An ode presented to the King, on his Majesty's arrival in Holland after the Queen's death, 1695,	58
An ode, - - - - -	66
An ode to Mr. Howard, - - -	67

Digitized by Google

Page

An ode, inscribed to the memory of the Hon. Colonel George Villiers, in imitation of Horace, lib. 1. ode 28. - - - - - - 68
Preface to an ode, humbly inscribed to the Queen, on the glorious success of her Majesty's arms, 1706, - - - - - 72
An ode to the Queen, - - - - 76
To Mr. Harley, wounded by Guiscard, 1711, 90
An ode, in imitation of Horace, Book III. ode 2. 1692, - - - - - 92
Ode promesse de l'amour, - - - 102
Cupid's promise paraphrased, - - 103

SONGS AND BALLADS.

The Thief and Cordelier, - - - - 105
A song, - - - - - 107
Sur la prise de Namur, par les armes du Roi, l'annee 1692, - - - - - 108
An English ballad, on the taking of Namur by the King of Great Britain, 1695, - - 109
The Garland, - - - - 122
The Viceroy, a ballad, - - - 124
Down-Hall, a ballad, written 1715, - 134
A song, - - - - - - 144
Twenty-eight songs, set to music by the most eminent hands, - - - - 145

Digitized by Google

Page

TALES.

The Turtle and Sparrow, an elegiac tale, - 168
The Ladle, - - - - 184
Truth and Falsehood, - - - 191
The Mice. To Mr. Adrian Drift, - 193
To a young gentleman in love, - 198
The Conversation, - - - 200
P. Purganti and his Wife: an honest but a simple pair, - - - - 204
Protogenes and Apelles, - - 210
Hans Carvel, - - - 214

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Prologue spoken by Lord Buckhurst in Westminster school, in the character of Cleonides, 220
Prologue spoken at Court before the Queen, on her birth-day, 1704, - - - 221
Prologue to the Orphan, represented by some Westminster scholars, Feb. 2. 1720. Spoken by Lord Duplin, - - - - 223
Epilogue to Phædra. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield, 224
Epilogue to Lucius. Spoken by Mrs. Horton. 226

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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EPISTLES.

AN EPISTLE

TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, ESQ.

SIR, Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

As once a twelvemonth to the priest,
Holy at Rome, here Antichrist,
The Spanish King presents a jennet,
To shew his love,---that's all that's in't;
For if his Holiness would thump
His rev'rend bum 'gainst horse's rump,
He might b' equipt from his own stable
With one more white and eke more able.
Or as, with gondolas and men, his
Good Excellence the Duke of Venice
(I wish, for rhyme, it had been the king)
Sails out, and gives the Gulf a ring;
Which trick of state, he wisely maintains,
Keeps kindness up 'wixt old acquaintance;
For else, in honest truth, the sea
Has much less need of gold than he.
Or, not to rove and pump one's fancy
For Popish similies beyond sea,
As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent,

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Present a turkey or a hen
To those might better spare them ten;
Ev'n so, with all submission, I
(For first men instance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.
  Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay respect, and not show wit;
Nor look askew at what it saith;
There's no petition in it---'faith.
  Here some would scratch their heads, and try
What they should write, and how, and why;
But I conceive such folks are quite in
Mistakes, in theory of writing.
If once for principle 'tis laid,
That thought is trouble to the head,
I argue thus: The world agrees,
That he writes well who writes with ease;
Then he, by sequel logical,
Writes best who never thinks at all.
  Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward light;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by't;
The God, not we, the poem makes;
We only tell folks what he speaks.
Hence, when anatomists discourse
How like brutes' organs are to ours,
They grant, if higher pow'rs think fit,
A bear might soon be made a wit;

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And that, for any thing in nature,
Pigs might speak love-odes, dogs bark satire.
  Memnon, tho' stone, was counted vocal,
But 'twas the God, mean-while, that spoke all.
Rome oft has heard a cross haranguing,
With prompting priest behind the hanging:
The wooden head resolv'd the question,
While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.
  Your crabbed rogues, that read Lucretius,
Are against Gods, you know, and teach us
The God makes not the poet; but
The thesis, *vice versa* put,
Should Hebrew-wise be understood,
And means, the poet makes the God.
  Egyptian gard'ners thus are said to
Have set the leeks they after pray'd to;
And Romish bakers praise the deity
They chipp'd, while yet in its paneity.
  That when you poets swear and cry,
The God inspires; I rave, I die;
If inward wind does truly swell ye,
It must be the cholic in your belly:
That writing is but just like dice,
And lucky mains make people wise:
That jumbled words, if Fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a speech, correct and witty,
As you know who--at the committee.

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So atoms, dancing round the centre,
They urge, made all things at a venture.
But, granting matters should be spoke
By method, rather than by luck,
This may confine their younger styles
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's;
But never could be meant to tie
Authentic wits like you and I:
For as young children, who are ty'd in
Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding,
When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
Make use of such machine no longer,
But leap, *pro libitu*, and scout
On horse call'd Hobby, or without;
So when at school we first declaim,
Old Busby walks us in a theme,
Whose props support our infant vein,
And help the rickets in the brain:
But when our souls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's estate,
In verse or prose we write or chat,
Not sixpence matter upon what.
'Tis not how well an author says,
But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.
Tonson, who is himself a wit,
Counts writers' merits by the sheet.
Thus each should down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.

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Kind Sir, I should be glad to see you;
I hope ve're well; so God be wi' you;
Was all I thought at first to write;
But things, since then, are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high,
So God knows when my clack will lie:
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your pardon yet this half hour.
So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
Where with my grannam I have gone,
When Lobb had sifted all his text,
And I well hop'd the pudding next,
Now to apply, has plagu'd me more
Than all his villain cant before.
For your religion; first, of her
Your friends do sav'ry things aver:
They say she's honest as your claret,
Not sour'd with cant, nor stumm'd with merit.
Your chamber is the sole retreat
Of chaplains ev'ry Sunday night;
Of grace, no doubt, a certain sign,
When layman herds with man divine;
For if their fame be justly great,
Who would no Popish nuncio treat,
That his is greater, we must grant,
Who will treat nuncios Protestant.
One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.

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In politics, I hear, you're stanch,
Directly bent against the French;
Deny to have your free-born toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe;
Are in no plots, but fairly drive at
The public welfare, in your private;
And will for England's glory try
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits, to defy,
And keep your places till you die.
For me, whom wand'ring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the town and you,
Let me just tell you how my time is
Pass'd in a country life.—*Imprimis*,
As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,
First, Sir, I read, and then I breakfast;
So on, till foresaid god does set,
I sometimes study, sometimes eat.
Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,
With whom old Homer makes such noise,
The greatest actions I can find
Are, that they did their work, and din'd.
The books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such as you have written on'd;
That treat of China's civil law,
And subjects' rights in Golconda;
Of highway elephants at Ceylan,
That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland;
Of apes that storm or keep a town
As well, almost, as Count Lauzun;

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Of unicorns and alligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,
And twenty other stranger matters,
Which, tho' they're things I've no concern in,
Make all our grooms admire my learning.
Critiques I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again;
From whose remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.
Then all your wits that fleer and sham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram,
From whom I jests and puns purloin,
And slily put them off for mine,
Fond to be thought a country wit,
The rest---when Fate and you think fit..
Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
To bottled ale and neighb'ring vicar;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart;
'Squire Shephard's health---with all my heart.
Thus, without much delight or grief,
I fool away an idle life,
Till Shadwell from the town retires,
(Choak'd up with fume and seacoal fires)
To bless the wood with peaceful lyric;
Then hey for praise and panegyric;
Justice restor'd, and nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

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AN EPISTLE

[illegible] SHEPHARD, ESQ. 1689.

[illegible]

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Confirm what formerly you've giv'n,
Nor leave me now at six and seven,
As Sunderland has left Mun Stephen.
No family, that takes a whelp
When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,
Neglects, or turns him out of gate,
When he's grown up to dog's estate;
Nor parish, if they once adopt
The spurious brats by strollers dropt,
Leave 'em, when grown up lusty fellows,
To the wide world, that is, the gallows:
No, thank 'em, for their love, that's worse
Than if they'd throttled them at nurse.
My uncle, rest his soul! when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving,
Taught me with cyder to replenish
My vats, or ebbing tide of Renish.
So when for Hock I drew prickt white wine,
Swear 't had the flavour, and was right wine;
Or sent me with ten pounds to Furni-
Val's-inn, to some good rogue-attorney,
Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,
I'd found some hansdome ways of getting.
All this you made me quit, to follow
That sneaking whey-fac'd God Apollo;
Sent me among a fiddling crew
Of folks I'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.

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To add no more invectives to it,
You spoil'd a youth, to make a poet.
In common justice, Sir, there's no man
That makes the whore, but keeps the woman.
Amongst all honest christian people,
Whoe'er breaks limbs maintains the cripple.
The sum of all I have to say
Is, that you'd put me in some way,
And your petitioner shall pray---
There's one thing more I had almost slipt,
But that may do as well in postscript;
My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd;
Nor would I have it long observ'd
That one Mouse eats while t' other's starv'd.

Ad virum doctissimum et amicum Dominum

SAMUELEM SCHAW,

Dum theses de ictero pro gradu doctoris defenderet.

PHOEBE potens sævis morbis vel lædere gentes,
Læsa solerti vel relevare manu,
Aspice tu decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere
Indomitus quantum prosit in arte labor:
Non ictrûm posthac pestemve minaberis orbi,
Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet:
Mitte dehinc iras, et nato carmina dona;
Neglectum telum dejice, sume lyram.

4 *Junii*, 1692. MATTHÆUS PRIOR.

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To my learned Friend

SAMUEL SCHAW,

At taking his

DOCTORS' DEGREE AT LEYDEN,

And defending a thesis on the Jaundice.

O PHOEBUS, Deity, whose pow'rful hand
Can spread diseases thro' the joyful land,
Alike all pow'rful to relieve the pain,
And bid the groaning nations smile again;
When Schaw, our pride, you see, confess you find
In him what art can do, with labour join'd;
No more the world thy direful threats shall fear,
While he, the youth, our remedy, is near:
Suppress thy rage, with verse thy son inspire,
The dart neglected, to assume the lyre.

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

At his Arrival in Holland,

AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONSPIRACY, 1696.

Serus in celum redeas, diuque
Lætus interis populo Quirini:
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura
Tollat.------ HOR. AD AUGUSTUM.

YE careful angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains, on earth and human acts to wait;
Who turn with secret power this restless ball,
And bid predestin'd empires rise and fall:

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Your sacred aid religious monarchs own,
When first they merit, then ascend the throne;
But tyrants dread ye, lest your just decree
Transfer the pow'r, and set the people free:
See rescu'd Britain at your altars bow,
And hear her hymns your happy care avow;
That still her axes and her rods support
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court;
That Law, with all her pompous terror stands,
To wrest the dagger from the traitor's hands;
And rigid Justice reads the fatal word,
Poises the balance first, then draws the sword.
  Britain her safety to your guidance owns,
That she can sep'rate parricides from sons;
That, impious rage disarm'd, she lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him who broke her chains.
  And thou, great Minister, above the rest
Of guardian spirits, be thou for ever blest:
Thou, who of old wast sent to Israel's court
With secret aid, great David's strong support,
To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul,
And strike the useless jav'lin to the wall.
Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
On Boyne's propitious banks, the heav'nly shield,
When pow'r Divine did sov'reign right declare,
And cannons mark'd whom they were bid to spare.
  Still, bles ed Angel, be thy care the same!
Be William's life untouch'd, as is his fame!

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Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand;
Save thou the King, as he has sav'd the land.
We angels' forms in pious monarchs view;
We rev'rence William, for he acts like you;
Like you, commission'd to chastise and bliss,
He must avenge the world, and give it peace.
Indulgent Fate our potent pray'r receives,
And still Britannia smiles and William lives:
The hero, dear to Earth, by Heav'n belov'd,
By troubles must be vex'd, by dangers prov'd;
His foes must aid, to make his fame complete,
And fix his throne secure on their defeat.
So, tho' with sudden rage the tempest comes,
Tho' the winds roar, and tho' the water foams,
Imperial Britain on the sea looks down,
And smiling sees her rebel subjects frown:
Striking her cliff, the storm confirms her pow'r;
The waves but whiten her triumphant shore:
In vain they would advance, in vain retreat;
Broken they dash, and perish at her feet.
For William still new wonders shall be shown;
The pow'rs that rescu'd shall preserve the throne.
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful sea,
Behold, the monarch plows his liquid way:
His fleets in thunder thro' the world declare
Whose empire they obey, whose arms they bear.

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Bless'd by aspiring winds, he finds the strand
Blacken'd with crowds; he sees the nation stand,
Blessing his safety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great Leader's praise; by turns they tell
And listen, each with emulous glory fir'd,
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd;
How Belgia, freed, the hero's arm confest,
But trembled for the courage which she blest.
O Louis! from this great example know
To be at once a hero and a foe:
By sounding trumpets, hear, and rattling drums,
When William to the open vengeance comes;
And see the soldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.
Hence, then, close Ambush and perfidious War,
Down to your native seats of night repair:
And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride
Restrain'd, behind the victor's chariot ty'd
In brazen knots and everlasting chains:
(So Europe's peace, so William's fate ordains)
While on the iv'ry chair, in happy state,
He sits, secure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency, and views beneath
Averted darts of rage and pointless arms of death.

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TO A CHILD OF QUALITY,

FIVE YEARS OLD, 1704; THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY. *

I.

Lords, knights, and 'squires, the num'rous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's † fetters,
Were summon'd by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

II.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The pow'r they have to be obey'd.

III.

Nor quality nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

IV.

For, while she makes her silkworms beds,
With all the tender things I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair;

V.

She may receive and own my flame,
For, tho' the strictest prudes should know it,

* Mr. Prior was born in the year 1664.

† We presume this young lady was one of the Dorset family.

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She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

VI.

Then, too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

VII.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordain'd, (wou'd Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EXETER,

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

What charms you have, from what high race you sprung,
Have been the pleasing subjects of my song:
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ
Of Ca'ndish' beauty join'd to Cecil's wit.
But when you please to show the lab'ring Muse
What greater theme your music can produce,
My babbling praises I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.
The Persians thus, first gazing on the sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone;
But, as his pow'r was known, their thoughts were rais'd,
And soon they worshipp'd what at first they prais'd.

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Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song,
And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda * young;
That as in birth, in beauty you excel,
The Muse might dictate and the poet tell:
Your art no other art can speak; and you,
To show how well you play, must play anew:
Your music's pow'r your music must disclose,
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.
Strange force of harmony, that thus controls
Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls:
While with its utmost art your sex could move
Our wonder only, or at best our love:
You far above both these your God did place,
That your high pow'r might worldly thoughts destroy;
That with your numbers you our zeal might raise,
And, like himself, communicate your joy.
When to your native heav'n you shall repair,
And with your presence crown the blessings there,
Your lute may wind its strings but little higher,
To tune their notes to that immortal quire.
Your art is perfect here; your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude Atheist know
That there's a Heav'n, by what he hears below.
As in some piece, while Luke his skill exprest,
A cunning angel came and drew the rest;
So when you play, some godhead does impart
Harmonious aid; divinity helps art;

* Mrs. Katharine Philips.

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Some cherub finishes what you begun,
And to a miracle improves a tune.
To burning Rome when frantic Nero play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
The raging flames; but, struck with strange surprise,
Confess'd them less than those of Anna's eyes:
But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
His rage eluded and his crime aton'd:
Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the stone,
And from destruction call'd the rising town;
Malice to muisc had been forc'd to yield,
Nor could he burn so fast as thou could'st build.

TO THE COUNTESS OF DORSET.

Written in her Milton,

BY MR. BRADBURY.

See here how bright the first-born virgin shone,
And how the first fond lover was undone.
Such charming words our beauteous mother spoke,
As Milton wrote, and such as your's her look.
Your's the best copy of th' original face,
Whose beauty was to furnish all the race:
Such chains no author could escape but he;
There's no way to be safe---but not to see.

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TO THE LADY DURSLEY,

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Here reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by sin Eve's blasted charms decay'd,
Our common loss unjustly you complain,
So small that part of it which you sustain.
You still, fair Mother, in your offspring trace
The stock of beauty destin'd for the race:
Kind Nature, forming them, the pattern took
From Heav'n's first work, and Eve's original look.
You, happy Saint, the serpent's pow'r control;
Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul;
And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boast,
Which gains a Heav'n for earthly Eden lost.
With virtue strong as your's had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought,
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

TO MY LORD BUCKHURST,

VERY YOUNG, PLAYING WITH A CAT.

The am'rous youth, whose tender breast
Was by his darling Cat possest,
Obtain'd of Venus his desire,
Howe'er irregular his fire:

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Nature the pow'r of love obey'd,
The Cat became a blushing maid,
And, on the happy change, the boy
Employ'd his wonder and his joy.
Take care, O beauteous Child, take care,
Lest thou prefer so rash a pray'r;
Nor vainly hope the Queen of Love
W[illegible] [illegible] charms improve,
[illegible] from her shrine retreat,
[illegible] state!
The Queen of Love, who soon will see
[illegible] Adonis [illegible] thee,
[illegible] deplore,
[illegible] the boar.
[illegible] more will flow,
[illegible] grow,
[illegible] rival's face
She deep will blank her new disgrace.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

II.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
  Which ne'er had being but in thought;
Each, like the Grecian artist, woos
  The image he himself has wrought.

III.

Against experience he believes;
  He argues against demonstration:
Pleas'd when his reason he deceives,
  And sets his judgment by his passion.

IV.

The hoary fool, who many days
  Has struggled with continued sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
  The desp'rate bett upon to-morrow.

V.

To-morrow comes; 'tis noon, 'tis night:
  This day, like all the former, flies:
Yet on he runs, to seek delight,
  To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

VI.

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
  At objects in an airy height:
The little pleasure of the game
  Is from afar to view the flight.

VII.

Our anxious pains we all the day
  In search of what we like employ;

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Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

VIII.

At distance thro' an artful glass
To the mind's eye things will appear;
They lose their forms, and make a mass
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

IX.

If we see right, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows:
The only wretched are the wise.

X.

We weary'd should lie down in death:
This cheat of life would take no more,
If you thought fame but empty breath,
I Phillis but a perjur'd whore.

TO DR. SHERLOCK,

On his Practical

DISCOURSE CONCERNING DEATH.

Forgive the Muse, who, in unhallow'd strains,
The Saint one moment from his God detains;
For sure, whate'er you do, where'er you are,
'Tis all but one good work, one constant pray'r.
Forgive her; and entreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,

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To raise her notes to that sublime degree
Which suits a song of piety and thee.
Wondrous good Man! whose labours may repel
The force of sin, may stop the rage of hell;
Thou, like the Baptist, from thy God wast sent,
The crying Voice, to bid the world repent.
Thee Youth shall study, and no more engage
Their flatt'ring wishes for uncertain age;
No more, with fruitless care and cheated strife,
Chase fleeting pleasure thro' this maze of life;
Finding the wretched all they here can have
But present food, and but a future grave;
Each, great as Philip's victor son, shall view
This abject world, and, weeping, ask a new.
Decrepit Age shall read thee, and confess
Thy labours can assuage where med'cines cease;
Shall bless thy words, their wounded soul's relief,
The drops that sweeten their last dregs of life;
Shall look to Heav'n, and laugh at all beneath,
Own riches gather'd trouble, fame a breath,
And life an ill, whose only cure is death.
Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,
Their sense untutor'd Infancy may know;
Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught.
Easy in words the style, in sense sublime,
On its blest steps each age and sex may rise;
'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,
Its foot on earth, its height above the skies.

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Diffus'd its virtue, boundless is its pow'r;
'Tis public health, and universal cure:
Of heav'nly manna 'tis a second feast,
A nation's food, and all to ev'ry taste.
To its last height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd,
And various death for various crimes she fear'd:
With your kind Work her drooping hopes revive;
You bid her read, repent, adore, and live:
You wrest the bolt from Heav'n's avenging hand,
Stop ready death, and save a sinking land.
O! save us still; still bless us with thy stay:
O! want thy heav'n till we have learn'd the way:
Refuse to leave thy destin'd charge too soon,
And for the Church's good defer thy own.
O! live, and let thy Works urge our belief;
Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life;
Till future infancy, baptiz'd by thee,
Grow ripe in years, and old in piety;
Till Christians yet unborn be taught to die.
Then in full age and hoary holiness
Retire, great Teacher! to thy promis'd bliss;
Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust,
As thy own fame among the future just,
Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks;
Till judgment calls, and quicken'd nature wakes;
Till thro' the utmost earth and deepest sea
Our scatter'd atoms find their destin'd way,

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In haste to clothe their kindred souls again,
Perfect our state, and build immortal man:
Then fearless thou, who well sustain'dst the fight,
To paths of joy and tracts of endless light,
Lead up all those who heard thee and believ'd;
'Midst thy own flock, great Shepherd, be receiv'd,
And glad all Heav'n with millions thou hast sav'd.

TO A PERSON

WHO WROTE ILL, AND SPOKE WORSE, AGAINST ME.

Lie, Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable shelf,
Nor take it amiss that so little I heed thee;
I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself;
Then why should I answer, since first I must read thee?
Drunk with Helicon's waters and double-brew'd bub,
Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the solid delight of thy well-judging club,
To the damage alone of thy bookseller Brag.
Pursue me with satire; what harm is there in't?
But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear;
There can be no danger from what thou shalt print;
There may be a little from what thou may'st swear.

ON THE SAME PERSON.

While, faster than his costive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes;

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His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
When he was run away with by his legs.
Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command;
Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand;
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink;
So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

TO THE

LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,

AFTEWARDS MARCHIONESS OF CAERMARTHEN,

On a Column of her drawing.

When future ages shall with wonder view
These glorious lines which Harley's daughter drew,
They shall confess that Britain could not raise
A fairer Column to the father's praise.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS DOWAGER *OF DEVONSHIRE,*

ON A PIECE OF WIESSEN'S,

Whereon were all her Grandsons painted.

Wiessen and Nature held a long contest,
If she created or he painted best;
With pleasing thought the wondrous combat grew,
he still form'd fairer, he still liker drew.

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In these sev'n brethren they contended last;
With art increas'd, their utmost skill they try'd,
And, both well pleas'd, they had themselves surpast,
The Goddess triumph'd, and the painter dy'd.
That both their skill to this vast height did raise,
Be our's the wonder, and be your's the praise:
For here, as in some glass, is well descry'd
Only yourself, thus often multiply'd.
When Heav'n had you and gracious Anna * made,
What more exalted beauty could it add?
Having no nobler images in store,
It but kept up to these, nor could do more
Than copy well what it had fram'd before.
If in dear Burghley's gen'rous face we see
Obliging truth and handsome honesty,
With all that world of charms, which soon will move
Rev'rence in men, and in the fair ones love;
His very grace his fair descent assures,
He has his mother's beauty, she has your's.
If ev'ry Cecil's face had ev'ry charm
That thought can fancy or that Heav'n can form,
Their beauties all become your beauty's due,
They are all fair, because they're all like you.
If ev'ry Ca'ndish great and charming look,
From you that air, from you the charms, they took.
In their each limb your image is exprest,
But on their brow firm courage stands confest;

* Eldest daughter of the Countess.

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There their great father, by a strong increase,
Adds strength to beauty, and completes the piece.
Thus still your beauty in your sons we view,
Wiessen sev'n times one great perfection drew;
Whoever sat, the picture still is you.
So when the parent-sun with genial beams
Has animated many goodly gems,
He sees himself improv'd, while ev'ry stone,
With a resembling light, reflects a sun.
So when great Rhea many births had giv'n,
Such as might govern earth and people heav'n,
Her glory grew diffus'd; and, fuller known,
She saw the Deity in ev'ry son;
And to what God soe'er men altars rais'd,
Hon'ring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.
In short-liv'd charms let others place their joys,
Which sickness blasts, and certain age destroys;
Your stronger beauty time can ne'er deface,
'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your race.
Ah! Wiessen, had thy art been so refin'd,
As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,
Thro' circling years thy labours would survive,
And living rules to fairest virtue give,
To men unborn and ages yet to live:
'Twould still be wonderful, and still be new,
Against what time, or spite, or fate, could do,
Till thine, confus'd with Nature's pieces, lie,
And Can'dish's name and Cecil's honour die.

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TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS FOND OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

You, Madam, may with safety go
Decrees of destiny to know;
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happiness ordain'd:
Such charms as your's are only giv'n
To chosen favourites of Heav'n.
But such is my uncertain state,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate;
For I would only know from art
The future motions of your heart,
And what predestinated doom
Attends my love for years to come;
No secrets else, that mortals learn,
My cares deserve, or life concern;
But this will so important be,
I dread to search the dark decree;
For while the smallest hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains.
Vain distant views my fancy please,
And give some intermitting ease;
But should the stars too plainly show
That you have doom'd my endless woe,
No human force or art could bear
The torment of my wild despair.
This secret, then, I dare not know,
And other truths are useless now.

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What matters, if unblest in love,
How long or short my life will prove?
To gratify what low desire,
Should I with needless haste inquire,
How great, how wealthy I shall be?
Oh! what is wealth or pow'r to me!
If I am happy or undone,
It must proceed from you alone.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS NUPTIALS.

When Jove lay blest in his Alcmæna's charms,
Three nights in one he prest her in his arms;
The sun lay set, and conscious Nature strove
To shade her God, and to prolong his love.
From that auspicious night Alcides came;
What less could rise from Jove and such a dame?
May this auspicious night with that compare,
Nor less the joys, nor less the rising heir,
He strong as Jove, she like Alcmæna fair.

TO A POET OF QUALITY,

PRAISING THE LADY HINCHINBROKE.

I.

Of thy judicious Muse's sense,
Young Hinchinbroke so very proud is,
That Sacharissa and Hortense
He looks henceforth upon as dowdies.

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II.

Yet she to one must still submit,
To dear Mamma must pay her duty;
She wonders, praising Wilmot's wit,
Thou should'st forget his daughter's beauty.

AN EPISTLE,

DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE:

Written at Paris 1714, but left unfinished,

BY THE SUDDEN NEWS OF HER MAJESTY'S DEATH.

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
The shining sideboard and the burnish'd plate,
Let other ministers, great Anne, require,
And partial fall thy gift to their desire.
To the fair Portrait of my sov'reign Dame,
To that alone eternal be my claim.
My bright defender, and my dread delight,
If ever I found favour in thy sight;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake
My past has took, or future life may take,
Be grateful to my Queen, permit my pray'r,
And with this gift reward my total care.
Will thy indulgent hand, fair Saint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That in despite of age, of impious flame,
And eating Time, thy Picture, like thy fame,
Entire may last, that as their eyes survey
The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,

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Thus great, thus gracious, look'd Britannia's Queen,
Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand
The mighty Empress gave her high command,
That he to hostile camps and kings should haste,
To speak her vengeance, as their danger, past;
To say, she wills detested wars to cease;
She checks her conquest for her subjects' ease,
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.
Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,
Thee, Queen of Peace---If Time and Fate have pow'r
Higher to raise the glories of thy reign,
In words sublimer and a nobler strain,
May future bards the mighty theme rehearse:
Here, Stator Jove, and Phoebus king of verse,
The votive tablet I suspend * * *

A LETTER

TO MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX;

Occasioned by the Victory at Blenheim, 1704.

---Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos.---HOR. Sat. 1.

SINCE, hir'd for life, thy servile Muse must sing
Successive conquests and a glorious King;
Must of a man immortal vainly boast,
And bring him laurels, whatsoe'er they cost;

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What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
On the event of that superior day,
In which one English subject's prosp'rous hand
(So Jove did will, so Anna did command)
Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise?
  From the lost field a hundred standards brought,
Must be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault.
Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone,
That fatal day the mighty work was done,
With rays oblique upon the Gallic sun;
Some demon, envying France, misled the fight;
And Mars mistook, tho' Louis order'd right.
  When thy young Muse invok'd the tuneful Nine,
To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine,
What work had we with Wageninghen, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme!
And, tho' the poet made his last efforts,
Wurts---who could mention in heroic---Wurts?
But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign?
The Danube rescu'd and the Empire sav'd,
Say, is the majesty of verse retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy softer vein,
To sing the princes, Louis and Eugene?
Is it too hard in happy verse to place
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maese?
Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,
That France may fall by more harmonious names.

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Can'st thou not Hamil'on or Lumley bear?
Would Ingoldsby or Palmes offend thy ear?
And is there not a sound in Marlbrô's name
Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame?
Cutts is in metre something harsh to read;
Place me the valiant Gouram in his stead:
Let the intention make the number good;
Let gen'rous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.
And tho' rough Churchill scarce in verse will stand,
So as to have one rhyme at his command,
With ease the bard, reciting Blenheim's plain,
May close the verse, rememb'ring but the Dane.
I grant, old friend, old foe, (for such we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war)
That we poetic folks, who must restrain
Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to those
Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.
For ins'ance, now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verse agree!
In one great day, on Hochstet's fatal plain,
French and Bavarians, twenty thousand slain;
Push'd thro' the Danube to the shores of Styx
Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-six;
Officers captive made, and private men,
Of these twelve hundred, of these thousands ten;
Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,
Cannons, and kettle-drums,---sweet numbers these.

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But is it thus you English bards compose?
With Runic lays thus tag insipid prose?
And when you should your hero's deeds rehearse,
Give us a commissary's list in verse?
  Why, faith, Despreaux, there's sense in what you say;
I told you where my difficulty lay:
So vast, so numerous were great Blenheim's spoils,
They scorn the bounds of verse, and mock the Muse's toils.
To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the sum of Gallia's loss to rhyme,
'Tis mighty hard: what poet would essay
To count the streamers of my Lord Mayor's day?
To number all the sev'ral dishes drest
By honest Lamb last coronation-feast?
Or make arithmetic and epic meet,
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's style repeat?
  O Poet, had it been Apollo's will
That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill;
Had this poor breast receiv'd the heav'nly beam,
Or could I hope my verse might reach my theme;
Yet, Boileau, yet the lab'ring Muse should strive
Beneath the shades of Marlbrô's wreaths to live,
Should call aspiring Gods to bless her choice,
And to their fav'rite's strains exalt her voice,
Arms and a Queen to sing, who, great and good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wond'ring flood,
Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
To save the nations from invading hands,

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To prop fair Liberty's declining cause,
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.
The Queen should sit in Windsor's sacred grove,
Attended by the Gods of War and Love;
Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore,
To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r.
Sudden the Nymphs and Tritons should appear;
And as great Anna smiles, dispel their fear;
With active dance should her observance claim;
With vocal shell should sound her happy name;
Their master Thames should leave the neigh'bring shore,
By his strong anchor known and silver oar;
Should lay his ensigns at his Sov'reign's feet,
And audience mild with humble grace entreat.
To her, his dear defence, he should complain,
That whilst he blesses her indulgent reign,
Whilst further seas are by his fleets survey'd,
And on his happy banks each India laid,
His brethren Maese, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar,
Feel the hard burthen of oppressive war;
That Danube scarce retains his rightful course
Against two rebel armies' neighb'ring force;
And all must weep, sad captives to the Seine,
Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's Queen.
The valiant Sov'reign calls her Gen'ral forth,
Neither recites her bounty nor his worth;
She tells him he must Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her esteem;

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She bids him wait her to the sacred hall,
Shows him Prince Edward and the conquer'd Gaul;
Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast,
Says he must die, or succour the distrest:
Placing the Saint an emblem by his side,
She tells him Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless Pride.
The hero bows obedient, and retires;
The Queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires:
His steps are to the silent woods inclin'd,
The great design revolving in his mind,
When to his sight a heav'nly form appears,
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears.
Me, she begins, the fairest child of Jove,
Below for ever sought, and bless'd above;
Me, the bright source of wealth, and pow'r, and fame,
(Nor need I say Victoria is my name)
Me the great Father down to thee has sent;
He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent,
To execute what Anna's wish would have;
Her subject thou, I only am her slave.
Dare, then, thou much belov'd by smiling Fate;
For Anna's sake, and in her name, be great:
Go forth, and be to distant nations known,
My future fav'rite, and my darling son:
At Schellenberg I'll manifest sustain
Thy glorious cause, and spread my wings again,
Conspicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain.

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The Goddess said, nor would admit reply,
But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the sky.
His high commission is thro' Britain known,
And thronging armies to his standard run;
He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails;
(Bless him, ye seas! and prosper him, ye gales!)
Belgia receives him welcome to her shores,
And William's death with lessen'd grief deplores:
His presence only must retrieve that loss;
Marlbrô to her must be what William was:
So when great Atlas, from these low abodes
Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred Gods,
Alcides, respited by prudent Fate,
Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.
Secret and swift behold the chief advance;
Sees half the empire join'd, and friend to France:
The British Gen'ral dooms the fight; his sword
Dreadful he draws; the captains wait the word.
Anne and St. George, the charging hero cries;
Shrill Echo from the neighb'ring wood replies
Anne and St. George.---At that auspicious sign
The standards move, the adverse armies join.
Of eight great hours Time measures out the sands,
And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands;
The ninth, Victoria comes:--o'er Marlbrô's head
Confess'd she sits; the hostile troops recede;
Triumphs the Goddess, from her promise freed.
The Eagle, by the British Lion's might
chain'd and free, directs her upward flight;

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Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar
From Tyber's banks than now from Danube's shore.
Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
And great ambition of my country's praise,
The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise,
Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies,
With wonder (tho' with envy still) pursu'd by human eyes.
But we must change the style---Just now I said
I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade;
Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
In prose and bus'ness lies extinct and lost;
Bless'd if I may some younger muse excite,
Point out the game, and animate the flight;
That from Marseilles to Calais France may know,
As we have conqu'rors, we have poets too,
And either laurel does in Britain grow:
That, tho' amongst ourselves, with too much heat,
We sometimes wrangle when we should debate,
(A consequential ill which freedom draws;
A bad effect, but from a noble cause)
We can with universal zeal advance,
To curb the faithless arrogance of France;
Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse
To answer to thy Master or thy Muse;
Nor want just subject for victorious strains,
While Marlbrô's arm eternal laurels gains,
And where old Spenser sung a new Eliza reigns.

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HYMNS.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

SET BY DR. PURCELL.*

I.

LIGHT of the world, and ruler of the year,
With happy speed begin thy great career,
And, as thou dost thy radiant journies run,
Thro' ev'ry distant climate own,
That in fair Albion thou hast seen
The greatest prince, the brightest queen,
That ever sav'd a land or blest a throne,
Since first thy beams were spread, or genial pow'r was known.

II.

So may thy godhead be confest,
So the returning year be blest,
As his infant months bestow
Springing wreaths for William's brow;
As his summer's youth shall shed
Eternal sweets around Maria's head.
From the blessings they bestow
Our times are dated, and our æras move:
They govern and enlighten all below,
As thou dost all above.

* ung before their Majesties on new-year's day, 1694.

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III.

Let our hero, in the war
Active and fierce, like thee, appear;
Like thee, great son of Jove, like thee,
When, clad in rising majesty,
Thou marchest down o'er Delos' hills confess'd,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory dress'd.
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ
The raging Python to destroy,
And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

IV.

From fairest years, and time's more happy stores,
Gather all the smiling Hours;
Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars;
Such as with conquest have rewarded
Triumphant victors' happy cares;
Such as story has recorded
Sacred to Nassau's long renown,
For countries sav'd and battles won.

V.

March them again in fair array,
And bid them form the happy day,
The happy day design'd to wait
On William's fame and Europe's fate.
Let the happy day be crown'd
With great event and fair success;
No brighter in the year be found,
But that which brings the victor home in peace.

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VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,
Great in wisdom as in pow'r;
Again, for good Maria's sake and ours,
Chuse out other smiling Hours;
Such as with joyous wings have fled
When happy counsels were advising;
Such as have lucky omens shed
O'er forming laws and empires rising;
Such as many courses ran,
Hand in hand, a goodly train,
To bless the great Eliza's reign;
And in the typic glory show
What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow.

VII.

As the solemn Hours advance,
Mingled send into the dance
Many fraught with all the treasures
Which thy eastern travel views;
Many, wing'd with all the pleasures
Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuse;
That great Maria all those joys may know,
Which, from her cares, upon her subjects flow.

VIII.

For thy own glory sing our Sov'reign's praise,
God of verses and of days;
Let all thy tuneful sons adorn
Their lasting work with William's name;

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Let chosen Muses yet unborn
Take great Maria for their future theme;
Eternal structures let them raise
On William and Maria's praise;
Nor want new subject for the song,
Nor fear they can exhaust the store,
Till Nature's music lies unstrung;
Till thou, great God, shalt lose thy double pow'r,
And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more.

THE FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO JUPITER.

While we to Jove select the holy victim,
Whom apter shall we sing than Jove himself,
The God for ever great, for ever king,
Who slew the earthborn race, and measures right
To heav'n's great 'habitants? Dictæan hear'st thou
More joyful, or Lycæan, long dispute
And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount,
Or Dictæ, studious of his country's praise,
The Cretan boasts thy natal place; but oft'
He meets reproof deserv'd; for he, presumptuous,
Has built a tomb for thee who never know'st
To die, but liv'st the same to-day and ever.
Arcadian therefore be thy birth: great Rhea,
Pregnant, to high Parrhasia's cliffs retir'd,
And wild Lycæus, black with shading pines:
Holy retreat! sithence no female hither,
Conscious of social love and Nature's rites,

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Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine. There the blest parent
Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharg'd
The pond'rous birth: she sought a neighb'ring spring
To wash the recent babe: in vain: Arcadia,
(However streamy now) adust and dry,
Deny'd the Goddess water; where deep Melas
And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot smok'd
Obscure with rising dust: the thirsty trav'ller
In vain requir'd the current, then imprison'd
In subterranean caverns: forests grew
Upon the barren hollows, high o'ershading
The haunts of savage beasts, where no Iaon
And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.
  Thou, too, O Earth, great Rhea, said, bring forth,
And short shall be thy pangs. She said, and high
She rear'd her arm, and with her sceptre struck
The yawning cliff: from its disparted height
Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,
And cheer'd the vallies: there the heavenly mother
Bath'd, mighty King, thy tender limbs: she wrapt them
In purple bands: she gave the precious pledge
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and secret: Neda, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next Philyre
And Styx, the eldest. Smiling, she receiv'd thee,
And, conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust;
Not unrewarded, since the river bore

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The fav'rite virgin's name: fair Neda rolls
By Leprion's ancient walls, a fruitful stream:
Fast by her flow'ry bank the sons of Arcas,
Fav'rites of Heav'n, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge, and joyous drink her wave.
  Thee, God, to Cnossus Neda brought: the Nymphs
And Corybantes thee, their sacred charge,
Receiv'd: Adraste rock'd thy golden cradle:
The Goat, now bright amidst her fellow stars,
Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat distent
With milk, thy early food: the sedulous bee
Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.
  Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn
To thy foreknowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their mystic dance, and clang'd their sounding arms,
Industrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn.
  Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heav'nly Jove,
Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit
And perfect judgment crown'd thy youthful act.
That Saturn's sons receiv'd the threefold empire
Of heav'n, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
Old poets mention fabling. Things of moment,
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring value,
By lot are parted; but high Heav'n, thy share,
In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion:

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Wherefore not chance, but pow'r above thy brethren,
Exalted thee their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous strength
And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels
Incessant; high the eagle flies before thee.
And, oh! as I and mine consult thy augur,
Grant the glad omen; let thy fav'rite rise
Propitious, ever soaring from the right.

Thou to the lesser Gods hast well assign'd
Their proper shares of pow'r, thy own, great Jove,
Boundless and universal. Those who labour
The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked scythe,
Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleaning armour,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
Blesses Diana's hand, who leads him safe
O'er hanging cliffs, who spreads his net successful,
And guides the arrow thro' the panther's heart.
The soldier from successful camps returning
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile spoil,
Severs the bull to Mars. The skilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
To make his hero and himself immortal.
Those, mighty Jove, mean-time thy glorious care,
Who model nations, publish laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
Man owns the pow'r of kings, and kings of Jove:
And as their actions tend subordinate
To what thy will designs, thou giv'st the means

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Proportion'd to the work; thou seest impartial
How they those means employ. Each monarch rules
His diff'rent realm, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world; these only have
To speak and be obey'd; to those are giv'n
Assistant days to ripen the design;
To some whole months, revolving years to some:
Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose, blasted
With fruitless act and impotence of counsel.
Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
Of ev'ry good: thy praise what man yet born
Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our pray'r,
Great Father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth;
For without virtue wealth to man avails not;
And virtue without wealth exerts less pow'r,
And less diffuses good. Then grant us, gracious,
Virtue and wealth, for both are of thy gift.

THE SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO APOLLO.

Hah! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern shakes! Far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the God,
The God approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates
Feel the glad impulse, and the sever'd bars

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Submissive clink against their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd, and hov'ring swans, their throats releas'd
From native silence, carol sounds harmonious?
Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious silence, and the dance,
In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
But first by ardent pray'r and clear lustration
Purge the contagious spots of human weakness:
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flourish, favour'd by the God,
In youth with happy nuptials, and in age
With silver hairs, and fair descent of children!
So lay foundations for aspiring cities,
And bless your speading colonies increase!
Pay sacred rev'rence to Apollo's song,
Lest wrathful the far-shooting God emit
His fatal arrows. Silent Nature stands,
And seas subside, obedient to the sound
Of Iö, Iö Pean! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death;
For Phœbus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe
In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep
E'en thro' the Phrygian marble. Hapless mother!
Whose fondness could compare her mortal offspring
To those which fair Latona bore to Jove.
Iö! again repeat ye, Iö Pean!
Against the Deity 'tis hard to strive.

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He that resists the pow'r of Ptolemy,
Resists the pow'r of Heav'n; for pow'r from Heav'n
Derives, and monarchs rule by Gods appointed.
Recite Apollo's praise till night draws on,
The ditty still unfinish'd, and the day
Unequal to the Godhead's attributes
Various, and matter copious of your songs.
Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo sits,
And thence distributes honour, gracious King,
And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe
Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
And Lictian bow, are gold: with golden sandals
His feet are shod; how rich! how beautiful!
Beneath his steps the yellow min'ral rises,
And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty
Eternal deck his cheeks; from his fair head
Perfumes distil their sweets; and cheerful Health,
His duteous handmaid, thro' the air improv'd,
With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.
The spearman's arm by thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurell'd bard,
Inspir'd by thee, composes verse immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
Eludes the urn, and chains or exiles Death.
Thee, Nomian, we adore, for that from Heav'n
Descending, thou on fair Amphrysus' banks
Didst guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow
Produc'd an ampler st: re of milk, the she-goat,

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Not without pain dragg'd her distended udder;
And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,
Now dropp'd their twofold burthens. Blest the cattle
On which Apollo cast his fav'ring eye!
But Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'st in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind sister to thy infant-deity,
New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild goats heads and branching ant-
Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil: [lers
These with discerning hand thou knew'st to range,
(Young as thou wast) and in the well-fram'd models,
With emblematic skill and mystic order,
Thou shew'st where tow'rs or battlements should rise,
Where gates should open, or where walls should com-
While from thy childish pastime man receiv'd [pass;
The future strength and ornament of nations.
Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
The Lybian strand, when the foreboding crow
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country destin'd the auspicious seat
Of future kings, and favour of the God,
Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.
Or Boëdromian hear'st thou pleas'd, or Clarian
Phœbus, great king? for diff'rent are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee, for my country

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Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported
Ere settled in Cyrene; there we appointed
Thy annual feasts, kind God, and bless thy altars,
Smoaking with hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls,
As Carnus, thy high priest and favour'd friend,
Had erst ordain'd; and with mysterious rites
Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship,
Iö! Carnean Phœbus! Iö Pean!
The yellow crocus there, and fair narcissus,
Reserve the honours of their winter store
To deck thy temple, till returning spring
Diffuses Nature's various pride, and flow'rs
Innumerable, by the soft south-west
Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their sweets from th' odorif'rous pavement.
Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy altars,
When annual the Carnean feast is held:
The warlike Libyans, clad in armour, lead
The dance; with clanging swords and shields they beat
The dreadful measure: in the chorus join
Their women, brown, but beautiful: such rites
To thee well pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
And lands determin'd for their last abodes;
But wander'd thro' Azilis' horrid forest
Dispers'd, when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,
Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,

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Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,
Thou gracious deign'st to let the fair one view
Her typic people: thou with pleasure taught'st her
To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lion,
And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph who, honour'd by thy passion,
Was aided by thy pow'r! the monstrous Python
Durst tempt thy wrath in vain; for dead he fell,
To thy great strength and golden arms unequal.
  Iö! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
Another, and another dart, the people
Joyful repeated Iö! Iö Pean!
Elance the dart, Apollo; for the safety
And health of man, gracious, thy mother bore thee.
  Envy, thy latest foe, suggested thus:
Like thee I am a pow'r immortal, therefore
To thee dare speak. How can'st thou favour partial
Those poets who write little? Vast and great
Is what I love: the far extended ocean
To a small riv'let I prefer. Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot, and thus the God:
Dæmon, the headlong current of Euphrates,
Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy,
And carries forward with his stupid force
Polluting dirt, his torrent still augmenting,
His wave still more defil'd; mean-while the nymphs
Melissan, sacred and recluse to Ceres,
Studious to have their off'rings well receiv'd,

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And fit for heav'nly use, from little urns
Pour streams select, and purity of waters.
Iö! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy,
I'll-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake
Draw tons unmeasurable, while thy favour
Administers to my ambitious thirst
The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
Genuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

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EPIGRAMS.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

The Trojan swain had judg'd the great dispute,
And beauty's pow'r obtain'd the golden fruit,
When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,
Met Jove's great daughter, clad in shining arms.
The wanton Goddess view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly she said:
Yield, sister; rival, yield: naked, you see,
I vanquish: guess how potent I should be,
If to the field I came in armour drest,
Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest!
The warrior Goddess with disdain reply'd:
Thy folly, Child, is equal to thy pride:
Let a brave enemy for once advise,
And Venus (if 'tis possible) be wise:
Thou, to be strong, must put off ev'ry drest:
Thy only armour is thy nakedness;
And more than once (or thou art much bely'd)
By Mars himself that armour has been try'd.

ANOTHER.

Frank carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;
He eats more than six, and drinks more than he eats.

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Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes,
And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes:
Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break,
And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak;
For of late I invite him---but four times a-week.

ANOTHER.

To John I ow'd great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation;
Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

Yes, ev'ry poet is a fool;
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

Thy nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman say
It costs thee more in whips than hay.

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PARTIAL FAME.

I.

The sturdy man, if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns:
The subtile woman, if she should succeed,
Disowns the honour of the deed.

II.

Tho' he for all his boast is forc'd to yield,
Tho' she can always keep the field,
He vaunts his conquests, she conceals her shame:
How partial is the voice of Fame!

NELL AND JOHN.

I.

When Nell, giv'n o'er by the doctor, was dying,
And John at the chimney stood decently crying,
'Tis in vain, said the woman, to make such ado,
For to our long home we must all of us go.

II.

True, Nell, reply'd John; but what yet is the worst
For us that remain, the best always go first;
Remember, dear wife, that I said so last year,
When you lost your white heifer and I my brown mare.

BIBO AND CHARON.

When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat,

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He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat and sit quiet, stern Charon reply'd,
You may have forgot you was drunk when you dy'd.

WIVES BY THE DOZEN.

O DEATH! how thou spoil'st the best project of life,
Said Gabriel, who, still as he bury'd one wife,
For the sake of her family marry'd her cousin;
And thus in an honest collateral line
He still marry'd on till his number was nine,
Full sorry to die till he made up his dozen.

THE MODERN SAINT.

HER time with equal prudence Silvia shares,
First writes her billet-doux, then says her pray'rs,
Her mass and toilette, vespers, and the play:
Thus God and Ashtaroth divide the day:
Constant she keeps her Ember-week and Lent,
At Easter calls all Isr'el to her tent:
Loose without bawd, and pious without zeal,
She still repeats the sins she would conceal.
Envy herself from Silvia's life must grant,
An artful woman makes a modern saint.

A SAILOR's WIFE.

QUOTH Richard in jest, looking wistly at Nelly,
Methinks, child, you seem something round in the belly.

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Nell answer'd him snappishly, how can that be, [sea?
When my husband has been more than two years at
Thy husband! quoth Dick, why that matter was
carry'd [marry'd.
Most secretly, Nell; I ne'er thought thou wer't

FATAL LOVE.

Poor Hal caught his death standing under a spout,
Expecting till midnight when Nan would come out;
But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame, [flame.
And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the man's
Whoe'er thou art that reads these moral lines,
Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

THE HONEST SHEPHERD.

A GREEK EPIGRAM IMITATED.

When hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold,
And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told,
"Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest,
"Give him one half and he'll secure the rest."
No, said the shepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock to ruin me,
To their commands I willingly resign,
Pow'r is their character, and patience mine;
o', troth, to me there seems but little odds,
o prove the greatest robbers, wolves or Gods.

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THE PARALLEL.

Prometheus, forming Mr. Day,
Carv'd something like a man in clay;
The mortal's work might well miscarry;
He that does heav'n and earth controul
Has only pow'r to form a soul;
His head is evident in Harry,
Since one is but a moving clod,
Th' other the lively form of God.
'Square Wallis, you will scarce be able
To prove all poetry but fable.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H. Oh! with what woes am I oppress!
W. Be still, you senseles calf!
What if the Gods should make you blest?
H. Why then I'd sing and laugh;
But if they won't, I'll wail and cry.
W. You'll hardly laugh before you die.

THE INCURABLE.

Phillis, you boast of perfect health in vain,
And laugh at those who of their ills complain:
That with a frequent fever Chloe burns,
And Stella plumpness into dropsy turns.

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O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their distempers seen:
But thou, for all thy seeming health, art ill,
Beyond thy lover's hopes or Blackmore's skill;
No lenitives can thy disease assuage;
I tell thee 'tis incurable---'tis age.

THE INSATIABLE PRIEST.

I.

Luke Preachill admires what we laymen can mean,
That thus by our profit and pleasure are sway'd,
He has but three livings, and would be a dean;
His wife dy'd this year, he has marry'd his maid.

II.

To suppress all his carnal desires in their birth,
At all hours a lusty young hussy is near;
And to take off his thoughts from the things of this earth,
He can be content with two thousand a-year.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

When Willis* of Ephraim heard Rochester† preach,
Thus Bentley said to him, I pr'ythee, dear brother,
How lik'st thou this sermon? 'tis out of my reach.
His is one way, said Willis, and ours is another;
I care not for carping, but this I can tell,
We preach very sadly, if he preaches well.

* Bishop of Gloucester.
† Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

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PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

I.

Pontius (who loves, you know, a joke
Much better than he loves his life)
Chanc'd t'other morning to provoke
The patience of a well-bred wife.

II.

Talking of you, said he, my dear,
Two of the greatest wits in town,
One ask'd if that high furze of hair
Was *bona fide* all your own.

III.

Her own! most certain, t'other said;
For Nan, who knows the thing, will tell ye
The hair was bought, the money paid,
And the receipt was sign'd Ducailly.

IV.

Pontia (that civil prudent she,
Who values wit much less than sense,
And never darts a repartee
But purely in her own defence)

V.

Reply'd, These friends of your's, my dear,
Are giv'n extremely much to satire;
But pr'ythee, husband, let one hear
Sometimes less wit and more good-nature.

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VI.

Now I have one unlucky thought
That would have spoil'd your friend's conceit;
Some hair I have, I'm sure, unbought,
Pray bring your brother-wits to see't.

CAUTIOUS ALICE.

So good a wife doth Lissy make,
That from all company she flieth;
Such virtuous courses doth she take,
That she all evil tongues defieth;
And for her dearest spouse's sake
She with his brethren only lieth.

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

Says Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
You never yet told me one truth in your life.
Vext Pontia no way could this thesis allow,
You're a cuckold, says she; do I tell you truth now?

TO DUKE DE NOAILLES.

Vain the concern which you express,
That uncall'd Alard will possess
Your house and coach both day and night,
And that Macbeth was haunted less
By Banquo's restless spright.
With fifteen thousand pounds a-year,
Do you complain you cannot bear

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An ill you may soon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modester
By much than you believe:
Lend him but fifty *louis d'or*,
And you shall never see him more:
Take the advice; *probatum est.*
Why do the Gods indulge our store
But to secure our rest?

ON A FART,

LET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Reader, I was born, and cry'd;
I crack'd, I smelt, and so I dy'd.
Like Julius Cæsar's was my death,
Who in the senate lost his breath.
Much alike entomb'd does lie
The noble Romulus and I:
And when I dy'd, like Flora fair,
I left the commonwealth my heir.

FROM THE GREEK.

Great Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat asserts his dreadful sire.
Nurish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
He to the nymphs avows his am'rous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral says, Mix water with your wine.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

CARMEN SECULARE,

For the year 1700.

TO THE KING,

Aspice, venturo laetentur ut omnia saec'lo:
O mihi tam longae maneat pars ultima vitae,
Spiritus, et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta! VIRG. Ecl. IV.

I.

THY elder look, great Janus, cast
Into the long records of ages past;
Review the years in fairest action drest,
With noted white, superior to the rest:
Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun,
From empires founded, and from battles won:
Show all the spoils by valiant kings achiev'd,
And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd;
The wounds of patriots in their country's cause,
And happy pow'r sustain'd by wholesome laws;
In comely rank call ev'ry merit forth,
Imprint on ev'ry act its standard worth;
The glorious parallels then downward bring
To modern wonders and to Britain's king:
With equal justice and historic care,
Their laws, their toils, their arms, with his compare;
Confess the various attributes of Fame
Collected and complete in William's name;

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To all the list'ning world relate
(As thou dost his story read)
That nothing went before so great,
And nothing greater can succeed.

II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
Prudent in peace, and terrible in war;
The boldest virtues that have govern'd earth,
From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth;
Then turn to her fair written page;
From dawning childhood to establish'd age
The glories of her empire trace;
Confront the heroes of thy Roman race,
And let the justest palm the victor's temples grace.

III.

The son of Mars reduc'd the trembling swains,
And spread his empire o'er the distant plains;
But yet the Sabins' violated charms
Obscur'd the glory of his rising arms.
Numa the rights of strict religion knew,
On ev'ry altar laid the incense due;
Unskill'd to dart the pointed spear,
Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
Stern Brutus was with too much horror good,
Holding his fasces stain'd with filial blood.
Fabius was wise, but with excess of care
He sav'd his country, but prolong'd the war;
While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
And by their strict examples taught

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How wild desires should be controll'd,
And how much brighter virtue was than gold;
They scarce their swelling thirst of fame could hide,
And boasted poverty with too much pride.
Excess in youth made Scipio less rever'd;
And Cato dying, seem'd to own he fear'd.
Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes;
But patriots fell ere the Dictator rose:
And, while with clemency Augustus reign'd,
The monarch was ador'd, the city chain'd.

IV.

With justest honour be their merits drest,
But be their failings too confest:
Their virtue like their Tyber's flood
Rolling, its course design'd the country's good;
But oft the torrent's too impetuous speed
From the low earth tore some polluting weed;
And with the blood of Jove there always ran
Some viler part, some tincture of the man.

V.

Few virtues after these so far prevail,
But that their vices more than turn the scale;
Valour grown wild by pride, and pow'r by rage,
Did the true charms of majesty impair;
Rome, by degrees, advancing more in age,
Show'd sad remains of what had once been fair;
Till Heav'n a better race of men supplies,
And glory shoots new beams from western skies.

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VI.

Turn then to Pharamond and Charlemain,
And the long heroes of the Gallic strain;
Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy prowess known,
And bloody wreaths in vent'rous battles won.
From the first William, our great Norman king,
The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring
Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose
In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes;
With happy laws her empire to sustain,
And with full pow'r assert her ambient main:
But sometimes, too industrious to be great,
Nor patient to expect the turns of Fate,
They open'd camps deform'd by civil fight,
And made proud Conquest trample over Right.
Disparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful sway,
And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace
The glorious offspring of the Nassau race,
Devoted lives to public liberty,
The chief still dying or the country free:
Then see the kindred blood of Orange flow
From warlike Cornet thro' the loins of Beau;
Thro' Chalon next, and there with Nassau join,
From Rhone's fair banks transplanted to the Rhine.
Bring next the royal list of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted minds, that rul'd the rugged North;

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Till Heav'n's decrees by rip'ning times are shown,
Till Scotland's kings ascend the English throne,
And the fair rivals live for ever one.

VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,
Be kind, and as thy searching eye
Does our modern story trace,
Finding some of Stuart's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by:
No harsh reflection let remembrance raise;
Forbear to mention what thou can'st not praise:
But as thou dwell'st upon that heav'nly name, *
To grief for ever sacred as to fame,
Oh! read it to thyself; in silence weep,
And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep,
Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound,
And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

IX.

Whither would'st thou further look?
Read William's acts, and close the ample book;
Peruse the wonders of his dawning life,
How, like Alcides, he began;
With infant patience calm'd seditious strife,
And quell'd the snakes which round his cradle ran.

X.

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms,
By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms;

* Mary.

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When conqu'ring, mild; when conquer'd, not disgrac'd;
By wrongs not lessen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd;
Superior to the blind events
Of little human accidents,
And, constant to his first decree,
To curb the proud, to set the injur'd free;
To bow the haughty neck, and raise the suppliant knee.

XI.

His op'ning years to riper manhood bring,
And see the hero perfect in the king;
Imperious arms by manly reason sway'd,
And pow'r supreme by free consent obey'd;
With how much haste his mercy meets his foes,
And how unbounded his forgiveness flows;
With what desire he makes his subjects bless'd,
His favours granted ere his throne address'd;
What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,
By arts of peace more potent than by wars;
How o'er himself, as o'er the world, he reigns,
His morals strength'ning what his law ordains.

XII.

Thro' all his thread of life already spun,
Becoming grace and proper action run:
The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,
Mixt with no crime, and shaded with no fault;
No footsteps of the victor's rage
Left in the camp where William did engage;

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No tincture of the monarch's pride
Upon the royal purple spy'd:
His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more shall its intrinsic worth proclaim;
Shall pass the combat of the searching flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquish'd heat,
For ever coming out the same,
And losing nor its lustre nor its weight.

XIII.

Janus be to William just;
To faithful history his actions trust;
Command her, with peculiar care,
To trace each toil, and comment ev'ry war:
His saving wonders bid her write
In characters distinctly bright,
That each revolving age may read
The Patriot's piety, the Hero's deed:
And still the sire inculcate to his son
Transmissive lessons of the King's renown,
That William's glory still may live,
When all that present art can give,
The pillar'd marble, and the tablet brass,
Mould'ring, drop the victor's praise;
When the great monuments of his pow'r
Shall now be visible no more;
When Sambre shall have chang'd her winding flood,
And children ask where Namur stood.

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XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her tow'rs were arm'd!
How she contemn'd th' approaching foe!
Till she by William's trumpets was alarm'd,
And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his blow.
Jove and Pallas, mighty pow'rs,
Guided the hero to the hostile tow'rs.
Perseus seem'd less swift in war,
When, wing'd with speed, he flew thro' air.
Embattled nations strive in vain
The hero's glory to restrain;
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire,
In vain against his force conspire.
Behold him from the dreadful height appear!
And, lo! Britannia's lions waving there.

XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
The hero from the height beheld:
He spake the word, that war and rage should cease;
He bid the Maese and Rhine in safety flow,
And dictated a lasting peace
To the rejoicing world below.
To rescu'd states and vindicated crowns
His equal hand prescrib'd their ancient bounds;
Ordain'd whom ev'ry province should obey,
How far each monarch should extend his sway;
Taught 'em how clemency made pow'r rever'd,
And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd.

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Firm by his side unspotted Honour stood,
Pleas'd to confess him not so great as good:
His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deckt
Than those which all his num'rous crowns reflect;
Establish'd Freedom clapp'd her joyful wings,
Proclaim'd the first of men and best of kings.

XVI.

Whither would the Muse aspire
With Pindar's rage, without his fire?
Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
Created by too great a thought;
Mindless of the God and day,
I from thy altars, Janus, stray,
From thee and from myself borne far away.
The fiery Pegasus disdains
To mind the rider's voice, or hear the reins:
When glorious fields and opening camps he views,
He runs with an unbounded loose:
Hardly the Muse can sit the headstrong horse,
Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous force:
With the glad noise the cliffs and vallies ring,
While she thro' earth and air pursues the king.

XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgic shore,
Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore;
Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,
And with wise silence pond'ring vengeful wars,
She thro' the raging ocean now
views him advancing his auspicious prow;

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Combating adverse winds and winter seas,
Sighing the moments that defer our ease;
Daring to wield the sceptre's dang'rous weight,
And taking the command, to save the state;
Though, ere the doubtful gift can be secur'd,
New wars must be sustain'd, new wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Thro' rough Ierne's camps she sounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms,
In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme,
And plunges after him thro' Boyne's fierce stream.
She bids the Nereids run with trembling haste,
To tell old Ocean how the hero past:
The God rebukes their fear, and owns the praise
Worthy that arm whose empire he obeys.

XIX.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring
The humblest victor and the kindest king;
Albion with open triumph would receive
Her hero, nor obtains his leave;
Firm he rejects the altars she would raise,
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praise.
Again she follows him thro' Belgia's land,
And countries often sav'd by William's hand;
Hears joyful nations bless those happy toils
Which freed the people, but return'd the spoils.
In various views she tries her constant theme,
Finds him in councils and in arms the same:

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When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

XX.

Sudden another scene employs her sight;
She sets her hero in another light;
Paints his great mind superior to success,
Declining conquest, to establish peace;
She brings Astrea down to earth again,
And Quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

XXI.

Then with unweary'd wing the Goddess soars
East, over Danube and Propontis' shores,
Where jarring empires, ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and suspend their rage;
Till William's word, like that of Fate, declares
If they shall study peace or lengthen wars.
How sacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world defers its common cause!
How fair his friendships, and his leagues how just,
Whom ev'ry nation courts, whom all religions trust!

XXII.

From the Mæotis to the northern sea,
The Goddess wings her desp'rate way,
Sees the young Muscovite, the mighty head,
Whose sov'reign terror forty nations dread,
Enamour'd with a greater monarch's praise,
And passing half the earth to his embrace:
She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,

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O'er precipices with impetuous sway
Breaking, and as he rolls his rapid course,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.
But her own king she likens to his Thames,
With gentle course devolving fruitful streams;
Serene, yet strong, majestic, yet sedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.
Each ardent nymph the rising current craves,
Each shepherd's pray'r retards the parting waves;
The vales along the bank their sweets disclose,
Fresh flow'rs for ever rise, and fruitful harvest grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither would th' advent'rous Goddess go?
Sees she not clouds, and earth, and main below?
Minds she the dangers of the Lycian coast,
And fields where mad Bellerophon was lost?
Or is her tow'ring flight reclaim'd
By seas from Icarus' downfal nam'd?
Vain is the call, and useless the advice:
To wise persuasion deaf and human cries,
Yet upward she incessant flies,
Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere,
And tell great Jove she sings his image here;
To ask for William an Olympic crown,
To Chromius' strength and Theron's speed unknown;
Till lost in trackless fields of shining day,
Unable to discern the way,
Which Nassau's virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before,

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She, from the noble precipices thrown,
Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down:
Glorious attempt! unhappy fate!
The song too daring and the theme too great;
Yet rather thus she wills to die,
Than in continu'd annals live, to sing
A second hero or a vulgar king,
And with ignoble safety fly
In sight of earth, along a middle sky.

XXIV.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng
That round his mystic temple press,
For William's life and Albion's peace,
Ambitious Muse, reduce the roving song.
Janus, cast thy forward eye
Future, into great Rhea's pregnant womb,
Where young ideas brooding lie,
And tender images of things to come;
Till, by thy high commands releas'd,
Till, by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd,
In decent order they advance to light;
Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight,
And meditate too soon their everlasting flight.

XXV.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph borne,
Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
Nor trophies brought from battles won,
Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown,

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Can any future honours give
To the victorious monarch's name:
The plenitude of William's fame
Can no accumulated stores receive.
Shut, then, auspicious God, thy sacred gate,
And make us happy, as our king is great:
Be kind, and with a milder hand
Closing the volume of the finish'd age,
(Tho' noble, 'twas an iron page)
A more delightful leaf expand,
Free from alárms and fierce Bellona's rage;
Bid the great Months begin their joyful round,
By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd:
Teach the glad Hours to scatter as they fly,
Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy;
Lead forth the Years, for peace and plenty fam'd,
From Saturn's rule and better metal nam'd.

XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain stand,
Nor dread the bold invader's hand:
From adverse shores in safety let her heat
Foreign calamity and distant war,
Of which let her great Heav'n no portion bear!
Betwixt the nations let her hold her scale,
And, as she wills, let either part prevail:
Let her glad vallies smile with wavy corn,
Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn;

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[illegible]

XXVII.

[illegible]

XXVIII.

And thou, imperial Windsor, stand enlarg'd,
With all the monarch's trophies charg'd:

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Thou, the fair heav'n that dost the stars inclose,
Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows
On the great champions who support his throne,
And virtues nearest to his own.

XXIX.

Round Ormond's knee thou ty'st the mystic string
That makes the knight companion to the king.
From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
Bowing before thy sainted warrior's shrine,
Fast by his great forefather's coats and shields,
Blazon'd from Bohun's, or from Butler's line,
He hangs his arms, nor fears those arms should shine
With an unequal ray, or that his deed
With paler glory shall recede,
Eclips'd by theirs, or lessen'd by the fame
Ev'n of his own maternal Nassau's name.

XXX.

Thou, smiling, seest great Dorset's worth confest,
The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast;
Born to protect and love, to help and please,
Sov'reign of wit, and ornament of peace.
O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name;
Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd debt
Which the great patron only would forget,
And duty, long as life, must study to acquit.

XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records shall Ca'ndish stand,
Asserting legal pow'r and just command:

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To the great house thy favour shall be shown,
The father's star transmissive to the son.
From thee the Talbot's and the Seymour's race
Inform'd, their sire's immortal steps shall trace:
Happy may their sons receive
The bright reward which thou alone can'st give.

XXIII.

And if a God these lucky numbers guide,
If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside,
Anne, belov'd by all, (for all must feel
The influence of a form and mind
Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,
Like mingled streams, more forcible when join'd)—
Jersey shall at thy altars stand,
Shall there receive the azure band,
That fairest mark of favour and of fame,
Familiar to the Villiers' name.

XXIV.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great master's future charge;
To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
High schemes of government, and plans of wars;
By fair rewards our noble youth to raise
To emulous merit and to thirst of praise;
To lead them out from ease ere op'ning dawn,
Thro' the thick forest and the distant lawn,
Where the fleet stag employs their ardent care,
And chases give them images of war:

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To teach them vigilance by false alarms,
Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms;
Practise them now to curb the turning steed,
Mocking the foe, now to his rapid speed
To give the rein, and in the full career
To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed spear.

XXXIV.

Let him unite his subjects' hearts,
Planting societies for peaceful arts;
Some that in nature shall true knowledge found,
And by experiment make precept sound;
Some that to morals shall recall the age,
And purge from vicious dross the sinking stage:
Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,
And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech;
That from our writers distant realms may know
The thanks we to our monarch owe,
And schools profess our tongue thro' ev'ry land
That has invok'd his aid or blest his hand.

XXXV.

Let his high pow'r the drooping Muses rear,
The Muses only can reward his care;
'Tis they that guard the great Atrides' spoils;
'Tis they that still renew Ulysses' toils:
To them by smiling Jove 'twas giv'n to save
Distinguish'd patriots from the common grave;
To them great William's glory to recall,
When statues moulder, and when arches fall.

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Nor let the Muses with ungrateful pride
The sources of their treasure hide;
The hero's virtue does the string inspire,
When with big joy they strike the living lyre:
On William's fame their fate depends:
With him the song begins, with him it ends.
From the bright effluence of his deed,
They borrow that reflected light
With which the lasting lamp they feed,
Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

XXXVI.

Thro' various climes, and to each distant pole,
In happy tides let active Commerce roil;
Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,
Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece,
Returning loaden with the shining stores
Which lie profuse on either India's shores.
As our high vessels pass their wat'ry way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay;
With hasty rev'rence their top-honours lower,
Confessing the asserted pow'r,
To whom by Fate 'twas giv'n, with happy sway
To calm the earth and vindicate the sea.

XXXVII.

Our pray'rs are heard; our master's fleets shall go
As far as winds can bear or waters flow,
New lands to make, new Indias to explore,
In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's pow'r;

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Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
And teach 'em arms and arts in William's name.

XXXVIII.

With humble joy, and with respectful fear,
The list'ning people shall his story hear;
The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustain'd,
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;
Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
And form their children's accents to his name,
Inquiring how, and when, from Heav'n he came.
Their regal tyrants shall with blushes hide
Their little lusts of arbitrary pride,
Nor bear to see their vassals ty'd;
When William's virtues raise their op'ning thought,
His forty years for public freedom fought,
Europe by his hand sustain'd,
His conquest by his piety restrain'd,
And o'er himself the last great triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore
Ideas of destructive pow'r,
Spirits that hurt, and Godheads that devour:
New incense they shall bring, new altars raise,
And fill their temples with a stranger's praise;
When the great father's character they find
Visibly stampt upon the hero's mind,
And own a present Deity confest,
In valour that preserv'd, and pow'r that blest.

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III.

O James! would entreated Fate consent
To grant what Britain's wishes could require,
Above, that sun should cease his way to go,
Ere William cease to rule and bless below:
But a relentless destiny
Urges all that e'er was born:
Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once must mourn
The demi-god; the earthly half must die.
Yet if our incense can your wrath remove,
Human pray'rs avail on minds above,
Great God, thy int'rest in the sky,
In each kind pow'r, each guardian Deity;

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That, conquer'd by the public vow,
They bear the dismal mischief far away:
O! long as utmost Nature may allow,
Let them retard the threaten'd day:
Still be our master's life thy happy care:
Still let his blessings with his years encrease;
To his laborious youth, consum'd in war,
Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace:
Let twisted olives bind those laurels fast,
Whose verdure must for ever last.

XLII.

Long let this growing era bless his sway,
And let our sons his present rule obey;
On his sure virtue long let earth rely,
And late let the Imperial eagle fly,
To bear the hero thro' his father's sky;
To Leda's twins, or he whose glorious speed
On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the steed:
To Hercules at length, absolv'd by Fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great;
To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's son,
Sire of the Latian and the British throne;
To all the radiant names above,
Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove;
Late, Janus, let the Nassau star,
New-born, in rising majesty appear,
To triumph over vanquish'd night,

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And guide the prosp'rous mariner
With everlasting beams of friendly light.

CELIA TO DAMON.

Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, summeque secundo
Inveniuntur.—
LUCRET. Lib. IV.

WHAT can I say, what arguments can prove
My truth, what colours can describe my love,
If its excess and fury be not known
In what thy Celia has already done?
  Thy infant flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd
In tim'rous doubts, with pity I beheld;
With easy smiles dispell'd the silent fear,
That durst not tell me what I dy'd to hear.
In vain I strove to check my growing flame,
Or shelter passion under friendship's name;
You saw my heart how it my tongue bely'd,
And, when you press'd, how faintly I deny'd.
Ere guardian thought could bring its scatter'd aid,
Ere reason could support the doubting maid,
My soul, surpris'd, and from herself disjoin'd,
Left all reserve, and all the sex behind:
From your command her motions she receiv'd,
And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd.
  But ever blest be Cytherea's shrine,
And fires eternal on her altars shine!

Since thy dear breast has felt an equal wound,
Since in thy kindness my desires are crown'd.
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis shown,
Thy joys are center'd all in me alone;
And sure I am, thou wouldst not change this hour
For all the white ones Fate has in its pow'r---
  Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to excess,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliss,
In this great moment, in this golden now,
When ev'ry trace of what, or when, or how,
Should from my soul by raging love be torn,
And far on swelling seas of rapture borne,
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye,
And my heart labours with a sudden sigh;
Invading fears repel my coward joy,
And ills foreseen the present bliss destroy.
  Poor as it is, this beauty was the cause,
That with first sighs your panting bosom rose;
But with no owner Beauty long will stay,
Upon the wings of Time borne swift away.
Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes
(Where now without a boast some lustre lies)
No longer shall their little honours keep,
Shall only be of use to read or weep;
And on this forehead, where your verse has said
The Loves delighted and the Graces play'd,
Insulting Age will trace his cruel way,
And leave sad marks of his destructive sway.

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Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may
And as the fuel sinks the flames decrease; [cease,
Or angry Heav'n may quicker darts prepare,
And sickness strike what time a while would spare:
Then will my swain his glowing vows renew,
Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true,
When my own face deters me from my glass,
And Kneller only shows what Celia was?
Fantastic Fame may sound her wild alarms;
Your country, as you think, may want your arms:
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
Whose smoke too long obscur'd your rising name,
And quickly cold indiff'rence will ensue,
When you Love's joys thro' Honour's optic view.
Then Celia's loudest pray'r will prove too weak
To this abandon'd breast to bring you back:
When my lost lover the tall ship ascends,
With music gay, and wet with jovial friends,
The tender accents of a woman's cry
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough seaman's louder shouts prevail,
When fair occasion shows the springing gale,
And int'rest guides the helm, and honour swells
the sail.
Some wretched lines from this neglected hand
May find my hero on the foreign strand, [mand:
Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new com-

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While she who wrote them, of all joy bereft,
To the rude censure of the world is left;
Her mangled fame in barb'rous pastime lost,
The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.
But nearer care (O pardon it!) supplies
Sighs to my breast and sorrow to my eyes.
Love, Love himself (the only friend I have),
May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave.
That tyrant God, that restless conqueror,
May quit his pleasure, to assert his pow'r;
Forsake the provinces that bless his sway,
To vanquish those which will not yet obey.
Another nymph, with fatal pow'r, may rise
To damp the sinking beams of Celia's eyes;
With haughty pride may hear her charms confest,
And scorn the ardent vows that I have blest.
You, ev'ry night, may sigh for her in vain,
And rise each morning to some fresh disdain;
While Celia's softest look may cease to charm,
And her embraces want the pow'r to warm;
While these fond arms, thus circling you, may prove
More heavy chains than those of hopeless love.
Just Gods! all other things their like produce;
The vine arises from her mother's juice;
When feeble plants or tender flow'rs decay,
They to their seed their images convey;
Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds,
Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads;

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And when the parent rose decays and dies,
With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.
That product only, which our passions bear,
Eludes the planter's miserable care.
While blooming Love assures us golden fruit,
Some inborn poison taints the secret root; [shoot.
Soon fall the flow'rs of joy, soon seeds of hatred
Say, Shepherd, say, are these reflections true?
Or was it but the woman's fear that drew
This cruel scene, unjust to love and you?
Will you be only and for ever mine?
Shall neither time nor age our souls disjoin?
From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn?
Or you grow cold, respectful, and forsworn?
And can you not for her you love do more
Than any youth for any nymph before?

DAPHNE AND APOLLO.

IMITATED FROM THE

FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Nympha, precor, Penei mane. OVID. Met. Lib. I.

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair Fugitive, abate thy speed,
Dismiss thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head;
With kind regard a panting lover view;
Less swiftly fly, less swiftly I'll pursue;

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Pathless, alas! and rugged is the ground,
Some stone may hurt thee, or some thorn may wound.
DAPH. [*aside.*] This care is for himself as sure as death;
One mile has put the fellow out of breath:
He'll never do, I'll lead him t'other round;
Washy he is, perhaps not over-sound.
APOL. You fly, alas! not knowing whom you fly.
Nor ill-bred swain nor rusty clown am I:
I Claros' isle and Tenedos command---
DAPH. Thank ye, I wou'd not leave my native land.
APOL. What is to come by certain arts I know.
DAPH. Pish! Partridge has as fair pretence as you.
APOL. Behold the beauties of my locks.---
DAPH. ---------A fig------
That may be counterfeit, a Spanish wig:
Who cares for all that bush of curling hair,
Whilst your smooth chin is so extremely bare?
APOL. I sing---
DAPH. ---That never shall be Daphne's choice.
Syphacio had an admirable voice.
APOL. Of ev'ry herb I tell the mystic pow'r,
To certain health the patient I restore,
Sent for, caress'd---
DAPH. ---Ours is a wholesome air;
You'd better go to town and practise there:
For me, I've no obstructions to remove;
I'm pretty well, I thank you father Jove,
And physic is a weak ally to love.

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APOL. For learning fam'd, fine verses I compose.
DAPH. So do your brother quacks and brother beaus.
Memorials only and reviews write prose.
APOL. From the bent yew I send the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its speed.---
DAPH. Then leaving me, whom sure you would not kill,
In yonder thicket exercise your skill:
Shoot there at beasts; but for the human heart
Your cousin Cupid has the only dart.
APOL. Yet turn, O beauteous Maid, yet deign to hear
A love-sick Deity's impetuous pray'r.
O let me woo the eas thou wouldst be woo'd!
DAPH. First, therefore, don't be so extremely rude;
Don't tear the hedges down and tread the clover,
Like an hobgoblin rather than a lover:
Next, to my father's grotto sometimes come,
At ebbing tide he always is at home.
Read the Courant with him, and let him know
A little politics, how matters go
Upon his brother-rivers Rhine or Po.
As any maid or footman comes or goes,
Pull off your hat, and ask how Daphne does:
These sort of folks will to each other tell
That you respect me; that, you know, looks well:
Then if you are, as you pretend, the God
That rules the day, and much upon the road,
You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,
That you may bring one home from Africa;

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Some little rarity, some bird or beast,
And now and then a jewel from the East;
A lacker'd cabinet, some China-ware:
You have 'em mighty cheap at Pekin fair.
Next, *nota bene*, you shall never rove,
Nor take example by your father Jove.
Last, for the ease and comfort of my life,
Make me (Lord, what startles you!) your wife.
I'm now (they say) sixteen, or something more;
We mortals seldom live above fourscore:---
Fourscore; you're good at numbers; let us see,
Seventeen suppose, remaining sixty-three;
Aye, in that span of time you'll bury me.
Mean-time, if you have tumult, noise, and strife,
(Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life)
They'll quickly end, you see; what signify
A few odd years to you that never die?
And, after all, you're half your time away,
You know your bus'ness takes you up all day;
And coming late to bed, you need not fear,
Whatever noise I make, you'll sleep, my dear:
Or, if a winter-evening should be long,
Ev'n read your physic-book, or make a song.
Your wife, your steeds, diachalon, and rhyme,
May take up any honest Godhead's time.
Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another Daphne have her reign.

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Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat or follow;
I Daphne (this premis'd) take thee Apollo;
And may I split into ten thousand trees,
If I give up on other terms than these.
She said; but what the am'rous God reply'd,
So Fate ordain'd, is to our search deny'd;
By rats, alas! the manuscript is ate;
O cruel banquet which we all regret!
Bavius, thy labours must this work restore,
May thy good-will be equal to thy pow'r!

COLIN's MISTAKES.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

Me ludit amabilis
Insania. HOR.

I.

FAST by the banks of Cam was Colin bred,
(Ye Nymphs, for ever guard that sacred stream)
To Wimple's woody shade his way he sped,
(Flourish those woods, the Muses' endless theme.)
As whilom Colin ancient books had read,
Lays Greek and Roman would he oft' rehearse,
And much he lov'd, and much by heart he said,
What Father Spenser sung in British verse.
Who reads that bard, desires, like him, to write,
Still fearful of success, still tempted by delight,

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II.

Soon as Aurora had unbarr'd the morn,
And light discover'd Nature's cheerful face,
The sounding clarion and the sprightly horn
Call'd the blithe huntsman to the distant chase.
Eftsoons they issue forth, a goodly band;
The deep-mouth'd hounds withthunder rend the air,
The fiery coursers strike the rising sand,
Far thro' the thicket flies the frighted deer;
Harley the honour of the day supports, [sports.
His presence glads the woods, his orders guide the

III.

On a fair palfrey, well equipp'd, did sit
An Amazonian dame; a scarlet vest,
For active horsemanship adaptly fit,
Enclos'd her dainty limbs; a plumed crest
Wav'd o'er her head; obedient by her side
Her friends and servants rode; with artful hand
Full well knew she the steed to turn and guide:
The willing steed receiv'd her soft command:
Courage and sweetness on her face were seated;
On her all eyes were bent, and all good wishes waited.

IV.

This seeing, Colin thus his Muse bespake,
For alltydes was the Muse to Colin nigh:
Ah me, too nigh! or, Clio, I mistake,
Or that bright form that pleaseth so mine eye,

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Is Jove's fair daughter, Pallas, gracious queen
Of lib'ral arts; with wonder and delight
In Homer's verse we read her; well I ween
That, em'lous of his Grecian master's flight,
Dan Spenser makes the fav'rite Goddess known,
When in her graceful look fair Britomart is shown.

V.

At noon, as Colin to the castle came,
Op'd were the gates, and right prepar'd the feast;
Appears at table rich yclad a dame,
The lord's delight, the wonder of the guest;
With pearl and jewels was she sumptuous deckt,
As well became her dignity and place;
But the beholders mought her gems neglect,
To fix their eyes on her more lovely face,
Serene with glory, and with softness bright:
O beauty sent from heav'n to cheer the mortal sight!

VI.

Lib'ral Munificence behind her stood,
And decent State obey'd her high command;
And Charity, diffuse of native good,
At once pourtrays her mind and guides her hand.
As to each guest some fruits she deign'd to lift,
And silence with obliging parley broke,
How gracious seem'd to each th' imparted gift!
But how more gracious what the giver spoke!
Such ease, such freedom, did her deed attend,
That ev'ry guest rejoic'd, exalted to a friend.

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VII.

Quoth Colin, Clio, if my feeble sense
Can well distinguish yon illustrious dame,
Who nobly doth such gentle gifts dispense
In Latian numbers, Juno is her name;
Great Goddess who, with peace and plenty crown'd,
To all that under sky breathe vital air,
Diffuseth bliss, and thro' the world around
Pours wealthy ease, and scatters joyous cheer;
Certes of her in semblant guise I read,
Where Spenser decks his lays with Gloriana's deeds.

VIII.

As Colin mus'd at ev'ning near the wood,
A nymph undress'd, beseemeth, by him past;
Down to her feet her silken garment flow'd,
A ribband bound and shap'd her slender waist;
A veil dependent from her comely head,
And beauteous plenty of ambrosial hair,
O'er her fair breast and lovely shoulders spread,
Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the air:
The smiling Zephyrs call'd their am'rous brothers,
They kiss'd the waving lawn, and wafted it to others.

IX.

Daisies and violets rose where'er she trod,
As Flora, kind, her roots and buds had sorted;
And, led by Hymen, wedlock's mystic God,
Ten thousand Loves around the nymph disported.

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Quoth Colin, now I ken the Goddess bright
Whom poets sing: all human hearts, enthrall'd,
Obey her pow'r; her kindness the delight
Of Gods and men; great Venus she is call'd,
When Mantuan Virgil doth her charms rehearse;
Belphebe is her name in gentle Edmund's verse.

X.

Heard this the Muse, and with a smile reply'd,
Which shew'd soft anger mix'd with friendly love;
Twin sisters still were Ignorance and Pride:—
Can we know right till error we remove?
But Colin, well I wist will never learn;
Who slights his guide shall deviate from his way:
Me to have ask'd what thou couldst not discern
To thee pertain'd; to me the thing to say.
What heav'nly will from human eye conceals,
How can the bard read unless the Muse reveals?

XI.

Nor Pallas thou nor Britomart hast seen,
When soon at morn the flying deer was chas'd;
Nor Jove's great wife, nor Spenser's fairy Queen,
At noontide dealt the honours of the feast:
Nor Venus nor Belphebe didst thou spy,
The ev'ning's glory and the grove's delight:
Henceforth, if ask'd, instructed right, reply,
That all the day to knowing mortals sight
Bright Ca'ndish-Holles Harley stood confest,
As various hour advis'd in various habit dress.

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THE DOVE.

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? VIRG.

I.

In Virgil's sacred verse we find
That passion can depress or raise
The heav'nly as the human mind;
Who dare deny what Virgil says?

II.

But if they should, what our great master
Has thus laid down my tale shall prove;
Fair Venus wept the sad disaster
Of having lost her fav'rite Dove.

III.

In complaisance poor Cupid mourn'd;
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain;
He vow'd he'd leave no stone unturn'd
But she should have her Dove again.

IV.

Tho' none, said he, shall yet be nam'd,
I know the felon well enough:
But be she not, Mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal proof.

V.

With that his longest dart he took,
As constable would take his staff;

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That Gods desire like men to look,
  Would make ev'n Heraclitus laugh.

VI.

Love's subaltern, a duteous band,
  Like watchmen, round their chief appear;
Each had his lanthern in his hand,
  And Venus mask'd brought up the rear.

VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager step
  To Chloe's lodging they directed:
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
  That Chloe is of theft suspected.)

VIII.

Late they set out, had far to go:
  St. Dunstan's, as they pass'd, struck one.
Chloe, for reasons good, you know,
  Lives at the sober end o' th' town.

IX.

With one great peal they rap the door,
  Like footmen on a visiting-day,
Folks at her house at such an hour!
  Lord! what will all the neigbours say?

X.

The door is open; up they run;
  Nor pray'rs nor threats divert their speed:
Thieves! thieves! cries Susan; we're undone;
  They'll kill my mistress in her bed.

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XI.

In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours; for all historians say
She commonly went up at ten,
Unless Piquet was in the way.

XII.

She wak'd, be sure, with strange surprise:
O Cupid! is this right or law,
Thus to disturb the brightest eyes
That ever slept or ever saw?

XIII.

Have you observ'd a sitting hare,
List'ning and fearful of the storm
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep or leave her form?

XIV.

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
Viewing the tow'ring falcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the brake,
Nor would she stay, nor dares she fly.

XV.

Then have you seen the beauteous maid,
When, gazing on her midnight foes,
She turn'd each way her frighted head,
Then sunk it deep beneath the clothes.

XVI.

Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito; for Susan said

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It smelt so strong of myrrh and amber---
And Susan is no lying maid.

XVII.

But since we have no present need
Of Venus for an episode,
With Cupid let us e'en proceed,
And thus to Chloe spoke the God:

XVIII.

Hold up your head, hold up your hand;
Would it were not my lot to show ye
This cruel writ, wherein you stand
Indicted by the name of Chloe!

XIX.

For that by secret malice stirr'd,
Or by an em'lous pride invited,
You have purloin'd the fav'rite bird
In which my mother most delighted.

XX.

Her blushing face the lovely maid
Rais'd just above the milkwhite sheet,
A rose-tree in a lily-bed
Nor glows so red nor breathes so sweet.

XXI.

Are you not he whom virgins fear
And widows court? Is not your name
Cupid? If so, pray come not near---
Fair Maiden, I'm the very same.

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XXII.

Then what have I, good Sir, to say
Or do with her you call your mother?
If I should meet her in my way
We hardly curtsy to each other.

XXIII.

Diana chaste, and Hebe sweet,
Witness that what I speak is true;
I would not give my Parcquet
For all the Doves that ever flew.

XXIV.

Yet, to compose this midnight noise,
Go freely search where'er you please;
(The rage that rais'd, adorn'd her voice)
Upon yon toilette lie my keys.

XXV.

Her keys he takes, her doors unlocks,
Thro' wardrobe and thro' closet bounces,
Peeps into ev'ry chest and box,
Turns all her furbelows and flounces.

XXVI.

But Dove, depend on't, finds he none,
So to the bed returns again;
And now the maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with disdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, she smiling said,
Your poulty cannot yet be found:

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Lies he in yonder slipper dead?
Or, may be, in the tea-pot drown'd?

XXVIII.

No, traitor, angry Love replies,
He's hid somewhere about your breast;
A place nor God nor man denies,
For Venus' Dove the proper nest.

XXIX.

Search, then, she said; put in your hand,
And Cynthia, dear protectress, guard me,
As guilty I or free may stand,
Do thou or punish or reward me.

XXX.

But, ah! what maid to Love can trust!
He scorns and breaks all legal pow'r;
Into her breast his hand he thrust,
And in a moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do those fingers rove,
Cries Chloe, treacherous urchin, whither?
O Venus! I shall find thy Dove,
Says he, for sure I touch his feather.

ERLE ROBERT's MICE.

IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

T'WAY Mice, full blythe and amicable,
Baten beside Erle Robert's table,

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Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their steps to watch,
Their fill they eat of fowl and fish;
Feast-lyche as heart of mouse moie wish.
As gue.ts sat jovial at the board,
Forth leap'd our Mice; eftsoons the Lord
Of Boling, whilom John the Saint,
Who maketh oft propos full queint,
Laugh'd, jocund, and aloud he cry'd,
To Matthew, seated on t'other side;
To thee, lean Bard, it doth partain
To understand these creatures tweine:
Come frame us now some clean device,
Or playsant rhyme on yonder Mice;
They seem, God shield me, Matt and Quarles.
Bad as Sir Topas or 'Squire Charles,
(Matthew did for the nonce reply)
At emblem or device am I;
But could I chaunt or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer or as thee,
Ne verse from me (so God me shrive)
On mouse or other beast alive.
Certes I have this many days
Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
Ne armed knight ydrad in war
With lyon fierce will I compare;
Ne judge unjust with furred fox,
Harming in secret guise the flocks;

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Ne priest unworth of Goddess coat,
To swine ydrunk, or filthy stoat;
Elke simile farewell for aye,
From elephant, I trow, to flea.
  Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene
Matthew is angred on the spleen.
Ne so, quoth Matt, ne shall be e'er,
With wit that falleth all so fair:
Eftsoons, well weet ye, my intent
Boweth to your commandement.
If by these creatures ye have seen,
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been;
Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
The rest in order to explain.
  That cupboard, where the Mice disport,
I liken to St. Stephen's court;
Therein is space enough, I trow,
For elke comrade to come and goe;
And therein eke may both be fed
With shiver of the wheaten bread:
And when, as these mine eyne survey,
They cease to skip, and squeak, and play;
Return they may to diff'rent cells,
Auditing one, whilst t' other tells.
  Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whose mind
In bounteous deed no mean can bind,
Now, as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this matter well made out.

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Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray?
Let that be wrought which Matt doth say;
Yea, quoth the Erle, but not to-day.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

Full oft doth Matt with Topaz dine,
Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh Greek wine;
But Topaz his own werke rehearseth,
And Matt mote praise what Topaz verseth.
Now sure as priest did e'er shrive sinner,
Full hardly earneth Matt his dinner.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

Fair Susan did her wif-hede well menteine,
Algates assaulted sore by letchours tweine;
Now, and I read aright that auncient song,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.
Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde;
Had they been yong (pardie) and she been olde,
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much sorer tryal,
Full merveillous, I wote, were silk denyal.

TO FORTUNE.

Whilst I in prison or in court look down,
Nor beg thy favour nor deserve thy frown,

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In vain malicious Fortune hast thou try'd,
By taking from my state, to qcell my pride:
Insulting Girl, thy present rage abate,
And would'st thou have me humbled, make me great.

TO CHLOE.

I.

Whilst I am scorch'd with hot desire,
In vain cold friendship you return;
Your drops of pity on my fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

II.

Ah! would you have the flame suppress,
That kills the heart it heats too fast,
Take half my passion to your breast,
The rest in mine shall ever last.

TO CHLOE WEEPING.

See, whilst thou weep'st, fair Chloe, see
The world in sympathy with thee:
The cheerful birds no longer sing,
Each droops his head and hangs his wing;
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrows in a shower;
The brooks beyond their limits flow,
And louder murmurs speak their woe;
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares;
They heave thy sighs and weep thy tears.

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Fantastic nymph! that grief should move
Thy heart obdurate against love.
Strange tears! whose pow'r can soften all
But that dear breast on which they fall.

CHLOE HUNTING.

Behind her neck her comely tresses ty'd,
Her iv'ry quiver graceful by her side,
A hunting Chloe went: she lost her way,
And thro' the woods, uncertain, chanc'd to stray.
Apollo, passing by, beheld the maid;
And, sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said;
The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the God's mistake;
And, laughing, cry'd, Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advis'd, far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak;
But in this nymph, my friend, my sister, know—
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow:
Fair Thames she haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring grove,
Sacred to soft recess and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer:
I and my Chloe take a nobler aim;
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.

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VI.

When in my glass I chanc'd to look,
Of Venus what did I implore?
That ev'ry grace which thence I took
Should know to charm my Damon more.

VII.

Reading thy verse, who heeds, said I,
If here or there his glances flew?
O, free for ever be his eye
Whose heart to me is always true!

VIII.

My bloom, indeed, my little flow'r
Of beauty quickly lost its pride;
For, sever'd from it's native bow'r,
It on thy glowing bosom dy'd.

IX.

Yet car'd I not what might presage
Or withering wreath or fleeting youth;
Love I esteem'd more strong than age,
And timeless permanent than truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know;
Fall uncontroll'd, my tears, and free;
O Damon! 'tis the only woe
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

XI.

The secret wound with which I bleed,
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my hearse,

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But on my tombstone thou shalt read
My answer to thy dubious verse.

ANSWER TO CHLOE JEALOUS.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

The Author sings.

I.

Yes, fairest proof of Beauty's pow'r,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour,
And I have liv'd, and we must part.

II.

While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear,
Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

III.

From Jealousy's tormenting strife,
For ever be thy bosom freed,
That nothing may disturb thy life,
Content I hasten to the dead.

IV.

Yet when some better-fated youth,
Shall with his am'rous parley move thee,
Reflect one moment on his truth,
Who, dying, thus persists to love thee.

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A BETTER ANSWER.

I.

DEAR Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us ev'n talk a little like folks of this world.

II.

How can'st thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy;
More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

III.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once and my passion you wrong:
You take that for fact which will scarce be found wit:
Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

IV.

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shews
The diff'rence there is betwixt nature and art;
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose;
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

V.

The God of us verse-men (you know, child,) the Sun,
How, after his journies, he sets up his rest;
If, at morning, o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

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VI.

So, when I am weary'd with wand'ring all day,
To thee, my delight, in the ev'ning I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

VII.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

VENUS MISTAKEN.

I.

When Chloe's picture was to Venus shown,
Surpris'd, the Goddess took it for her own:
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?

II.

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride;
And who's blind now, mamma? the urchin cry'd.
'Tis Chloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast:
Friend Howard's genius fancy'd all the rest.

VENUS' ADVICE TO THE MUSES.

Thus to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame,
"At my altars and revere my name.

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My son shall else assume his potent darts;
Twang goes the bow; my girls, have at your hearts.
The Muses answer'd Venus, We deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride:
Send him to nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade;
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look
On the instructive verse and moral book.
On female idleness his pow'r relies,
But, when he finds us studying hard, he flies.

THE JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

I.

When Kneller's works, of various grace,
Were to fair Venus shown,
The Goddess spy'd in ev'ry face
Some features of her own.

II.

Just so--and, pointing with her hand---
So shone, says she, my eyes,
When from two Goddesses I gain'd
An apple for a prize.

III.

When in the glass, and river too,
My face I lately view'd,
Such was I, if the glass be true,
If true the crystal flood.

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IV.

In colours of this glorious kind
Apelles painted me;
My hair, thus flowing with the wind,
Sprung from my native sea.

V.

Like this disorder'd, wild, forlorn,
Big with ten thousand fears,
Thee, my Adonis, did I mourn,
Ev'n beautiful in tears.

VI.

But, viewing Myra plac'd apart,
I fear, says she, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir Godfrey's art
Has far surpass'd thine here:

VII.

Or I, a Goddess of the skies,
By Myra am undone,
And must resign to her the prize,
The apple, which I won.

VIII.

But soon as she had Myra seen,
Majestically fair,
The sparkling eye, the look serene,
The gay and easy air.

IX.

With fiery emulation fill'd,
The wond'ring Goddess cry'd,

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Apelles must to Kneller yield,
Or Venus must to Hyde.

PHILLIS'S AGE.

How old may Phillis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task,
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on,
All day let Envy view her face,
And Phillis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels, laid aside,
At night, astronomers agree,
The ev'ning has the day bely'd,
And Phillis is some forty-three.

CHASTE FLORIMEL.

I.

No---I'll endure ten thousand deaths
Ere any farther I'll comply:
Oh! Sir, no man on earth that breathes
Had ever yet his hand so high,

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II.

Oh! take your sword, and pierce my heart,
Unlamented see me meet the wound;
Or! will you act a Tarquin's part?
A second Lucrece you have found.

III.

Thus to the pressing Corydon
Poor Florimel, unhappy maid,
Fearing by love to be undone,
In broken dying accents, said:

IV.

Delia, who held the conscious door,
Inspir'd by truth and brandy, smil'd,
Knowing, that sixteen months before,
Our Lucrece had her second child.

V.

And hark ye, Madam, cry'd the bawd,
None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;
Be civil here, or march abroad;
Oblige the 'squire, or quit the lodging.

VI.

Oh! have I, Florimel went on;
Have I then lost my Delia's aid?
Where shall forsaken Virtue run
If by her friend she is betray'd?

VII.

Oh! curse on empty friendship's name;
Lord, what is all our future view?

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Then, dear destroyer of my fame,
Let my last succour be to you.

VII.

From Delia's rage and Fortune's frown,
A wretched love-sick maid deliver;
Oh! tip me but another crown,
Dear Sir, and make me your's for ever.

THE QUESTION. TO LISETTA.

WHAT nymph should I admire or trust
But Chloe, beauteous Chloe, just?
What nymph should I desire to see,
But her who leaves the plain for me?
To whom should I compose the lay
But her who listens when I play?
To whom in song repeat my cares
But her who in my sorrow shares?
For whom should I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boasts she wears it for my sake?
In love am I not fully blest?
Lisetta, pr'ythee, tell the rest.

LISETTA'S REPLY.

SURE Chloe just, and Chloe fair,
Deserves to be your only care;

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But when you and she to-day
Far into the wood did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by,
Which way did you cast your eye?
But when your cares to her you sing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they spring,
Does it not more afflict your heart
That in those cares she bears a part?
When you the flow'rs for Chloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meanest bud that falls from mine?
Simplest of swains! the world may see
Whom Chloe loves, and who loves me.

CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

In heav'n, one holyday, you read,
In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew heedless Cupid in to throw
A main, to pass an hour, or so:
The little Trojan by the way,
By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.
The God, unhappily engag'd,
By nature rash, by play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted,
Lost ev'ry earthly thing he betted;
'n ready money all the store
d up long since from Danae's show'r;

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A snuff-box set with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts;
His ninepins made of myrtle wood;
(The tree in Ida's forest stood)
His bowl pure gold, the very same
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
Two table books in shagreen covers,
Fill'd with good verse from real lovers,
Merchandise rare! a billet-doux,
Its matter passionate, yet true;
Heaps of hair rings and cypher'd seals,
Rich trifles, serious bagatelles.
What sad disorders play begets!
Desp'rate and mad, at length he sets
Those darts, whose points make Gods adore
His might, and deprecate his pow'r;
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise; those darts---Come, seven's the main,
Cries Ganymede: the usual trick,
Seven slur a six; eleven: a nick.
Ill news go fast: 'twas quickly known,
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew;
Too late she found the thing too true.
Guess how the Goddess greets her son:
Come hither, sirrah: no, begone;
And, hark ye, is it so indeed?
A comrade you for Ganymede?

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An imp as wicked for his age
As any earthly lady's page;
A scandal and a scourge to Troy,
A prince's son? A blackguard boy;
A sharper, that with box and dice,
Draws in young deities to vice.
All Heav'n is by the ears together,
Since first that little rogue came hither:
Juno herself has had no peace,
And, truly, I've been favour'd less:
For Jove, as Fame reports, (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name)
Has acted ill for such a God,
And taken ways extremely odd.
And thou, unhappy child, she said,
(Her anger by her grief allay'd)
Unhappy child, who thus hast lost
All the estate we e'er could boast,
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known?
Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crown'd,
Nor shall thy pow'r in heav'n be own'd,
When thou nor man nor God can'st wound.
Obedient Cupid, kneeling, cry'd,
Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide;
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble;
Yet why this great excess of trouble?
The dice were false; the darts are gone;
Yet how are you or I undone?

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The loss of these I can supply
With keener shafts from Chloe's eye:
Fear not we e'er can be disgrac'd
While that bright magazine shall last:
Your crowded altars still shall smoke,
And man your friendly aid invoke;
Jove shall again revere your pow'r,
And rise a swan, or fall a show'r.

CUPID MISTAKEN.

I.

As after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river,
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

II.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart;
With all his might his bow he drew,
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.

III.

I faint! I die! the Goddess cry'd:
O cruel, couldst thou find none other,
To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

IV.

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak;
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:

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Alas! how easy my mistake!
I took you for your likeness, Chloe.

CUPID IN AMBUSH.

It oft' to many has successful been,
Upon his arm to let his mistress lean,
Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
Or gently squeeze her knees or press her feet.
All public sports, to favour young Desire,
With opportunities like this conspire.
Ev'n where his skill the gladiator shows,
With human blood where the Arena flows,
There, oftentimes, Love's quiver-bearing boy
Prepares his bow and arrows to destroy;
While the spectator gazes on the fight,
And sees 'em wound each other with delight;
While he his pretty mistress entertains,
And wagers with her who the conquest gains,
Slily the God takes aim, and hits his heart,
And in the wounds he sees he bears his part.

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

His lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,
A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders ty'd,
Sly Cupid, always on new mischief bent,
To the rich field and furrow'd tillage went;

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Like any ploughman toil'd the little God,
His tune he whistled and his wheat he sow'd;
Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above
Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove:
Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain;
Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile plough;
What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

CUPID TURNED STROLLER.

FROM ANACREON.

At dead of night, when stars appear,
And strong Boötes turns the Bear,
When mortals sleep their cares away,
Fatigu'd with labours of the day,
Cupid was knocking at my gate:
Who's there, says I? who knocks so late,
Disturbs my dreams, and breaks my rest?
O fear not me, a harmless guest,
He said; but open, open, pray;
A foolish child, I've lost my way,
And wander here this moonlight night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light.
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then rose, a ready lamp prepar'd,

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And saw a naked boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow:
In haste I ran, unlock'd my gate,
Secure, and thoughtless of my fate;
I set the child an easy chair
Against the fire, and dry'd his hair;
Brought friendly cups of cheerful wine,
And warm'd his little hands with mine.
All this did I with kind intent;
But he on wanton mischief bent,
Said, dearest friend, this bow you see,
This pretty bow, belongs to me:
Observe, I pray, if all be right,
I fear the rain has spoil'd it quite:
He drew it then, and straight I found
Within my breast a secret wound.
This done, the rogue no longer staid,
But leapt away, and, laughing, said,
Kind host, adieu---we now must part,
Safe is my bow, but sick thy heart.

MERCURY AND CUPID.

In sullen humour, one day, Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His store of darts, his total quiver,

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That Hermes should the weapons break,
Or throw 'em into Lethe's lake.
Hermes, you know, must do his errand;
He found his man, produc'd his warrant;
Cupid, your darts---this very hour---
There's no contending against pow'r.
How sullen Jupiter, just now
I think I said, and you'll allow
That Cupid was as bad as he;
Hear but the youngster's repartee.
Come, kinsman' (said the little God)
Put off your wings, lay by your rod,
Retire with me to yonder bow'r,
And rest yourself for half an hour;
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heav'n---
But you fly fast, and 'tis but sev'n:
We'll take one cooling cup of nectar,
And drink to this celestial Hector.---
He break my darts, or hurt my pow'r!
He, Leda's swan, and Danae's show'r!
Go bid him his wife's tongue restrain,
And mind his thunder and his rain.---
My darts! O, certainly I'll give 'em;
From Chloe's eyes he shall receive 'em;
There's one, the best in all my quiver,
Twang! thro' his very heart and liver;
He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave;
Good Lord! what bustle shall we have!

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Neptune must straight be sent to sea,
And Flora summon'd twice a-day:
One must find shells, and t'other flow'rs,
For cooling grots and fragrant bow'rs,
That Chloe may be serv'd in state,
The Hours must at her toilette wait;
Whilst all the reas'ning fools below
Wonder their watches go too slow.
Lybs must fly south and Eurus east,
For jewels for her hair and breast;
No matter tho' their cruel haste
Sink cities and lay forests waste;
No matter tho' this fleet be lost,
Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.
What whisp'ring in my mother's ear!
What care that Juno should not hear!
What work among you scholar Gods!
Phœbus must write him am'rous odes,
And thou, poor cousin, must compose
His letters in submissive prose;
Whilst haughty Chloe, to sustain
The honour of my mystic reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows disdain,
And laugh at your old bully's pain.
Dear coz, said Hermes in a fright,
For Heav'n's sake keep your darts! good night.

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DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

Democritus, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth;
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd stand by;
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

MERRY ANDREW.

Sly Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair;
(At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,
So peevish was the edict of the May'r)
At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he show'd,
To please our masters, and his friends the crowd,
A huge neat's tongue he in his right hand held,
His left was with a good black pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clownish mimic traverses the stage:
Why, how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll,
To-day's conceit methinks is something dull.
Come on, Sir, to our worthy friends explain
What does your emblematic Worship mean?
Quoth Andrew, honest English let us speak;
Your emble---(what d'ye call't?) is Heathen Greek,
To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence;
Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.

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That busy fool I was which thou art now,
Desirous to correct, not knowing how,
With very good design, but little wit,
Blaming or praising things as I thought fit:
I for this conduct had what I deserv'd,
And, dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
But thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat,
Since I have found the secret to be great.
O dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey and thou control;
Provided thou impart thy useful skill---
Bow, then, says Andrew, and for once I will.---
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says;
Sleep very much; think little, and talk less:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,
But eat your pudding, slave, and hold your tongue.
A rev'rend prelate stopp'd his coach-and-six
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks:
But when he heard him give this golden rule,
Drive on, (he cry'd) this fellow is no fool.

GAULTERUS DANISTONUS.

AD AMICOS.

Dum studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
Arctoa florens Sophiâ, Samisque superbus
Discipulis, animas morte carere cano.

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Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;
Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt divis, queis fata volebant
Vitäi faciles mollitèr ire vias:
Vinaque cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo;
Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli;
Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis:
Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique superstes homo; qui nihil, esto Deus.
Attamen esse hilares, et inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et festos agitâsse dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.
His me parentem præceptis occupet orcus,
Et mors; seu divum, seu nihil, esse velit;
Nam sophia ars illa est, quæ fallere suavitèr horas
Admonet, atque orci non timuisse minas.

IMITATED.

Studious the busy moments to deceive,
That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
When mortal man resigns his transient breath,
The body only I give o'er to death;
The parts dissolv'd and broken frame I mourn;
What came from earth I see to earth return.

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The immaterial part, th' ethereal soul,
Nor can change vanquish, nor can death controul.
Glad I release it from its partners' cares,
And bid good angels waft it to the stars:
Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs,
Which, spite of wisdom, from our weakness rise.
The draught to the dead's mem'ry I commend,
And offer to thee now, immortal friend:
But if oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor pow'r of Jove,
On its dark side if thou the prospect take,
Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake;
In total death suppose the mortal lie,
No new hereafter, nor a future sky;
Yet bear thy lot content, yet cease to grieve;
Why ere death comes dost thou forbear to live?
The little time thou hast, 'twixt instant now
And Fate's approach, is all the Gods allow;
And of this little hast thou ought to spare
To sad reflection and corroding care?
The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve.
With pleasant mem'ry of the bliss they gave.
The present hours in present mirth employ,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy;
The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
Where destin'd erst, nor can by Fate's decree
Be now cut off betwixt the grave and thee.

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CHANSON.

I.

Que fais tu bergere dans ce beau verger
Tu ne songe gueres à me soulager?
Tu connois ma flamme, tu vois ma langueur.
Prens belle inhumaine pitié de mon cœur.

II.

Dequoy te plains tu malheureux berger?
Que n'ay je point fait pour te soulager!
J'ay quitté la plaine, mon troupeau, mon chien,
Prend on tant de peine quand on n'aime rein.

IMITATED.

I.

Why thus from the plain does my shepherdess rove,
Forsaking her swain and neglecting his love?
You have heard all my grief, you see how I die,
Oh! give some relief to the swain whom you fly.

II.

How can you complain, or what am I to say,
Since my dog lies unfed, and my sheep run astray?
Need I tell what I mean, that I languish alone!
When I leave all the plain, you may guess 'tis for one.

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THE LADY's LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea;
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost;
And on the surface of the deep
The winds lay, only not asleep:
The nymph did, like the scene, appear
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars,
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight,
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore or view the main.
Once more, at least, look back, said I,
Thyself in that large glass descry;
When thou art in good humour drest,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun, upon the calmest sea,
Appears not half so bright as thee:

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'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love;
I bless my chain, I hand my oar,
Nor think on all I left on shore.
But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear,
When the big lip and wat'ry eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh,
'Tis then thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.
Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back:
Forc'd to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched, when from thee; vex'd, when nigh;
I with thee or without thee die.

THE LADY
WHO OFFERS HER
LOOKING-GLASS TO VENUS.

VENUS, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

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THE CAMELEON.

As the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own,
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue,
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs-male;
So the young 'squire, when first he comes
From country school to Will's or Tom's,
And equally in truth is fit
To be a statesman or a wit,
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down,
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad,
Admits him in among the gang;
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue;
He acts and talks as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.
  Thus merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.
  If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news,

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He takes up their mysterious face;
He drinks his coffee without lace:
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlbrô when to fight.
Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit,
He loves cheap Port and double bub,
And settles in the Humdrum club:
He learns how stocks will fall or rise;
Holds poverty the greatest vice;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation,
And says that learning spoils a nation.
But if at first he minds his hits,
And drinks Champaigne among the wits,
Five deep he toasts the tow'ring lasses,
Repeats you verses wrote on glasses:
Is in the chair, prescribes the law,
And lies with those he never saw.

THE FLIES.

Say, sire of insects, mighty Sol,
(A fly upon the chariot-pole
Cries out) What blue-bottle alive
Did ever with such fury drive?

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Tell Belzebub, great Father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel)
Did ever any mortal fly
Raise such a cloud of dust as I?
My judgment turn'd the whole debate;
My valour sav'd the sinking state.
So talk two idle buzzing things,
Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings,
But let the truth to light be brought,
This neither spoke nor t'other fought;
No merit in their own behav'our;
Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

I.

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd.

II.

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint
Which wise mamma ordain'd,
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

III.

Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
With Abigails, forsaken?

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Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

IV.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

V.

What has she better, pray, than I?
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

VI.

Dearest mamma, for once, let me
Unchain'd my fortune try:
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

VII.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all.

VIII.

Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way:
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

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THE WANDERING PILGRIM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, BRT.

Postmaster and Paymaster-general to Queen Anne.

I.

WILL PIGGOT must to Coxwould go,
To live, alas! in want,
Unless Sir Thomas say No, no,
Th' allowance is too scant.

II.

The gracious knight full well does weet
Ten farthings ne'er will do
To keep a man each day in meat;
Some bread to meat is due.

III.

A Rechabite poor Will must live,
And drink of Adam's ale;
Pure element no life can give,
Or mortal soul regale.

IV.

Spare diet and spring-water clear
Physicians hold are good:
Who diets thus need never fear
A fever in the blood.

V.

Gra'mercy, Sirs, you're in the right;
Prescriptions all can sell,

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But he that does not eat can't sh***
Or piss, if good drink fail.

VI.

But pass---the Æsculapian crew,
Who eat and quaff the best,
They seldom miss to bake and brew,
Or lin to break their fast.

VII.

Could Yorkshire tyke but do the same,
Then he like them might thrive;
But Fortune, Fortune, cruel dame,
To starve thou dost him drive.

VIII.

In Will's old master's plenteous days,
His mem'ry e'er be blest!
What need of speaking in his praise?
His goodness stands confest.

IX.

At his fam'd gate stood Charity,
In lovely sweet array;
Ceres and Hospitality
Dwelt there both night and day.

X.

But to conclude, and be concise,
Truth must Will's voucher be;
Truth never yet went in disguise,
For naked still is she.

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XI.

There is but one, but one alone,
Can set the pilgrim free;
And make him cease to pine and moan;
O Frankland, it is thee!

XII.

Oh! save him from a dreary way;
To Coxwould he must hie,
Bereft of thee he wends astray,
At Coxwould he must die.

XIII.

Oh! let him in thy hall but stand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what thou may'st command,
Thus William's wishes crown.

NONPAREIL.

I.

Let others from the town retire,
And in the fields seek new delight;
My Phillis does such joys inspire
No other objects please my sight.

II.

In her alone I find whate'er
Beauties a country landscape grace;
No shade so lovely as her hair,
Nor plain so sweet as is her face.

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III.

Lilies and roses there combine,
More beauteous than in flow'ry field;
Transparent is her skin so fine,
To this each crystal stream must yield.

IV.

Her voice more sweet than warbling sound,
Tho' sung by nightingale or lark;
Her eyes such lustre dart around,
Compar'd to them the sun is dark.

V.

Both light and vital heat they give,
Cherish'd by them my love takes root;
From her kind looks does life receive,
Grows a fair plant, bears flow'rs and fruit.

VI.

Such fruit I ween did once deceive
The common parent of mankind,
And made transgress our mother Eve,
Poison its core, tho' fair its rind.

VII.

Yet so delicious is its taste,
I cannot from the bait abstain,
But to th' inchanting pleasure haste,
Tho' I were sure 'twou'd end in pain.

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THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

Alexis shunn'd his fellow-swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains;
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And, wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.
The nymphs and shepherds round him came;
His grief some pity, others blame;
The fatal cause all kindly seek:
He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave 'em back their friendly tears;
He sigh'd, but would not speak.
Clorinda came among the rest,
And she, too, kind concern exprest,
And ask'd the reason of his woe:
She ask'd but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
She fear'd too much to know.
The shepherd rais'd his mournful head;
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal,
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

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'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care:
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart;
I love and I despair.
Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, she cry'd;
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain.
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

THE OLD GENTRY.

I.

That all from Adam first began,
None but ungodly Whiston doubts,
And that his son and his son's son
Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

II.

Each, when his rustic pains began,
To merit pleaded equal right;
'Twas only who left off at noon,
Or who went on to work till night.

III.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection;

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By nature we are Adam's sons,
And sons of Anstis by election.

IV.

Kingsale! eight hundred years have roll'd
Since thy forefathers held the plough;
When this in story shall be told,
Add, that my kindred do so now.

V.

The man who by his labour gets
His bread, in independent state,
Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix or change his fate.

THE PEDANT.

LYSANDER talks extremely well;
On any subject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content ye:
He should possess to all degrees
The art of talk; he practises
Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

I.

I SENT for Ratcliffe, was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over:

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He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

II.

But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I dy'd last night of my physician.

THE SECRETARY.

WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE, 1696.

While with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the bus'ness of six,
In a little Dutch chaise, on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a W*** on my right:
No memoirs to compose, and no postboy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;
For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee:
This night and the next shall be her's, shall be mine,
To good or ill fortune the third we resign:
Thus scorning the world, and superior to Fate,
I drive on my car in processional state;
So with Phia, thro' Athens, Pisistratus rode;
Men thought her Min rva, and him a new God.
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse;

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Since none can with justice my pleasure oppose,
In Holland half drown'd in int'rest and prose?
By Greece, and past ages, what need I be try'd,
When the Hague and the present are both on my side?
And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?
When good Vandergoes, and his provident vrow,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That, search all the province, you'll find no man dar is
So blest as the *Englisben beer Secretar'* is.

CONSIDERATIONS

ON PART OF THE LXXXVIII. PSALM.

[A College Exercise, 1690.]

I.

HEAVY, O Lord, on me thy judgments lie;
Accurst I am while God rejects my cry.
O'erwhelm'd in darkness and despair I groan,
And ev'ry place is hell, for God is gone.
O Lord arise, and let thy beams controul
Those horrid clouds that press my frighted soul;
Save the poor wand'rer from eternal night,
Thou that art the God of light.

II.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place;
There none obtain thy aid, or sing thy praise.

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Soon shall I lie in Death's deep ocean drown'd:---
Is mercy there, or sweet forgiveness found?
O save me yet, whilst on the brink I stand;
Rebuke the storm, and waft my soul to land.
O let her rest beneath thy wing secure,
Thou that art the God of pow'r.

III.

Behold the prodigal! to thee I come,
To hail my father, and to seek my home.
Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
Straying in vice, and destitute of God.
O let thy terrors and my anguish end!
Be thou my refuge, and be thou my friend:
Receive the son thou didst so long reprove,
Thou that art the God of Love.

TWO RIDDLES, 1710.

Sphinx was a monster, that would eat
Whatever stranger she could get,
Unless his ready wit disclos'd
The subtile riddle she propos'd.
Oedipus was resolv'd to go,
And try what strength of parts would do;
Says Sphinx, on this depends your fate:
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright,
Has two at noon, and three at night?

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'Tis Man, said he, who, weak by nature,
At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four; as years acrue,
With sturdy steps, he walks on two;
In age, at length, grows weak and sick,
For his third leg adopts the stick.
Now, in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What greater stranger yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?

ON BEAUTY. A RIDDLE.

Resolve me, Chloe, what is this,
Or forfeit me one precious kiss.
'Tis the first offspring of the Graces,
Bears diff'rent forms in diff'rent places;
Acknowledg'd fine where'er beheld,
Yet fancy'd finer when conceal'd.
'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm,
Pandora's box of good and harm;
'Twas Mars's wish, Endymion's dream,
Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme:
This guided Theseus thro' the maze,
And sent him home with life and praise;

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But this undid the Phrygian boy,
And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy;
This shew'd great kindness to old Greece,
And help'd rich Jason to the fleece:
This thro' the East just vengeance hurl'd,
And lost poor Antony the world:
Injur'd, tho' Lucrece found her doom;
This banish'd tyranny from Rome:
Appeas'd, tho' Lais gain'd her hire;
This set Persepolis on fire:
For this Alcides learn'd to spin,
His club laid down, and lion's skin:
For this Apollo deign'd to keep,
With servile care, a mortal's sheep:
For this, the Father of the Gods,
Content to leave his high abodes,
In borrow'd figures loosely ran,
Europa's bull, and Leda's swan:
For this he re-assumes the nod,
(While Semele commands the God)
Lanches the bolt, and shakes the poles,
Tho' Momus laughs, and Juno scolds.
Here list'ning Chloe smil'd and said,
Your riddle is not hard to read:
I guess it---Fair one, if you do,
Need I, alas! the theme pursue?
For this thou seest, for this I leave
Whate'er the world thinks wise or grave,

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Ambition, bus'ness, friendship, news,
My useful books and serious Muse:
For this I willingly decline
The mirth of feasts and joys of wine,
And chuse to sit and talk with thee
(As thy great orders may decreee)
Of cocks and bulls, of flutes and fiddles,
Of idle tales, and foolish riddles.

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,

Lord High Treasurer, 1712.

MY LORD,

Our weekly friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace, in Duke-street,
To try for once if they can dine
On bacon-ham and mutton-chine.
If, weary'd with the great affairs
Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble Statesman, may'st descend
Thy mind one moment to unbend,
To see thy servant, from his soul,
Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl,
Among the guests, which, e'er my house
Receiv'd it, never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof---
Tho' Dorset us'd to bless the roof.

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WRITTEN AT PARIS, 1700,

IN THE BEGINNING OF ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

Of all that William rules, or Robe
Describes, great Rhea, of thy globe,
When, or on posthorse, or in chaise,
With much expence, and little ease,
My destin'd miles I shall have gone,
By Thames or Maese, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own;
Great Mother, let me once be able,
To have a garden, house, and stable,
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to desire or want:
And as health fails, and years increase,
Sit down and think, and die in peace.
Oblige thy fav'rite undertakers,
To throw me in but twenty acres;
This number, sure, they may allow,
For pasture ten, and ten for plough;
'Tis all that I would wish or hope,
For me, and John, and Nell, and Crop.
Then, as thou wilt, dispose the rest,
(And let not Fortune spoil the jest)
To those who, at the market-rate,
Can barter honour for estate.
Now, if thou grant'st me thy request,
To make thy vot'ry truly blest,

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Let curst Revenge, and saucy Pride,
To some bleak rock far off be ty'd,
Nor e'er approach my rural seat,
To tempt me to be base and great.
And, Goddess, this kind office done,
Charge Venus to command her son
(Wherever else she lets him rove)
To shun my house, and field, and grove:
Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love.
Hear, gracious Rhea, what I say,
And thy petitioner shall pray.

WRITTEN IN

MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.

Given to the

DUKE OF SHREWSBURY IN FRANCE,

After the Peace, 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty Judge, what thou hast seen
Of cities and of courts, of books and men,
And deign to let thy servant hold the pen!

Thro' ages, thus, I may presume to live,
And from the transcript of thy prose receive
What my own short liv'd verse can never give.

Thus shall fair Britain, with a gracious smile,
Accept the work, and the instructed isle
For more than treaties made shall bless my toil.

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Nor longer hence the Gallic style preferr'd,
Wisdom in English idiom shall be heard,
While Talbot tells the world where Montaigne err'd.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF MEZERAY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

I.

WHATE'ER thy countrymen have done
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited;
And all the living world that view
Thy work, give thee the praises due,
At once instructed and delighted.
Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
What beggar in the invalids,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wish'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written?

III.

'Tis strange, dear Author, yet it true is,
That, down from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain,
And feel the ill, yet shun the cure.
Can sense this paradox endure?
Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

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IV.

The man in graver tragic known,
(Tho' his best part long since was done)
Still on the stage desires to tarry;
And he who play'd the Harlequin,
After the jest still loads the scene,
Unwilling to retire, tho' weary.

WRITTEN IN THE NOUVEAUX INTERESTS DES PRINCES DE L'EUROPE.

Blest be the princes who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion,
Since by their error we are taught,
That happiness is but opinion.

WRITTEN IN AN OVID.

Ovid is the surest guide
You can name, to show the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
Who resolves to go astray.

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VERSES

Spoken to

LADY HENRIETTA-CAVENDISH-HOLLES HARLEY,

Countess of Oxford.

In the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 9, 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE Anna visited the Muses' seat,
(Around her tomb let weeping angels wait)
Hail, thou the brightest of thy sex, and best,
Most gracious neighbour, and most welcome guest!
Not Harley's self, to Cam and Isis dear,
In virtues, and in arts, great Oxford's heir,
Not he such present honour shall receive,
As to his consort we aspire to give.
Writings of men our thoughts to-day neglects,
To pay due homage to the softer sex:
Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
And their great foll'wers, whom this House has bred,
To study lessons from thy morals giv'n,
And shining characters impress'd by Heav'n.
Science in books no longer we pursue,
Minerva's self in Harriet's face we view;
For when with Beauty we can Virtue join,
We paint the semblance of a form divine.
Their pious incense let our neighbours bring
To the kind mem'ry of some bounteous king:

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With grateful hand due altars let them raise
To some good knight's or holy prelate's praise:
We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
Your eyes we bless, your praises we proclaim;
Saint John's was founded in a woman's name.
Enjoin'd by statute, to the Fair we bow;
In spite of time we keep our ancient vow;
What Marg'ret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley now.

ON BISHOP ATTERBURY'S

BURYING THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, 1721.

I HAVE no hopes, the Duke he says, and dies.
In sure and certain hopes---the Prelate cries:
Of these two learned peers, I pr'ythee, say, man,
Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman?
The Duke he stands an infidel confest:
He's our dear brother, quoth the lordly Priest.
The Duke, tho' knave, still brother dear he cries,
And who can say the rev'rend Prelate lies?

ON A PICTURE OF SENECA,

DYING IN A BATH.

BY JORDAIN.

At the Right Honourable

THE EARL OF EXETER'S, AT BURLEIGH-HOUSE.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains
The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,

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By study worn, and slack with age,
How dull, how thoughtless is his rage?
Heighten'd revenge he should have took;
He should have burnt his tutor's book,
And long have reign'd supreme in vice;
One nobler wretch can only rise;
'Tis he whose fury shall deface
The Stoic's image in this piece;
For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
Thy work and Seneca's remain,
He still has body, still has soul,
And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

BEING THE

DUKE OF ORMOND'S PICTURE

AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S.

Out from the injur'd canvas, Kneller, strike
These lines, too faint; the picture is not like.
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again:
Dreadful in arms, on Landen's glorious plain
Place Ormond's duke: impendent in the air,
Let his keen sabre, comet-like, appear,
Where'er it points denouncing death: below
Draw routed squadrons, and the num'rous foe
Falling beneath, or flying from his blow;
Till weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood,
Which from the patriot's breast in torrents flow'd,

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He faints: his steed no longer bears the reins,
But stumbles o'er the heap his hand had slain.
And now exhausted, bleeding, pale he lies,
Lovely, sad object! in his half-clos'd eyes
Stern Vengeance yet and hostile Terror stand:
His front yet threatens, and his frowns command.
The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call,
Fear to approach him, tho' they see him fall.
O Kneller! could thy shades and lights express
The perfect hero in that glorious dress,
Ages to come might Ormond's picture know,
And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow;
In spite of time thy work might ever shine,
Nor Homer's colours last so long as thine.

UPON THIS

PASSAGE IN SCALIGERIANA,

Les allemans ne ce soucient pas quel vin ils boivent pourveu que ce soit vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent pourveu que ce soit Latin.

When you with High-Dutch Heeren dine,
Expect false Latin and stum'd wine:
They never taste, who always drink;
They always talk, who never think.

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ON MY BIRTH-DAY, JULY 21.

I.

I, my dear, was born to-day,
So all my jolly comrades say;
They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
And ask to celebrate my birth.
Little, alas! my comrades know
That I was born to pain and woe.
To thy denial, to thy scorn,
Better I had ne'er been born:
I wish to die ev'n whilst I say,
I, my dear, was born to-day.

II.

I, my dear, was born to-day;
Shall I salute the rising ray?
Well-spring of all my joy and woe,
Clotilda! thou alone dost know:
Shall the wreath surround my hair?
Or shall the music please my ear?
Shall I my comrades mirth receive,
And bless my birth, and wish to live?
Then let me see great Venus chase
Imperious anger from thy face;
Then let me hear thee smiling say,
Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.

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LOVE DISARMED.

Beneath a myrtle's verdant shade
As Chloe, half asleep, was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
And in that heav'n desir'd to rest:
Over her pap● his wings he spread,
Between he found a downy bed,
And nestled in his little head.
Still lay the God: the nymph, surpris'd,
Yet mistress of herself, devis'd
How she the vagrant might enthral,
And captive him who captives all.
Her bodice half-way she unlac'd,
About his arms she slily cast
The silken bond, and held him fast.
The God awak'd, and thrice, in vain,
He strove to break the cruel chain;
And thrice, in vain, he shook his wing,
Incumber'd in the silken string.
Flutt'ring, the God, and weeping, said,
Pity poor Cupid, gen'rous Maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
And on thy bosom lost his way;
Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well
He never there must hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

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To me pertains not, she replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way,
Where he would dwell, or whither stray;
Yet will I never set thee free,
For harm was meant, and harm to me.
Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart,
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.
Agreed: secure my virgin heart;
Instant give up thy bow and dart;
The chain I'll, in return, unty,
And freely thou again shalt fly.
Thus she the captive did deliver;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.
The God, disarm'd, e'er since that day
Passes his life in harmless play;
Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
A little flutt'ring idle guest.
E'er since that day the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's stead,
Directs his arrows as she wills,
Gives grief or pleasure, spares or kills.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

As Chloe came into the room the other day,
I peevish began, Where so long could you stay?

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In your lifetime you never regarded your hour;
You promis'd at two, and (pray look, child) 'tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels,
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with bawbles and seals.
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear---
Thus far I went on with a resolute air.
Lord bless me! said she, let a body but speak;
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck;
It has hurt me and vext me to such a degree---
See here, for you never believe me; pray see,
On the left side my breast, what a mark it has made.
So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd,
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

A PASTORAL.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH SINGER.

AMARYLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends,
And rising night the ev'ning shade extends;
While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field,
And closing flow'rs reviving odours yield,
Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our Muses may indite:

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Nor need we in this close retirement fear
Lest any swain our am'rous secrets hear.
SYLV. To ev'ry shepherd I would mine proclaim,
Since fair Aminta is my softest theme:
A stranger to the loose delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove,
And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing;
Chaste Goddess of the Groves, thy succour bring.
AMAR. Propitious God of Love, my breast inspire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire;
Propitious God of Love, thy succour bring,
Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis, sing;
Alexis, as the op'ning blossoms fair,
Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air:
For him each virgin sighs, and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns;
Nor to the echoing groves and whisp'ring spring
In sweeter strains does artful Conon sing,
When loud applauses fill the crowded groves,
And Phœbus the superior song approves.
SYLV. Beauteous Aminta is as early light
Breaking the melancholy shades of night.
When she is near all anxious trouble flies,
And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
Young Love, and blooming Joy, and gay Desires,
In ev'ry breast the beauteous nymph inspires;
And on the plain when she no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.

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In vain the streams roll on; the [illegible]
Dances in vain among the [illegible]
In vain the birds begin their [illegible]
And in the silent night their notes [illegible]
For grove, our crystal streams, our [illegible]
Does wonted pleasure in her absence [illegible]

AMAR. And in his absence all the [illegible]
In some absence mutat [illegible]
All day, in the repeating [illegible]
In mournful accents and a dying [illegible]
Dear lovely youth I cry to all around;
Dear lovely youth the flatt'ring [illegible]

SELF. On flow'ry banks, by [illegible]
Amiata is my Muse's sadest theme;
'Tis she that does my artful notes refine;
With fair Amiata's name my noblest [illegible]

AMAR. I'll twine fresh garlands for [illegible]
And consecrate to him eternal [illegible];
The charming youth shall my Apollo [illegible]
He shall adorn my songs, and tune my [illegible]

TO THE AUTHOR

OF THE [illegible]

By Sylvia if thy charming self be [illegible];
If friendship be thy virgin vows' extent,
O! let me in Amiata's praise join,
Her's my esteem shall be, my praise [illegible]

Digitized by Google

When for thy head the garland I prepare,
A second wreath shall bind Aminta's hair;
And when my choicest songs thy worth proclaim,
Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name;
My heart shall own the justice of her cause,
And Love himself submit to Friendship's laws.
But if, beneath thy numbers' soft disguise
Some favour'd swain, some true Alexis, lies;
If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains,
And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains,
May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious and the lover kind;
May Venus long exert her happy pow'r,
And make thy beauty like thy verse endure;
May ev'ry God his friendly aid afford,
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bless thy hoard.
But if, by chance the series of thy joys
Permit one thought less cheerful to arise,
Piteous transfer it to the mournful swain,
Who, loving much, who, not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess,
And dies in woe, that thou may'st live in peace.

CHARITY:

A PARAPHRASE ON I COR. CHAP. XIII.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue
Than ever man pronounc'd or angel sung;

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Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles and law;
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r,
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A cymbal's sound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.
  Charity! decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand, to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature ev'n,
And opens in each heart a little heav'n.
  Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows;
To one fixt purpose dedicates its pow'r,
And, finishing its act, exists no more.

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Thus, in obedience to what Heav'n decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.
As, thro' the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show;
So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope;
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams and promises of day.
Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzl'd sight,
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd,
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.
Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty and one in joy;
Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,

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Shalt still survive---
Shalt stand before the host of Heav'n confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

UPON HONOUR. A FRAGMENT.

Honour, I say, or honest fame,
I mean the substance, not the name,
(Not that light heap of tawdry wares,
Of ermine, coronets, and stars,
Which often is by merit sought,
By gold and flatt'ry oft'ner bought;
The shade for which ambition looks
In Selden's or in Ashmole's books)
But the true glory which proceeds,
Reflected bright, from honest deeds,
Which we in our own breast perceive,
And kings can neither take nor give.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS

AD ANIMAM SUAM.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

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BY MONS. FONTENELLE.

Ma petite ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, et Dieu sache où tu vas:
Tu pars seulette, nuë, et tremblotante, helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne!
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

IMITATED.

Poor, little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?
Thy hum'rous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot,
And, pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

A PASSAGE IN THE
MORIÆ ENCOMIUM OF ERASMUS
IMITATED.

In awful pomp and melancholy state,
See settled Reason on the judgment-seat;
Around her crowd Distrust, and Doubt, and Fear,
And thoughtful Foresight, and tormenting Care;

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Far from the throne the trembling Pleasures stand,
Chain'd up or exil'd by her stern command.
Wretched her subjects, gloomy sits the queen,
Till happy Chance reverts the cruel scene;
And apish Folly, with her wild resort
Of wit and jest, disturbs the solemn court.
See the fantastic Minstrelsy advance,
To breathe the song and animate the dance.
Blest the usurper! happy the surprise!
Her mimic postures catch our eager eyes;
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear,
And in the sights we see and sounds we hear,
Against our judgment she our sense employs,
The laws of troubled Reason she destroys,
And in their place rejoices to indite
Wild schemes of mirth and plans of loose delight.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

Let 'em censure, what care I?
The herd of critics I defy:
Let the wretches know I write
Regardless of their grace or spite.
No, no; the fair, the gay, the young,
Govern the numbers of my song:
All that they approve is sweet,
And all is sense that they repeat.

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Bid the warbling Nine retire:
Venus, string thy servant's lyre;
Love shall be my endless theme,
Pleasure shall triumph over Fame:
And when these maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine;
May I grasp at empty praise,
And lose the nymph, to gain the bays.

HORACE, LIB. I. EP. IX. IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. HARLEY.

Septimius, Claudi, nimirùm intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias, &c.

Dear Dick,* howe'er it comes into his head,
Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, Sir, are extremely great,
Tho' I plain Matt, you Minister of State.
One word from me, without all doubt, he says,
Would fix his fortune in some little place.
Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows
How far my int'rest with my patron goes,
And, answering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake.
From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee and dread;

* Richard Shelton, Esq. whom Mr. Prior, in his will, calls his dear friend and companion.

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in fact a real interest have,
to my own advantage I would save,
with the usual courtier's trick, intend
ve myself, forgetful of my friend.
shun this censure, I all shame lay by,
ake my reason with his will comply;
g, for my excuse, 'twill be confest,
of two evils I have chose the least.
ir, with this epistolary scroll
ve the partner of my inmost soul;
ou will find in letters and in laws
nexpert; firm to his country's cause;
in the glorious interest you pursue,
in one word, a good man and a true.

ENIGMA.

rth I'm a slave, yet can give you a crown,
se of all honours, myself having none;
lig'd by just maxims to govern my life,
ang my own master, and lie with his wife.
men are a-gaming I cunningly sneak,
eir cudgels and shovels away from them take.
aidens and ladies I by the hand get,
ck off their diamonds tho' ne'er so well set.
en I have comrades, we rob in whole bands,
resently take off your lands from your hands;
is fury once over, I've such winning arts,
ou love me much more than you do your own
arts.

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ENIGMA.

FORM'D, half beneath and half above the earth,
We sisters owe to art our second birth;
The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made on the land, to travel on the waters:
Swifter they move as they are straiter bound,
Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground;
They serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and, when it freezes, swim.

CANTATA.

SET BY MONS. GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant laurel's ample shade
His lyre to mournful numbers strung,
Horace, immortal bard! supinely laid,
To Venus thus address'd the song;
Ten thousand little Loves around,
List'ning, dwelt on ev'ry sound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy son
Sound no more his dire alarms:
Youth on silent wings is flown;
Graver years come rolling on.
Spare my age, unfit for arms:

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Safe and humble me rest,
From all am'rous care releas'd.
Potent Venus, bid thy son
Sound no more his dire alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
The fragrant wreath for Chloe's hair?
Why do I all day lament and sigh,
Unless the beauteous maid be nigh?
And why all night pursue her in my dreams
Thro' flow'ry meads and crystal streams?

RECIT.

Thus sung the bard, and thus the Goddess spoke:
Submissive bow to Love's imperious yoke;
Ev'ry state and ev'ry age
Shall own my rule and fear my rage:
Compell'd by me, thy Muse shall prove
That all the world was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid thy destin'd lyre discover
Soft desire and gentle pain:
Often praise, and always love her;
Thro' her ear her heart obtain.
Verse shall please and sighs shall move her;
Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

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AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

Miss Danaë, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely sung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of steel and walls of brass:
The reason of the thing is clear,
Would Jove the naked truth aver;
Cupid was with him of the party,
And shew'd himself sincere and hearty;
For, give that whipster but his errand,
He takes my Lord Chief Justice' warrant;
Dauntless as death away he walks,
Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks,
Searches the parlour, chamber, study,
Nor stops till he has Culprit's body.
Since this has been authentic truth,
By age deliver'd down to youth,
Tell us, mistaken Husband, tell us
Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make us less curious, her less fair?
The spy which does this treasure keep,
Does she ne'er say her pray'rs nor sleep?
Does she to no excess incline?
Does she fly music, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flatt'ry pow'r
To purchase one unguarded hour?

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Your care does further yet extend;
That time is guarded by your friend—
But has this friend nor eye nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart
Which soon or late all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair pris'ner cause to see
How much he wishes she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendship too severe,
Which chain him to a hated trust,
Which make him wretched, to be just?
And may not she, this darling she,
Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?
Sir, will your questions never end?
I trust to neither spy nor friend.
In short, I keep her from the sight
Of ev'ry human face.—She'll write.
From pen and paper she's debarr'd.—
Has she a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind.—She will, you say;
But how shall she that mind convey?
I keep her in one room; I lock it;
The key (look here) is in this pocket.
The key-hole, is that left? Most certain.
She'll thrust her letter thro'—Sir Martin.

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Dear angry friend, what must be done?
Is there no way?---There is but one.
Send her abroad, and let her see
That all this mingled mass which she,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty show,
Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau;
A staple of romance and lies,
False tears, and real perjuries;
Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,
And love is made but to be told;
Where the fat bawd and lavish heir
The spoils of ruin'd beauty share;
And youth, seduc'd from friends and fame,
Must give up age to want and shame.
Let her behold the frantic scene,
The women wretched, false the men;
And when, these certain ills to shun,
She would to thy embraces run,
Receive her with extended arms;
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the Park and play;
Put on good humour, make her gay;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind:
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your Padlock---on her mind.

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A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs and mutual cries
They both express their care.
A diff'rent cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,
His wife that he may live.

ANOTHER.

From her own native France, as old Alison past,
She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or with malice,
That the slattern had left, in the hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eyebrows at Calais.

ANOTHER.

Her eyebrow-box one morning lost,
(The best of folks are oft'nest crost)
Sad Helen thus to Jenny said,
(Her careless but afflicted maid)
Put me to bed, then, wretched Jane;
Alas! when shall I rise again?
I can behold no mortal now,
For what's an eye without a brow?

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ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

In a dark corner of the house
  Poor Helen sits, and sobs and cries;
She will not see her loving spouse,
  Nor her more dear Piquet allies;
Unless she finds her eyebrows,
  She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

ON THE SAME.

Helen was just slipt into bed,
  Her eyebrows on the toilette lay,
Away the kitten with them fled,
  As fees belonging to her prey.
For this misfortune, careless Jane,
  Assure yourself, was loudly rated,
And Madam, getting up again,
  With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.
On little things, as sages write,
  Depends our human joy or sorrow;
If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
  Alas! no eyebrows for to-morrow.

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A TRUE MAID.

No, no; for my virginity,
When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die.
Behind the elms, last night, cry'd Dick,
Rose, were you not extremely sick?

ANOTHER.

Ten months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought, in a laudable manner, to-bed,
She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the noise;
But, when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin,
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once squeal.
Learn, Husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives;
That maids make not half so much tumult as wives.

A DUTCH PROVERB.

Fire, water, woman, are man's ruin
Says wise Professor Vander Brüin.
By flames a house I hir'd was lost
Last year, and I must pay the cost.

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This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground,
And my best Flanders mare was drown'd.
A slave I am to Clara's eyes;
The gipsy knows her pow'r and flies.
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin,
And great thy wisdom, Vander Brüin.

A SIMILE.

Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
('Tis but by way of Simile)
A Squirrel spend his little rage
In jumping round a rolling cage,
The cage, as either side turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells a-top?---
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks he climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with those merry blades
That frisk it under Pindus' shades.
In noble songs and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with Gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verses' sound;
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

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A FLOWER.

PAINTED BY SIMON VAVELST.

Wants fam'd Vavelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
And, finishing the piece, she, smiling, said,
Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade.

A CASE STATED.

I.

Now how shall I do with my love and my pride,
Dear Dick, give me counsel, if friendship has any?
Pr'ythee purge, or let blood, surly Richard reply'd,
And forget the coquette in the arms of your Nanny.

II.

While I pleaded with passion how much I deserv'd,
For the pains and the torments for more than a year,
She look'd in an almanack, whence she observ'd,
That it wanted a fortnight to Barthol'mew fair.

III.

My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,
While my negligent judge only hears with her eye;
In a long flaxen wig and embroider'd new coat,
Her spark, saying nothing, talks better than I.

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A FABLE.

Personam tra. iciam forte vulpes viderat,
O quanta sp. cies, inquit, cerebrum non habet. PHÆDR.

THE fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round,
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old Phædrus heard him say:
What noble part can'st thou sustain,
Thou specious head without a brain?

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

How capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nell?
She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty, says Baron le Crass,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass:
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she, more confus'd, as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true;
She dropp'd the eye and broke it.

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QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUÆRERE.

For what to-morrow shall disclose
May spoil what you to-night propose:
England may change or Chloe stray;
Love and life are for to-day.

HER RIGHT NAME.

As Nancy at her toilette sat,
Admiring this, and blaming that,
Tell me, she said, but tell me true,
The nymph who could your heart subdue,
What sort of charms does she possess?
Absolve me, fair one, I'll confess
With pleasure, I reply'd: Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her iv'ry bosom roll,
And, hiding, half adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half round
Love sits in open triumph crown'd;
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private state, by friends is seen.
Her eyes are neither black nor gray,
Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray;
Their dubious lustre seems to show
Something that speaks nor Yes nor No.

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Her lips no living bard, I weet,
May say how red, how round, how sweet:
Old Homer only could indite
Their vagrant grace and soft delight:
~~They stand recorded in his book,~~
When Helen smil'd and Hebe spoke---
The gipsy turning to her glass,
Too plainly show'd she knew the face;
And which am I most like, she said,
Your Chloe or your Nut-brown maid?

UPON PLAYING AT OMBRE

WITH TWO LADIES.

I KNOW that Fortune long has wanted sight,
And therefore pardon'd when she did not right;
But yet till then it never did appear
That, as she wanted eyes, she could not hear.
I begg'd that she would give me leave to lose
A thing she does not commonly refuse.
Two matadores are out against my game,
Yet still I play, and still my luck's the same:
Unconquer'd in three suits it does remain,
Whereas I only ask in one to gain:
Yet she still contradicting gifts imparts,
And gives success in ev'ry suit---but Hearts.

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That fabric rises high as heav'n,
Whose basis on devotion stands.
While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our faith and hope declare;
But charity, beyond our death,
Will ever in our works appear.
Best he be call'd among good men
Who to his God this column rais'd;
Tho' lightning strike the dome again,
The man who built it shall be prais'd.
Yet spires and tow'rs in dust shall lie,
The weak efforts of human pains,
And Faith and Hope themselves shall die,
While deathless Charity remains.

FOR THE

PLAN OF A FOUNTAIN,

ON WHICH IS THE

EFFIGIES OF THE QUEEN ON A TRIUMPHAL ARCH;

THE FIGURE OF THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH BENEATH,

And the chief rivers of the world round the whole work.

Ye active Streams! where'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes and furthest nations know
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlbo' fought.

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...uaecunque a terno properatis, flumina lapsa,
...vilis late terris, populisque remotis
...icite, nam vobis Tamisis narravit et Isis,
...nna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

AN EPITAPH.

[illegible]

...ra'd beneath this marble stone
...unt'ring Jack and idle Joan,
...e rolling threescore years and one
...und this globe their courses run:
...on whings went ill or well,
...ing empires rose or fell,
...ning past, the evening came,
...ch this couple still the same.
...ll, and ate, good folks; what then?
...they walk'd and ate again.
...y slept the night away;
...t nothing all the day:
...ury'd children four,
...ake pains to try for more.
...ther had, nor brother;
...just tally'd for each other.
...land economy
...y they made agree;

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Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footmen did;
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid;
So ev'ry servant took his course,
And bad at first, they all grew worse,
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong; their wine was Port;
Their meal was large; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the reminant meat
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not the receipt;
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due
Of slumb'ring in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe:
No man's good deeds did they commend,
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor;
That might decrease their present store:
Nor barn nor house did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.

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Each Christmas they accounts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carry'd,
Whoever either dy'd or marry'd:
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,
They would not learn, nor could advise:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd;
And so they liv'd, and so they dy'd.

EPITAPH EXTEMPORE.

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

FOR MY OWN TOMBSTONE.

To me 'twas giv'n to die; to thee 'tis giv'n
To live: alas! one moment sets us ev'n.
How impartial is the will of Heav'n!

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FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

I.

As Doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Matt, alive and in health, of his Tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

II.

Then, take Matt's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine,* pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

III.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

IV.

Nor to bus'ness a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord how merry was he!

V.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither wou'd trust;

* Alluding to the busto carved by the famous Coriveaux at Paris, on his monument in Westminster-abbey.

Digitized by Google

And whirl'd in the round as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but [dust.

VI.

This verse, little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows if this may be true.

VII.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Matt may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Matt may yet chance to be hang'd or be drown'd.

VIII.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not---yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.

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CONTENTS

OF

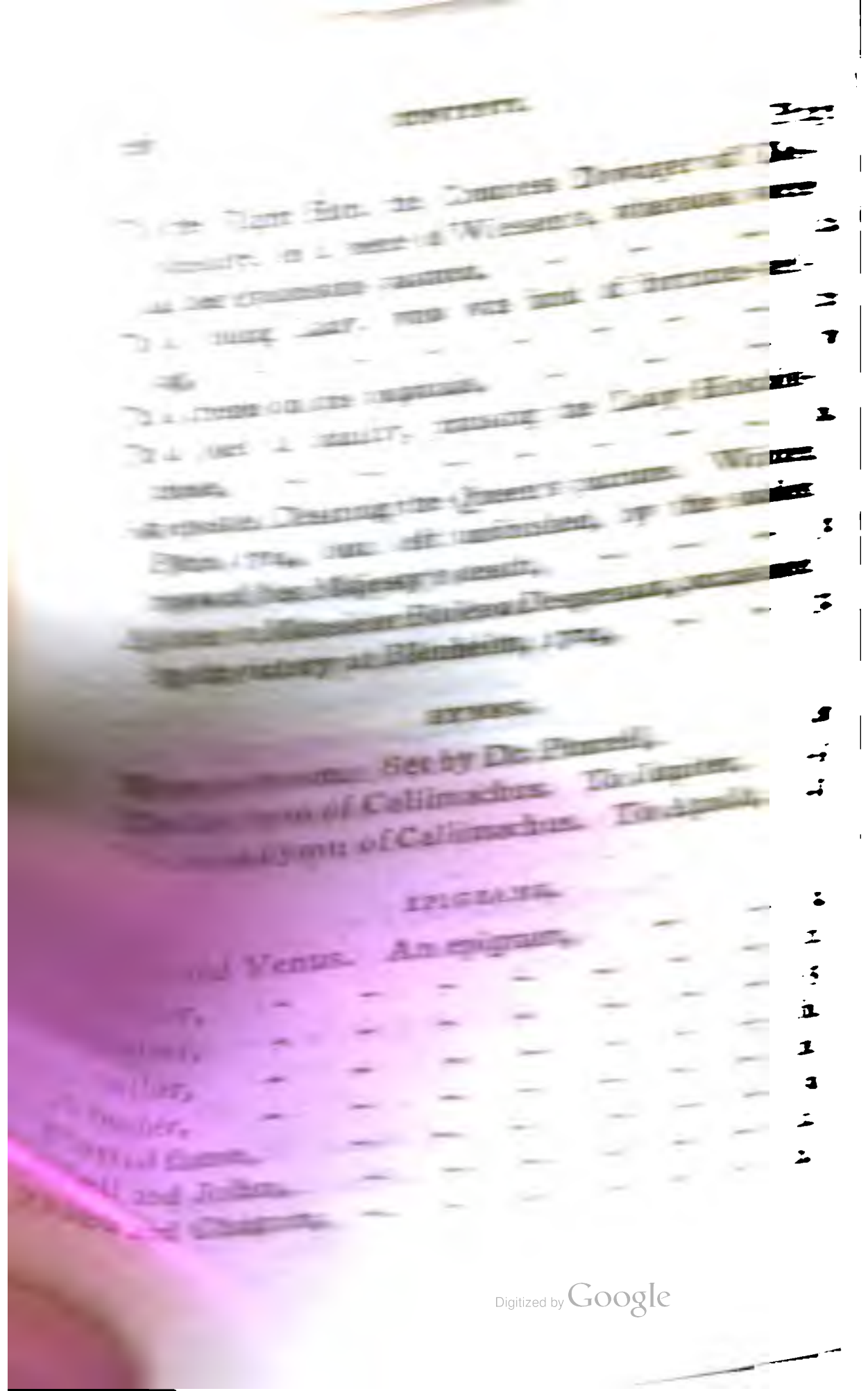
PRIOR, VOL. THE SECOND.

EPISTLES.

Page

An epistle to Fleetwood Shephard, Esq. 1689. 1
To ditto, 1689, - - - - - - - 8
Ad virum doctissimum, et amicum, dominum Samuelem Schaw, - - - - - - 10
To ditto, - - - - - - - - - 11
Presented to the King, at his arrival in Holland, after the discovery of the conspiracy 1696, ib.
To a child of quality. Five years old, 1704, the Author then forty, - - - - - - 15
To the Countess of Exeter, playing on the lute, 16
To the Countess of Dorset. Written in her Milton, 18
To the Lady Dursley, on the same subject, 19
To my Lord Buckhurst, very young, playing with a cat, - - - - - - - - ib.
To the Hon. Charles Montague, Esq. - 20
To Dr. Sherlock, on his practical discourse concerning Death, - - - - - 22
To a person who wrote ill, and spoke worse, against me, - - - - - - - - 25
On the same person, - - - - - ib.
To the Lady Elizabeth Harley, since Marchioness of Carmarthen, on a column of her drawing, 26

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Page

Wives by the dozen, - - - - - - 57
The modern saint, - - - - - - ib.
A sailor's wife, - - - - - - - ib.
Fatal love, - - - - - - - - - 58
The honest shepherd. A Greek epigram imitated, ib.
The parallel, - - - - - - - 59
Husband and wife, - - - - - - ib.
The incurable, - - - - - - - ib.
The insatiable priest, - - - - - - 60
Doctors differ, - - - - - - - ib.
Pontius and Pontia, - - - - - - 61
Cautious Alice, - - - - - - 62
Truth told at last, - - - - - ib.
To Duke de Noailles, - - - - - ib.
On a fart, let in the House of Commons, - 63
From the Greek, - - - - - - ib.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Carmen seculare, for the year 1700. To the King, 64
Celia to Damon, - - - - - - 86
[illegible] and Apollo. Imitated from the first book of [illegible]morphoses, - - - - - 90
[illegible]akes. Written in imitation of Spen- [illegible] - - - - - - 94
[illegible] - - - - - - 99
[illegible] mice. In Chaucer's style, - 104
[illegible]tyle, - - - - - - 107

Digitized by Google

	Page
In the same style,	107
To Fortune,	ib.
To Chloe,	108
To Chloe weeping,	ib.
Chloe hunting,	109
Chloe jealous,	110
Answer to Chloe jealous,	112
A better answer,	113
Venus mistaken,	114
Venus' advice to the Muses,	ib.
The judgment of Venus,	115
Phillis's age,	117
Chaste Florimel,	ib.
The question. To Lisetta,	119
Lisetta's reply,	ib.
Cupid and Ganymede,	120.
Cupid mistaken,	123
Cupid in ambush,	124
Cupid turned ploughman. From Moschus,	ib.
Cupid turned stroller. From Anacreon,	125
Mercury and Cupid,	126
Democritus and Heraclitus,	129
Merry Andrew,	ib.
Gualterus Danistonus ad amicos,	130
Imitated	131
Chanson,	133
Imitated,	ib.

Digitized by Google

Page

The lady's looking-glass, - - 134
The lady who offers her looking-glass to Venus, 135
The cameleon, - - - - 136
The flies, - - - - - 137
The female Phaeton, - - - 138
The wandering pilgrim. Humbly addressed to Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart. - - 140
Nonpareil, - - - - 142
The despairing shepherd, - - 144
The old gentry, - - - 145
The pedant, - - - - 146
The remedy worse than the disease, ib.
The Secretary. Written at the Hague, 1696, 147
Considerations on part of the lxxxviiith Psalm. [A college exercise, 1690.] - 148
Two riddles, 1710, - - - 149
On beauty. A riddle, - - 150
An extempore invitation to the Earl of Oxford, Lord High Treasurer, 1712, 152
Written at Paris, 1700. In the beginning of Robe's Geography, - - - 153
Written in Montaigne's essays. Given to the Duke of Shrewsbury in France, after the peace 1713. - - - - 154
Written in the beginning of Mezerary's History of France, - - - 155

Digitized by Google

Written in the nouveau interests des princes de l'Europe, - - - 156
Written in an Ovid, - - ib.
Verses spoken to Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley, Countess of Oxford, in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 9, 1719, 157
On Bp. Atterbury's burying the Duke of Buckinghamshire, 1721, - - 158
On a picture of Seneca dying in a bath. By Jordain. At the Right Hon. the Farl of Exeter's, at Burleigh-house, - - ib.
Seeing the Duke of Ormond's picture at Sir Godfrey Kneller's, - - - 159
Upon this passage in Scaligeriana, - 160
On my birth-day, July 21, - - 161
Love disarmed, - - 162
lover's anger, - - 163
ove and friendship: a pastoral. By Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, - - - 164
the author of the foregoing pastoral, 166
arity: a paraphrase on 1 Cor. chap. xiii. 167
on honour. A fragment, - 170
iani morientis ad animam suam, - ib.
Mons. Fontenelle, - - 171
ated, - - ib.
sage in the moriæ encomium of Erasmus
ated, - - ib.

Digitized by Google

Page

In imitation of Anacreon, - - - 172
Horace, lib. I. epist. 9. imitated. To the Right. Hon. Mr. Harley, - - 173
Enigma, - - - - 174
Ditto, - - - - 175
Cantata. Set by Mons. Galliard, ib.
An English padlock, - - 177
A reasonable affliction, - - 180
Another, - - - ib.
Another, - - - ib.
On the same subject, - - 181
On the same, - - - ib.
A true maid, - - - 182
Another, - - - - ib.
A Dutch proverb, - - - ib.
A simile, - - - 183
A flower. Painted by Simon Varelst, 184
A case stated, - - - ib.
A fable, - - - - 185
A critical moment, - - ib.
Forma bonum fragile, - - ib.
Quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere, 186
Her right name, - - - ib.
Upon playing at Ombre with two ladies, 187
Engraven on three sides of an antique lamp. Given by me to Lord Harley, - 188

Digitized by Google

Written in the nouveau interests des p
l'Europe, - - -
Written in an Ovid, - -
Verses spoken to Lady Henrietta Cavend
Harley, Countess of Oxford, in the libr
John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 9, 17
On Bp. Atterbury's burying the Duke of B
hamshire, 1721, - -
On a picture of Seneca dying in a bath. B
dain. At the Right Hon. the Earl of Ex
at Burleigh-house, - -
Seeing the Duke of Ormond's picture at Sir
frey Kneller's, - -
Upon this passage in Scaligeriana,
On my birth-day, July 21, - -
Love [illegible], - -
- -
=ural. By Mrs. El
- -
ng pastoral.

Digitized by Google

Page
n imitation of Anacreon, - - 172
Horace, lib. I. epist. 9. imitated. To the Right. Hon. Mr. Harley, - - 173
Enigma, - - - 174
Ditto, - - - - 175
Cantata. Set by Mons. Galliard, ib.
An English padlock, - - 177
A reasonable affliction, - - 180
Another, - - - ib.
Another, - - - ib.
On the same subject, - - 181
On the same, - - - ib.
A true maid, - - - 182
Another, - - - - ib.
A Dutch proverb, - - - ib.
A simile, - - - 183
[illegible]ower. Painted by Simon Varelst, 184
[illegible] ib.
[illegible]se stated, - - - [illegible]
[illegible]ble, - - - - [illegible]
[illegible]tical moment, - - [illegible]
[illegible] fragil[illegible] - [illegible]
[illegible]uærere, - 187
[illegible]

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